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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

STUDIES IN SPANISH HISTORY.—NO. I.

Aragon.

The kingdom of Aragon, which, by a fatality ever to be lamented by the friends of Spain, has always held a secondary rank in the Pyrenean Peninsula, was originally a fief of Navarre. A Count of Aragon was present at the election of Iñigo Arista, the first king of Navarre who falls within the dawn of real Spanish history, (A. D. 819 or 885). The first union of the two states was effected by the marriage of Garci Iñiguez*, Arista's son, with the daughter of Fortun Ximenez, Count of Aragon.

That Iñigo Arista, as well as most, if not all the founders of the states of Navarre, Aragon, and Sobrarbe, came from the northern side of the Pyrenees, is certain. Purer sources than the oppressive laws of the Spanish Visigoths were resorted to for materials in the political establishment of these sovereignties. In the preamble to the *Fuero* or Constitutional laws of *Sobrarbe*, it is said, that, Spain being in the pos-

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* We wish, thus early, to acquaint the reader with the original use and formation of Spanish surnames. The Spaniards, like the Greeks, showed their immediate descent by a patronymic, ending in *ez*. We do not recollect any exception to this but *Garcia*, which generally loses the last letter, as a Christian name, and suffers no alteration as a patronymic, *e. g.*: *Garci Perez*, Garcia, the son of Peter; *Pedro* (anciently *Pero*) *Garcia*, Peter, the son of Garcia. There is also *Garces*, which we take to be the regular derivation from *Garcia*, the *z* changed into *s*, to avoid the immediate repetition of the dental sound of the *c*, formerly written ç, which is the same as that of the *z*. In a similar manner, Sanchez signifies the son of Sancho; *Gonzalvez*, more commonly *Gonzalez*, the son of *Gonzalvo*, generally written and pronounced *Gonzalo*. From *Rodrigo* was derived *Rodriguez*, and from *Ruy*, the abbreviation of that name, *Ruyz*. Men of distinction added to these two names an *agnomen*, taken from their estates, or from the place where their ancestors lived when they rose into notice. This, the Spaniards call *solar*; the ground or plot of a family. Hence, the preposition *de* or *del*, which is always prefixed to this designation, may be generally taken to be a mark of good descent. The proudest names in Spanish history are formed in this manner:—*Ruy Diez*† *del Bivar*; *Garci Perez de Vargas*; *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, &c. &c.*—The affectation of distinguished birth induced many to add the name of their birthplace to the patronymic, a fashion much in vogue among the learned of the sixteenth century; and, in progress of time, this addition was adopted as the surname of a whole family, either singly or with the patronymic; which, in modern times, is never altered. This is the cause of the multitude of *Rodriguez*, *Sanchez*, *Fernandez*, which, like the British Johnsons, Jacksons, Jamesons, &c. are found among the Spanish peasantry.

† Or *Diaz*, as it may be derived from *Diego* or *Diago*, (James) from which comes *Santiago*, i. e. *San Diago*, the combination of *di* before the *a* being intended to express the sound of the *j* in *Jacobo*, afterwards converted into *Jacomo*, in other parts of Europe.

session of the Moors, the Ricoshombres (chiefs or barons, literally, wealthy men,) had agreed to choose Iñigo Arista for their king; and that for the purpose of establishing the fundamental code of the new kingdom, they had enquired among the Lombards and Franks, from whose statutes and customs such laws had been selected as were most suited to their infant monarchy. The new Constitution was confirmed by the Pope, and became one of the chief sources of the enterprising character, which, actuated by the consciousness of rights and freedom, made the Aragonese and Catalans so conspicuous in the history of the middle ages. Had the kingdom of Navarre been inseparably united with Aragon, it is probable that the Aragonese would have eventually prevailed over both the Moors and the other Christian states of the Peninsula, spreading with their preponderance much sounder principles of government than the Castilian princes established among their subjects.

The original Aragonese government was a monarchy more limited by a feudal aristocracy than that of England under the immediate successors of the Conqueror. In England, the whole country was actually parcelled out to the barons who assisted William in seizing the crown. In Aragon, the king, who neither by birth nor wealth was much above the nobles, could only make grants of what the national enemy had still in their hands. These grants might be therefore called fees in military reversion, the chances of which depended on the united valour and success of the Christian chiefs. To their kings they were indebted for little more than the advantages of subordination, and such others as, in that warlike age, might arise from the personal talents and courage of the monarch. The form of words commonly reported as used by the Aragonese peers at the installation of their kings, though unattested by any historical document with which we are acquainted, is very much in the spirit of their original constitution.* By the *Fuero de Sobrarbe*, the king was made to swear that he would govern the country according to law, and maintain the noblemen in their rights, so as always to lean towards the encrease of their privileges.† This they claimed as their due for putting into the king's hands the towns and districts which they had already taken, or were to take, from the Moors. It was also enacted, that when any new conquest was made, the king should give proportionable shares of its emoluments to the *Ricoshombres* (barons), the *Cavalleros* (knights), and the *Infanzones* (esquires or gentry). That neither Iñigo Arista, nor any of his successors, should hold a court of law, nor sit in judgment upon any case without a council. That the king should not make peace, declare war, grant a truce, or enter into a coalition with other princes, unless he had the advice of twelve *ricoshombres*, or an equal number of counsellors, chosen from among the elders, and the learned of the land. "These laws," says Zurita, "were religiously observed in this kingdom, the authority of the *ricoshombres* being so great that nothing was done without their opinion, advice, and sanction. The government, in fact, of

* "We, who singly are thy equals, and jointly are above thee, deliver unto thee this kingdom, that thou mayest govern it according to law; if otherwise, we do not."—*Si non, non.*

† "Que los manternia en derecho, y siempre les mejoraria sus fueros." Zurita, lib. i. c. v.

the state, the conduct of war, and the administration of justice belonged, from that time, to the nobles, and the principal barons who were present at the election, and by whom the land was defended. These and their descendants were called *ricoshombres*, a class so respected by the kings that they made them appear their equals. With them the monarch was obliged to share the revenues that accrued from the towns gained of the Moors, while, on the other hand, the *ricoshombres* were bound to do military service by themselves, their knights and vassals, according to their allotted portions in these revenues, which were called *honours*. It must be confessed (Zurita concludes) that the kings who first reigned in Spain after the invasion of the Moors, were very similar to those that were originally raised to that dignity, and who are described in history as permanent chieftains of armed bands."

The establishment of the *Justicer** of Aragon is nearly as ancient as the constitutional monarchy of that kingdom. His authority was directed to the preservation of the Fueros, or Constitutional laws. Had the love of liberty, and the jealousy of supreme authority, stopped here, the constitution of Aragon might have rivalled that which has raised England to the proud rank which she holds in the history of free nations. But the Aragonese noblemen were too independent of the crown to endure that degree of subordination, without which a monarchical government, after being distracted with sedition and anarchy, generally ends in uncontrolled despotism.

By the original compact between the king and the ricoshombres, these might depose the reigning prince, and proceed so freely to the election of another, that even a Mahometan would have been eligible, had not the barons felt ashamed of that privilege. They claimed, however, and obtained another more adverse to the preservation of legal freedom. By the right called *de la Union*, the Aragonese barons were constitutionally entitled to rise in arms against the king, whenever they judged that the crown exceeded its prerogative. This monstrous privilege was granted by Alonso III. in the latter part of the thirteenth century; but the Cortes repealed it, under Peter IV. before the end of the fourteenth. The right of deciding, in case of a disputed succession, was used by the Aragonese peers till a comparatively late period. Ferdinand, Infante of Castille, the first king of that name, in Aragon, was chosen in 1412, among several claimants, by the award of the nine chief barons of the kingdom. The history of that transaction is extremely interesting, and gives a high idea of the wisdom and justice of the leading men of Aragon at that period. Ferdinand was well known for his honourable conduct towards his ward and nephew John II. of Castille, whose crown he might have usurped without the least opposition, or hazard. It was this act of virtuous forbearance that gained him the votes of the electors.

The privileged classes of Aragon and Catalonia having been united at an early period, (A. D. 1137,) it is as difficult as it would be tedious to mark minutely the peculiar differences which belonged to either country. As both, however, derived their modified feudal system from

* We can see no reason why this classical English word should not be employed to translate the Spanish *Justicia*.

France, a great similarity appears in the distribution of power and its attendant honours. The Aragonese had their *Ricoshombres de Natura*, lineally descended from the first founders of their monarchy, who were, we believe, ten in number. Analogous to them were the *Nine Barons* of Catalonia; yet, to judge from the circumstances of the election of Ferdinand I. these obtained precedence of all the Aragonese peers, at the union of the two states, upon the marriage of Berenger, Count of Barcelona, with Petronila, the daughter of Ramiro, the monk, when the arms of Catalonia were preferred, by agreement, to those of Aragon. These nine barons, and such noble Catalans as had the title of Count, together with the Aragonese Ricoshombres, formed the original class of peers in the Cortes of Aragon. But their number was augmented, about the middle of the thirteenth century, by a patent of James I. called the *Conqueror*, who raised his own immediate retainers, the *Cavalleros Meznaderos*,* to the rank and privileges of peers of the kingdom.

Lands appear to have been of little value while exposed to the daily incursions of the Moors. We find, accordingly, that the military fees in all the Christian kingdoms of Spain took their denomination from the towns on which the lords levied taxes. We do not, consequently, observe that gradation of tenures which prevailed in other countries. After the conquest of a large town, the principal leaders who assisted at the siege, had districts called *Barrios*, appointed to each, from the inhabitants of which they received the contributions otherwise due to the crown. In proportion to the amount of these taxes was the number of knights which each nobleman of the first rank was bound to lead into the field. The grants of such revenues being, in Aragon, called *Honores*, the service of the attendant knights was named *Cavallerias de Honor*. The same grants were denominated *Feudos* in Catalonia, and *Entierras* † in Castille.

On the taking of Zaragoza by Alfonso, the champion (A. D. 1118), the Spanish inhabitants were exempted from taxes, and classed with the *Infanzónes* or gentry of the kingdom. It seems a natural inference from this fact that the Christian population of Zaragoza, under the Moorish dominion, was small and of little consequence, and that this measure was intended to draw such inhabitants to that important city as might be able and willing to preserve it from future invasion. The ancient name by which the members of the privileged gentry were known, is *Hermunios;* a corruption, as Zurita believes, of the Latin word *Immunes*. The denominations of *Hidalgo*, in Castille, and *Hom de paratge*, in Catalonia, are nearly equivalent to that of *infanzon*, in Aragon. *Paratge* is synonimous with *Peerage*, in the sense of equality to the privileged classes. Serfs, in the strict sense of the word, were unknown in Castille, and, we believe, nearly so in Aragon; but the evils of that sort of slavery were long prevalent in Catalonia. The feudal slaves were known by the appellation of *homes de Remensa*.

The early history of Aragon is, a good deal, mixed with romance and legendary fable. We will neither enter into critical discussions, nor undertake a connected narrative, but merely glance over the inte-

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* *Meznada* was a military division following the standard of one leader.

† Though this word might seem to bring the Castillian fiefs nearer to the character of those of England and France, every circumstance in the history of that country shows, that the lords depended not on rent, but taxation.

resting history of that kingdom, selecting whatever is characteristic of the people, or of the original historians themselves. Fables and legendary tales are highly valuable in this light.

The birth of Sancho Abarca, the second king of Aragon, after its first union with the crown of Navarre, which at that period (A. D. 912) was styled the kingdom of Pamplona and Sobrarbe, may be classed with those traditionary legends, which, from a similarity in their marvellous circumstances, might be supposed to have some common origin, if the kindred features were not more naturally accounted for from a general resemblance in the early stages of civilization, among the European nations, not excluding the Greeks and Romans themselves. Abarca is the Romulus of Aragon, not indeed in every incident of the story, which is less improbable than that of the son of Mars, the nursling of a she-wolf, but in the extraordinary manner of his birth and the rural education of his youth.

Garci Iñiguez, Abarca's father, succeeded Iñigo Arista, in the crown of Pamplona. His wife, a countess of Aragon in her own right, being far advanced in pregnancy, perished, with her husband, by the hands of the Moors, who fell suddenly upon a defenceless village where the royal couple had retired with a small retinue. The original historians, though not agreed as to the place of this melancholy scene, are unanimous in asserting, that an infant was artificially brought to light just at the death of the mother.* The child, in this interesting and precarious state, was taken in charge by an Aragonese knight, from whom, according to Prince Carlos †, the historian of Navarre, he afterwards derived the name of Abarca. Sancho was reared, probably unconscious of his rank, among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, during that period when Mahomet, the son of Abdoulrahman, the second of that name of the caliphs of Cordoba, led an army against Navarre, which wasted the whole territory of Pamplona, and took three castles from the Navarrese. ‡

Connected with the history of this invasion is the case of a Navarrese knight called Fortunyo §, whose good fortune is remembered as one of the many instances of generous munificence, among the Spanish Moors, which the national jealousy of the Christian historians

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* Abarca's birth is thus related by the Archbishop Don Rodrigo. "Cumque quadam die minus caute in quodam viculo, qui Larumbe dicitur, resideret, supervenientes Arabes improvidum occiderunt, et Reginam Urracam, uxorem pregnantem, in utero lancea percusserunt. Sed continuò, adventu suorum, latrunculis Arabum effugatis, Regina morti proxima, tamen viva, per vulnus lanceæ, sicut Domino placuit, infantulum est enixa; et fotus ministerio muliebri, vitæ, miraculo omnium, est servatus, et Sancius Garsiæ fuit vocatus."—*De Rebus Hispaniæ*, lib. v. c. xxii.

† Carlos, Prince of Viana, and rightful sovereign of Navarre, was kept from that crown and persecuted by his father, John II. of Aragon, in a manner not unlike that of Philip II. towards his unfortunate son of the same name, (See New Monthly Magazine, vol. V. p. 231.) The Prince of Viana died in 1461. He was a man of considerable learning. He translated the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle, from the Latin of Leonardo Aretino, and wrote a Chronicle of the Kings of Navarre, which is still in manuscript.

‡ Zurita, lib. i. c. vii.

§ We believe that *ny* is the only combination of letters which, in the English alphabet, can express the sound of the Spanish ñ. We have adopted it the more readily, as it represents the Latin *ni* followed by a vowel, which the Spaniards express by the ñ. *Fortuño* comes from *Fortunius*.

has not been strong enough to conceal. Being taken prisoner in one of the castles just mentioned, Fortunyo followed the conqueror to Cordoba, where he lived twenty years. Zurita says, that at the end of that long captivity he received his liberty, and a large fortune, in presents, from Mahomet. Both the length of Fortunyo's residence at Cordoba, and the noble manner of his release, however, claim the honour of the transaction for Mahomet's successor, in the power, though not in the title of Ommiade Caliph, his brother Abdoulrahman, the Magnificent.* Fortunyo's name has been saved from oblivion chiefly by the extraordinary longevity which crowned the eventful prosperity of his life. He lived one hundred and twenty-six years.

The election, or rather recognition of Sancho Abarca seems to have been made after an interregnum, probably occasioned by the invasion of the Moors of Cordoba. The historical accounts, however, only lead to this inference. Abarca was in his fifteenth year when the nobleman, the guide and protector of his childhood, presented him, in the dress of a peasant, to the meeting of the noblemen, who were convened at Jaca, for the purpose of filling the vacant throne.† The proof of his royal birth being evident, the rustic youth received the homage of the peers, and was installed in the throne of his fathers. In the glorious achievements of his reign, there is abundant confirmation that a noble and generous nature never fails to improve by an early acquaintance with the trials and evils of human life.

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* The reader, we trust, will thank us for transcribing the beautiful passage where Mr. Southey sketches the history of the third Abdoulrahman. (Introduction to the Chronicle of the Cid, p. xxviii.) "His history is like a tale of Eastern splendour with an Eastern moral at the end. To gratify the vanity of a favourite slave, he built a town and called it after her name, Zehra, which signifies the ornament of the world. There were in its palace one thousand and fourteen columns of African and Spanish marble; nineteen from Italian quarries, and one hundred and forty beautiful enough to be presents from the Greek emperor. The marble walls of the hall of the Caliph were inlaid with gold. Birds and beasts of gold, studded with jewels, spouted water into a marble bason in its centre: the bason was the work of the best Greek sculptors; and above it hung the great pearl which had been sent to Abdoulrahman by the Emperor Leon. The extent of the building may be imagined by that of his seraglio, which contained six thousand and three hundred persons. This was his favourite abode. After the chase, to which twelve hundred horsemen always accompanied him, he used to rest in a pavilion in the gardens. The pillars were of pure white marble; the floor of gold, and steel, and jewellery; and in the midst there was a fountain of quicksilver. Yet Abdoulrahman left a writing which contained this testimony against the vanity of the world. From the moment when I began to reign, I have recorded those days in which I enjoyed real and undisturbed pleasure; they amount to fourteen. Mortal man, consider what this world is, and what dependence is to be placed upon its enjoyments! Nothing seems wanting to my happiness; riches, honours, to say every thing, sovereign power. I am feared and esteemed by my contemporary princes: they envy my good fortune; they are jealous of my glory; they solicit my friendship. Fifty years have I reigned, and in so long a course of time, can count but fourteen days, which have not been poisoned by some vexation."

† ". . . . Cum equite, qui eum clam nutriverat, veluti pastoris filius, vilissimis tectus indumentis et *peronatus* adducitur." Rodericus, *ibid.* The *perones*, or raw-leather shoes being called *Abarcas*, in Spanish, some imagine that the young prince derived his appellation from that part of his dress. Others pretend that it was owing to his having enabled his army to cross the Pyrenees after a great fall of snow, by means of such shoes. But these forget that the raw-leather shoes are used by the Spanish peasantry in all the mountainous districts of the North, and that they are probably the first covering for the feet likely to have been invented in all countries.

In Abarca's son, Garci Sanchez, we find a curious instance of that jarring and discordance between the mind and her organs of sensation —that mixed disease of body and soul, which, probably from its frequency in latter times, has forced a name from language, distorting the word *nervous* into an expression of weakness.* Garci Sanchez, though a man of tried courage, never prepared for battle without visibly trembling from head to foot.† He is known in Spanish history by the unchivalrous addition of *the Trembler*.

Sancho, the Great, succeeded his father Garcia, in 1034. To the crowns of Aragon, Navarre, and Sobrarbe, he united the earldom of Castille, in right of his wife, and made the river Pisuerga the boundary between his territory and the kingdom of Leon. By a first wife, Sancho had a son, called Ramiro.‡ Elvira, the daughter of Sancho, Earl of Castille, whose lords did not assume the title of kings till the next generation, gave him three sons, Garcia, Gonzalo, and Fernando, whose wicked and infamous conduct towards their own mother is one of the well attested instances of the impunity with which the most sacred laws were broken in the dark ages, to which some admirers of the romantic would give the preference, compared with modern refinement.

At the instigation of Garcia, the two younger brothers entered into a conspiracy to accuse their mother of faithlessness to the royal bed. If the mention of such a monstrous and unnatural plot stagger the belief of a modern reader, he will feel disposed to look upon the whole as a fable, when he learns the motive assigned by the early Spanish historians. They say that King Sancho, being obliged to leave his favourite horse when he was to set off upon an expedition against the Moors, committed it to the care of his Queen, with an express injunction that no one should ride him in his absence. Urged, however, by the entreaties of her eldest son Garcia, Elvira would have consented to his using the horse, but for the remonstrances of a faithful knight, whose name, though omitted by most of the original writers, is reported to have been Sesé. Incensed by disappointment, and deeply hurt at being thwarted by a subject, Garcia vowed revenge against the Queen and her adviser. An accusation of adultery was the most obvious means of involving both in the same ruin. His brothers, either intimidated by his fierce courage, or swayed by his habitual ascendancy, agreed to back him in the combat by which he was to establish the charge.

Such is the uniform account which is found in the earliest records of the country. As no possible motive can be imagined for a fiction of this nature, we should, before we reject a mass of historical evidence, consider the customs and opinions of the times, as well as the manner in which history was written by the old chroniclers.

There is nothing improbable in the importance given to the king's charger at the Court of Navarre, nor in the fierce dudgeon of a semi-barbarian youth of royal birth, at being denied an indulgence on which

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* Dr. Johnson, probably in a fit of *nervous* peevishness, has marked the modern sense of the word as *medical cant*.

† "....Garsias....regnavit, qui dictus est *Tremulosus*, eo quod quando rumores periculi audiebat, vel debebat in prælio experiri, a principio totus tremulabat, sed postea constantissimus persistebat.—*Rodericus, De Reb. Hisp.* lib. v. c. xxvi.

‡ It is very probable that this Ramiro was a bastard. Mariana think so; though the accurate Zurita says he was legitimate.

he had set his heart—and that at the suggestion of his mother's trusty adviser, who, it may well be supposed, had frequent occasion to exert his influence against the insolent rashness of the three princes. Had every minute circumstance been mentioned, the fact would have appeared in aftertimes, without any character of improbability. But the rude and artless writers of those ages had not even a suspicion that a display of motives, and circumstances, which were obvious and familiar to every man in their days and country, would be required at a future period. Such cautionary descriptions, indeed, never occur in history, till the customs, which alone can elucidate an otherwise doubtful and suspicious narrative, are becoming obsolete, and strike the writers themselves as something curious and worth mentioning. Don Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, whom we have more than once quoted, thought it necessary, about the middle of the 13th century, upon relating the story of Elvira and her sons, to observe that, in those times, the value set upon an excellent horse, and the necessity of having it always at hand, to be in readiness against a sudden incursion of the Moors, induced the kings and noblemen to build the stables close by their ladies' chambers.* Few, indeed, will require being reminded that Andromache is represented by Homer as in the habit of feeding her husband's horses.

Having thus endeavoured to remove the critical doubts of the reader, we will now give him the conclusion of our story.

The day for the trial of the queen being come, the lists for the combat were opened before the castle of Naxera, where she was kept a prisoner. It was feared by those who knew the courage, power, and revengeful spirit of Prince Garcia, that the accused would hardly find a champion among the nobility of her kingdom. But the herald had scarcely proclaimed the trial by battle, when a knight, armed at all points, rode boldly towards the high scaffold on which the king and the judges were seated, and flung his gauntlet almost in the accuser's face. It was Ramiro, his half-brother, who swore he would either wash the stain fixed upon the queen, in the blood of her recreant sons, or seal with his own the high opinion he had of her virtue.

The *Master of the Field* † had already examined the armour and weapons of the combatants, and placed them so as to avoid either of them being dazzled by the sun, in the encounter ‡, when a holy man, who inhabited a solitary cell in the fastnesses of the neighbouring mountains, broke through the surrounding multitude, and rushing fearlessly between the levelled lances, loudly called upon the king to stop the combat. The authority of austere sanctity was never disowned among the warlike Spaniards. At the monarch's command, the Master of the Field, who had backed his horse towards the barrier, darted, at one leap, between the combatants; their lances were raised, and all hung breathless on the emaciated lips of the Hermit. "Lady," cried he to the queen, who, veiled from head to foot in a black scarf, sat on a low

* "Tanta erat tunc temporis infestatio Arabum, quod Milites, Comites, et etiam Reges, in domibus, ubi uxorum thalami ornabantur, equis stationem parabant, ut quacumque hora clamor invadentium insonaret, ad equos et arma possent sine dilatione aliqua festinare."—Lib. v. c. xxvi.

† Maestre de Campo.

‡ This was called *Partir el Sol*, dividing the sun, and was never omitted among the Spaniards.

stool below the platform, "Lady, look up to Heaven, and fear not that He who sits far higher than that throne from which thou dreadest the blind award of man, hath left thee to perish in thine innocence. And thou, credulous king, canst thou thus cast thy best jewel to be trampled upon, because the foul breath of calumny dared for a moment to dim its lustre! The wrath of Heaven fall. . . . but God forgive me, for thus forgetting the meekness of him whose minister I am. Look not, O king, for satisfaction to your doubts, from human blood. By that which was shed on the cross I swear, thy queen is innocent. The villainy of her accusers was but last night avowed to me by one of them, under the sacred seal of sacramental confession. I cannot—Heaven itself cannot save them from the shame which is due to their felony. But no other punishment may be inflicted upon them. The word of a priest has been pledged to the repentant sinner, when kneeling at my feet in voluntary confession of his crime. I cannot reveal the name of him who now saves his mother's life and honour; and it would be unjust that he suffered with the obdurate and impenitent. Beware, therefore, O king, of a fresh error, worse and more impious than thy first. Beware of sealing up the lips of sinners by thy severity, and stopping their only access to the seat of mercy. Pardon thy sons, O king. I charge thee, pardon them as thou wilt have forgiveness."—"I will pardon them, holy man," said the king, half-choked with contending feelings,—"but can *you*, you my injured wife, pardon either them or me?"—"I have already done it: I forgave them before I left my prison, when I implored forgiveness and protection for myself," answered Elvira, raising the corner of her black veil, and looking with a peaceful and composed countenance on her husband. A shout of enraptured admiration rang round the lists. The sound of popular acclamation seemed to breathe an air of dignity over the mild and serene features of the queen. She flung the scarf, at once, upon her shoulders, and turning first to the people, then slightly inclining her majestic figure towards the king, "Sir," she said, "my forgiveness would be as full and unconditional as that which I desire from Heaven, if I alone were concerned. My . . sons . . yes, they shall still bear that name . . My sons have been appointed heirs to your vast dominions, each to wear an independent crown. Let this your will remain unaltered. Yet I owe a sacred duty to my subjects of Castille. The proud inheritance which Providence has placed in my hands must not have reason to accuse me of having neglected its honour. One alone of my sons has evinced a true sense of his guilt. Who it is must for ever remain sealed up in the bosom of the holy priest who heard his confession. But certain it is that the disclosure, which has saved me from dishonour, could not come from the author of the conspiracy. No: my Castillian subjects shall never do homage to Garcia. Would that I had the power to reward, with that crown, my noble, my generous champion! But I will not involve these kingdoms in a destructive quarrel merely to gratify my private feelings. All I demand is that the portions of the inheritance be differently allotted. Since one of the three must have Castille, let it be given to my son Fernando. A mother, next to God, can see into the hearts of her children. I well remember when last he hung upon my neck—I still feel his last kiss, and it tells me he could not have joined his mother's enemies but in the hope to save her." At these words,

one of the knights, lifting both his hands and pressing them against his close helmet, was observed to lose his balance in the saddle and drop helpless on the horse's neck. A look of inexpressible tenderness was directed by the queen to the spot; but beckoning with her hand to hush the disturbance which the prince's attendants had occasioned to prevent his falling to the ground,—"My last and most sacred duty," she continued, "the acknowledgment of my gratitude, remains to be performed. Thou, Ramiro, shalt henceforward be my adopted son. The states of Aragon, which, upon my marriage, the king settled upon me, shall be thy own inheritance. It is not in my power to do more. Heaven, I trust, will crown thee with such blessings, as man cannot ensure even with the gift of a throne. Strong, however, as is the impulse of my gratitude, and ardent as my prayers are for thy prosperity, I still more fervently implore mercy upon the unrepentant. But prayer is sooner heard when asking blessings, than when it attempts to stand between a hardened offender and the uplifted arm of divine vengeance."

Fernando inherited the states of Castille, raising them to the rank of a kingdom, from that of an independent earldom. By his marriage with Sancha, the only child of Bermudo, King of Leon, he ascended the throne of that kingdom. His eldest brother Garcia, the author of the conspiracy, who reigned in Navarre, engaged in war against him; but, being slain at the battle of Atapuerca, (A. D. 1054) Fernando, for the first time, joined the three kingdoms of Castile, Leon, and Navarre, and was called Emperor of Spain. Gonzalo, who had been made King of Sobrarbe and Ribagorza, fell by the hand of an assassin. His estates accrued to the noble Ramiro, the queen's champion, who joined them in perpetuity to his kingdom of Aragon.

ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1823.

January.—Dr. Doyle, a Roman Catholic bishop, in his pastoral charge, recommends Orangemen to be *civil* Orangemen, and Papists not to be bigoted: nothing new under the sun: Sir Joseph Jekyll, in the reign of Queen Anne, bequeathed his fortune to government to pay off the National Debt; and a half-witted waterman, in the reign of George the Third, moored his boat to the centre-arch of London Bridge and tried to catch the tide in his bob-wig. The Duke of Sussex swallows an embrocation at Bognor that was meant for a fomentation: Royal Dukes at public dinners have swallowed stranger things and no danger apprehended. Salt-tax diminished by thirteen shillings a bushel, but still no improvement in modern comedy: new pieces generally offensive after the third night. A Chancery-suit in the good old times recorded to have lasted 120 years, Old Parr being clerk in court and Henry Jenkins solicitor. Cobbett puts up church-livings and three per cents. for sale by auction at a Norfolk meeting: Mr. Coke bids against him, but articles knocked down to the former. Clara Fisher at Drury-lane Theatre pronounced to be only nine years of age: hint taken from her patronesses the Aonian maids, who have been only nine ever since the days of Apollo. She is advertised in "Old and Young:" much curiosity excited as to which part she means to perform. Simpson and Co. successful by mere dint of dialogue: actors much amazed, not knowing what to do for an upper-gallery in the event of the sky falling. Golden axe laid to the root of

the dead pantomime. Great improvements in Billingsgate-market: wholesale and retail departments kept separate: *railing* fixed by proper land-marks: no lady allowed to hold forth for more than five minutes at a time; and if two or more Naiads utter the same execration, oath to be put up again. Canonical clergy of Durham *convivially* defended by the Reverend Dr. *Phil-pots*: to the best of his knowledge and belief, not a stall in the diocese that does not contain an animal overworked and under-fed. Serpentine-river covered with skaiters: usual average of human heads just peeping above the slippery horizon: printed notice of the Humane Society to the public, not to venture on, actually obeyed by three individuals: one of them a woman with a child in her arms: whole mob in arms at the prodigy! Judith O'Clark prosecuted by Excise at Kilkenny for having an illicit *still*, which she had contrived to conceal behind her teeth for fifteen minutes; an effort which nearly cost the poor creature her life. Robbery in the Tower: three of Henry the Eighth's ribs, Queen Mary's bowels, James the First's head, Charles the First's eyes, and Queen Elizabeth's heart not to be found: strict search making after the robbers. New winter Home circuit established: Baron Graham asks the Grand Jury if they do not find it very cold: in looking over the Gaol calendar his lordship overlooks the Gardener's, which advises that "old trees should be pruned" in January. Augusta, or the Blind Girl, makes her appearance at Covent-garden: not the right sort of *cataract* to please the public. Several sentimental ladies wish to visit *Claremont:* they are enticed into a notorious house in Covent-garden, and in lieu of a park are introduced to a theatrical performer who carries his cane like a rope-dancer's pole. Infallible cures for chilblains advertised: lots of hobbling boys, notwithstanding, blockading the front windows of the confectioners' shops, allured by the figure of his Majesty treading upon plum-cake. Only ninety-nine new magazines, two of which do *not* promise to outstrip all their predecessors.

February.—Several wild swans seen flying over Brighton, to the no small amazement of several tame geese who happened to be waddling along the Steine: the bills of the former said to be three inches long: those of the latter much longer. Mr. Mocatta, a defaulter at the Stock Exchange, stated to be brother-in-law to Mr. Rothschild and nephew to Mr. Goldsmidt: John of Gaunt's armour at the Tower observed to look blue at finding its tall proprietor thus outshone in genealogical lustre. Moore's Loves of the Angels: two omitted, viz. one at Islington and the other at the back of St. Clement's. King James's crown jewels dramatically exhibited at Covent-garden Theatre: rather too late for profit: fashion of them a little on the wane, being superseded by subsequent brilliants from the same shop. Great and expensive preparations making to prove Lord Portsmouth out of his wits: self-evident propositions being at a discount. Law changes: Daniel Whittle Harvey in his road from an attorney's office to a barrister's chambers waylaid and knocked down by a body of benchers. Oratorios during Lent: sacred beautifully dovetailed with prophane, viz. "Ye spotted Snakes" with the "Beautiful Maid," "Together let us range the Fields" with "Deeper and deeper still," and "Slow broke the Light" with "Hey! for the merry Blind Boy." Two Englishmen by mistake confined all night in the

catacombs at Paris: let out next morning by means of a skeleton-key. Valentine's-day: Mr. Freeling applies to the postmaster-general for two waggons to convey the extra letters, and for permission to get them drawn by the asinine inditers, yoked two and two.

March.—Action brought by Mr. *Cruickshank* against proprietor of stage-coach for breaking his leg: most ungrateful return for an intended benefit. Letter in the Paris papers announcing that a young man had been kicked out of one of the Hells at the west end of London: plain proof of the superiority of the Moderns: "evadere ad auras" not so easy in Æneas's time. Lord *Manners* refuses to dine with the Lord Lieutenant: Qu. title in abeyance when the note was transmitted? Mademoiselle Mercandotti is married to Hughes Ball: consequent investment of the lady with a noble birth: shrewd hints of Scottish origin: Garrick and Mademoiselle Violetti quoted as a case in point: sad consequences of the alliance in a series of epigrams in the Morning Post: the lady's original appearance alleged to have been in Pandora—the worst box in the King's Theatre. Fifty cabriolets are licensed to ply on hackney-coach stands: "We're a' nodding," in consequence, more popular than ever. Much vapouring in the French papers, which actually carry their effrontery so far as to call Hughes Ball *Hughey*.

April.—Month ushered in by divers hoaxes suitable to its first day: among others, Age of Bronze palmed upon Lord Byron. New London Bridge: one alderman votes in the teeth of his own convenience: another even consents to the removal of Fishmongers'-hall, notwithstanding the consequent loss of a monthly dinner there of no ordinary excellence: it is to be hoped that these instances of patriotism will meet their sweetest reward in the whisper of an applauding conscience. Old woman taken for a witch at Taunton, and Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins for the Goddess Justice, in London, owing to his skill in holding a balance in hand. Smart farce written by a titled dandy: and alarm of fire given by a monkey. Mrs. M'Kinnon executed for murder at Edinburgh: her head afterwards phrenologically compared with those of a clergyman and a good woman: assertion doubted very much, as a good woman has no head. General averment in the Scottish journals that the family of M'Kinnon is originally Irish, and not Scotch. Cork mail runs one day without being fired at from behind a hedge—"Then is doomsday near."

May.—New London Orphan Asylum at Clapton: platform gives way, and his Highness of York narrowly escapes the ceremony of laying the first duke: subsequent dinner at the City of London Tavern on the ground-floor, "by particular desire of several persons of distinction." House of Commons highly interested by a protracted enquiry into the conduct of the High Sheriff of Dublin. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, and consequent rise in the price of umbrellas. Duc D'Angoulême nicknamed the Royal Ram, from having his head-quarters at Miranda. Lady Mayoress's Easter ball: great scrambling after *ices* in the Egyptian-hall—Query, *Isis?* Easter hunt: droves of unhorsed Londoners find their way as they can from Epping Forest to Bishopsgate-street—"all on foot he fights." Opening of annual exhibition at Somerset-house: great influx of one-shilling critics, who know as much of the matter as the blue cheque taken at the door. More "Portrait of a Gentleman" than

usual. Why not make the catalogue printer prove his words, and thus reduce the number to a snug coterie of some half-dozen? Portrait of Mr. Barber Beaumont arrayed in an objectionable pair of pantaloons, casting a longing look at his own fire-office. Desdemona is smothered at the Opera-house in the embraces of Rossini. Wanstead house, which cost 300,000*l.* knocked down for 10,000*l.*—"I will stand the hazard of the die." First appearance of Quentin Durward, and consequent dissension in divers book-clubs, each member thinking his predecessor detains it from him out of mere spite. Only five men kicked out of the Cannon coffee-house for saying that they have not read it.

June.—An old soldier advertises to quell *the* Irish rebellion for 10,000*l.* :—Query, *which* of them? London sub-ways: plan of Mr. John Williams, of Cornhill, for constructing subterraneous passages under the streets: much patronized by divers young citizens, who have reasons of their own for not wishing to face their tailors. The Princess Olive of Cumberland's manifesto to her faithful subjects the Poles. Flowers of Billingsgate mutually scattered by Alderman Rowcroft and Mr. Hunt: the latter bound over by the Lord Mayor to keep the peace; a ceremony voluntarily performed by him for many years last past.

July.—Closing of Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres: customary thanks from Messrs. Fawcett and Terry for past favours, and promises of future improvement. Fête given by the Marquess of Hertford at Queensbury-house, Richmond: the Duke of Devonshire keeps his heart, but loses his hat. Sweethearts and Wives, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their attractions, much approved of at the Haymarket Theatre. The proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens inform the public that "nothing can damp their ardour:" certainly if the present weather cannot, nothing can. Tom and Jerry are killed at the Cobourg Theatre. Dangers attendant on the liberty of the press in China, illustrated by the fate of Whang-se-hoo, who had the audacity to assert in print that he was descended from Whang-tee. By a fatal accident (and it may be added an unaccountable one) the *perpetual* curate of Sawley loses his life. Westminster improvements: New Law Courts said to be "so built as to be uniform:" arrangement highly approved of by the public, several of whom have heretofore been turned round and whisked out of the Court of King's Bench before they knew where they were, while others have spent a whole life in the Court of Chancery without being able to find their way out. Much money taken at a door in Fleet-street by a speculator, who exhibited, at a shilling a head, a live man who had *not* been to Fonthill Abbey.

August.—Ezekiel Cohen, a Jew, is cruelly prosecuted for merely assuming the character of an attorney. The ghost of John Knox makes its appearance in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, arrayed in black whiskers and a dandy shirt-collar. Rossini, the Italian composer, nearly killed by eating six fat lobsters, to qualify himself to sing "O Piscator del' onda." Prince Hohenlohe miraculously cures "a lady of respectability, who had been for many years one of the religious community of *Ranelagh*:" the chief part of the miracle being the conversion of a fashionable community into a religious one. A new comedy kept sweet nine nights by opening the belly of its third act, taking out its sentiments and filling the orifice with powdered charcoal. A mar-

ried churchwarden at Dundee, by mistake writes his own name in the register in lieu of that of the bridegroom: "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?" The Canal in St. James's-park cleansed of its impurities by mistake instead of the Mall. Meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, to decide whether Mrs. Serres shall or shall not be Princess of Cumberland: decided in the negative, but resolved that she shall be Princess of Poland: a decision satisfactory to her Royal Highness, that being her object. Mr. Graham seems disposed not to mount in his balloon from White Conduit-house Gardens: several of the mob threw brickbats at him to make him fly. A large fungus, of the citizen species, is found sticking to a mansion in Connaught-place: it measures five feet in height and six round the girdle. Witchcraft advertised to be abolished by Dr. Gardner's alterative medicine, in lieu of the old remedy of actual cautery. James Brandon is removed from his situation in Covent-garden Theatre; proprietors much blamed for assuming the privilege of dismissing their own servants. Rain still continues, to the grievous annoyance of divers brokers, who are constrained to refrain from Brighton, and to attend to their business from want of something better to do.

September.—Ghost of "Knocking Jack of the North," still knocking and scratching in Cross-street, Hatton Garden: large and tumultuous assemblage of women of fashion, ministers of state, courtesans, poets, players, judges, and barristers, who experience an extraordinary delight in being sent to the devil to their faces. Tithes raised in three London parishes: inhabitants advised to use Rowland's kalydor, which "affords a pleasing relief after shaving." More controversy between Mr. Owen of Lanark and the Presbytery of that Ilk: in spite of the parallelograms of the former, people in general no better than they should be. A London Gazette is published without a single *whereas*: in the evening the several tradesmen illuminated their houses. Fall of the Trocadero announced upon the Royal Exchange: benevolent hope expressed by an alderman that it did not hurt any body. "The Great Unknown" is damned at the Haymarket Theatre, after undergoing that ceremony from all the romance writers of Great Britain. Death of Robert Bloomfield the poet: dismay and surprise of several sentimental young ladies on finding that the Farmer's Boy was fifty-six years old. New coinage of *double* sovereigns: much cavilled at by Sir W. C. who hoped that William and Mary would have proved the last.

October.—The winter theatres open, as usual, with God save the King!—"let schoolmen tell us why." A Mr. Dando summoned before the Lord Mayor on a charge of detaining the money of another person: he is discharged, as incurable, on pleading that he spells his name with a *y*. Law courts at Westminster in a progressive state: "the memorable old pump" said to be "still suffered to remain:" meaning, it is presumed, the British public. The Wesleyan Missionary Society dispatch two emissaries to labour in Palestine and a like number to Eutopia. Memorial of a murdered gentleman inserted in the Dublin papers. Cobbett *versus* Levy, lessee of the Kensington tolls: much mutual objurgation before the Bow-street magistrates: plaintiff proves defendant a Jew, but the latter fails in proving his adversary a Christian. Lord Cochrane in the Brazilian line-of-battle ship, Don Pedro the First, shows an unabated love of prize-money. Several instances of somnambulism in the theatrical world: actors and

actresses seen groping their way in Little Russell-street and Hart-street through the stage-doors of the wrong theatre: play-goers much puzzled to know where to find them. In consequence of the projected improvements of St. James's Palace, several *old* women have received notice to quit. Captain Parry returns from the North Pole, and meets with a degree of coldness not experienced by him in Baffin's Bay. Tomb of Baron Swedenborg opened, and the deceased found to have no head: letter from one of his disciples to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, showing that he lost it before he wrote his Arcana Celestia.

November.—Several stray murders lying at the police-offices to be owned, were claimed by the wrong perpetrators. Mr. Sinclair, the singer, denies the temperature of his sitting-room, not wishing to be "thought a greater fool than he is." The abbey church of Romsey broken into by some thieves, but the nave of the church happening to be in the pulpit escaped their sacrilegious clutches. Another Polar expedition talked of—"At him again, Mordecai, he'll get into a dom scrape by and by." Mr. Maberly's horse-bazaar is removed to the winter theatres. Much mischief done on the fifth of November, being Guy Faux day, but much more done on the sixth, being the first day of Term. Lord Mayor's day: numerous females at open windows, with bare throats gazing at nothing till something comes, and then closing the casement on account of the cold. A woman pitched from the roof of the Fortitude Kentish-town coach into an undertaker's shop, and escaped with only a few slight bruises, to the great mortification of the sable shopkeeper. The Reverend C. C. Cotton made a bankrupt as a wine-merchant: no good ever comes of preaching over one's liquor. Providential escape! the elbows of nine fiddlers, at the Cateaton-street concert, gave way, and fell down with a tremendous crash; fortunately nobody was near. The author of Waverley said to have a curious mode of acquainting his domestics with his wants, by having the words "breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper," painted upon a board. N.B. The only poet on record who can call for four meals in a day. A £50. bill said to be swallowed by a donkey at Liverpool, and the printed statement of it swallowed by several of the species in London. The usual quantum of suicides: several poor bodies rescued by the Humane Society from a watery grave to be interred in an earthen one.

December.—Meeting of Common Council at Guildhall to propose a Statue to Riego: ditto in Lincoln's-Inn Hall to propose a Statue to Lord Erskine: ditto in Leadenhall to propose a Statue to Mr. Charles Grant: a Scotch India stock-holder proposes that they should be clubbed together in the character of the three Graces, and that Sandy Mac-chisel, the stone-mason in Argyll-street, should have the job. Royal Society of Literature offer a new premium for poetry: not a garret in Grub-street to be had. Ghost of John Knox taketh unto itself a wife, to be shade of its shade: less knocking and scratching in Cross-street than heretofore: mysteries, moralities, and Drury-lane dramas all end with a marriage. Doctrinal points still undecided;

> One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell,
> Another deems him instrument of Hell.

Dreadful storm of wind blows over the metropolis: melancholy effects thereof: Sir Walter Stirling cannot keep his hat upon his head: Miss

F. H. Kelly is cast by violence into Palermo, and falls through the boards: Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Wilberforce are thrown violently against each other, and some favourite American trees of the former are torn up by the roots: an eddy of the remorseless gale carries divers school-boys prematurely to town for the Christmas holidays: numerous caitiffs in white great coats are blown from their own houses into those of other people, muttering something about the compliments of the season: flights of Norfolk turkies are driven to London: dinner-cards whisk through the air bringing heterogeneous relations together on Christmas-day: gallanti-showmen can hardly keep their legs: red morocco almanacs sail about on the wings of the wind, and the vendors of them, from fear of a falling stack of chimnies, are forced to take refuge in the first blind alley, where the few of them that read Horace, reflect, that the year 1823 is rapidly following her departed sister, and exclaim

> "Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur Anni."

THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

On Italy when parting sunbeams play,
And lake, and plain, and palace, float in light,
What scene is fairer than her close of day—
What sky is brighter than her cloudless night?
I've seen the midnight moonlight silvering o'er
Fair Venice—seen Benacus' sunset strand,
And dreamt till fancy from the gulphs of yore
Before me bade the Lyric Roman stand:
But never feeling to my inmost soul
So thrill'd, as when the dark Waldstetter sea
I felt beneath in waves tumultuous roll,
Bearing to Grutli's field of Liberty—
To Grutli's field, where, when th' o'erhanging tower
Of Selisberg at midnight still had flung
To rock, and vale, and lake, the startling hour—
So far, that forked Mythen's echoes rung—
In former days, by midnight unappall'd,
The gallant Schweitzer launch'd his silent bark
With muffled oar—and they of Unterwald,
And Uri's men—sought, guiding through the dark,
The cynosure of freedom kindled there;
And there with pure, devoted, fearless heart
Did each stern patriot to his Country swear
Again its ancient freedom to impart.
And how they kept their vow, let the page tell
Which registers the tyrant Gesler's death;
The hosts that in Morgarten's valley fell;
And Morat's blood-stain'd lake, and Laupen's crimson'd heath.
No—while my memory holds, my life-pulse beats,
No other scene can e'er again excite
The emotion kindled by those wild retreats
Of patriot freemen—or the deep delight
With which I gazed, green Grutli, on thy shore,
And those sublime and glacier'd peaks around,
And the dark surge lashing the rock-base hoar,
And drank of that pure rill which glads thy sacred ground.

R.

FERNEY.

"Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Staël,
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore."—BYRON.

FROM Calvin down to Madame de Staël, the banks of this "lake of beauty" have scarcely ever been without their great man, for it is no bull to include *her* in this term. It is true Madame de Staël owed little of her inspiration to her country,—nor was her genius at all of the dry severe order which seems to be its natural product. But still she lived much at Coppet, if she did not much love it; and her name is inseparably interwoven with the associations connected with Geneva and its neighbourhood. But it is her name only. Her residence on the banks of the lake was but the physical, not the mental, *locale* of her works. Neither, indeed, does the place itself convey any very romantic feelings or ideas; it is a substantial, and, for the Continent, peculiarly *comfortable* gentleman's house,—and nothing more.

But Ferney is the direct contrary of all this, if we except its outward appearance, which is exactly that of a French *chateau*, and therefore formal and unsightly enough. But, otherwise, it is, of all places inhabited by men of genius, one which has the greatest claims to interest. It is a name more closely connected with its great owner, than is generally that of the dwelling of any writer. "*Du chateau de Ferney*" is the date of nearly all those interesting letters, which, like the scattered limbs of Osiris, have been collected since his death. "*Le patriarche de Ferney*" is the name by which he is familiarly distinguished by his disciples. In a word, *Ferney* is almost as intimate to the ear of his admirers as his own name.

There is scarcely any man, distinguished for intellect, who ranks higher than Voltaire.

——— "He ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!"

—poet in all styles,—dramatist—historian—and, as a wit, superior even to him of whom the line I have quoted was originally written.* Where is the man who, like him, attained a high rank in every branch of literary genius? Who can bear, like him, comparison and competition with those who have devoted their whole lives and minds to the cultivation of one pursuit? It has been the fashion of late to undervalue Voltaire as a poet, and, as I think, solely because of his unapproached pre-eminence as a wit. When a man is associated in our minds with ludicrous sensations, even though it be only as exciting them against others, it is with difficulty that we can reconcile ourselves to his being equal to the higher branches of poetry. But it will scarcely, I think, be doubted, that the author of Zaire and Mérope *is* entitled to the rank of a poet of a very high, if not of the very first, order. Indeed, I think it is owing to the insurmountable nature of the French school, that Voltaire is not by the side of the highest poets of all. We English never can be brought to think the language itself equal to the

* Moore's verses on the death of Sheridan.

nobler, even if it be to the more tender, degrees of expression. But added to this, the ineffable trammels of the French Theatre—its statue-like coldness and rigidity—its monotony—its heartless inflation—who *can* be a poet fettered down by such shackles as these? But Voltaire, while he feared to abandon the forms, at least, of a style, without which he knew that in France he had no chance of success, showed how he felt the iron of his chains—and, by what he has done in despite of them, proves what he *could* have done had he been wholly free.

But if our national taste blind us in some measure to the beauties of Voltaire's higher poetry, there cannot be—and I believe there are not—two opinions with respect to his unrivalled wit. Sheridan, our greatest name in that way, "pales his ineffectual fires" before Voltaire. To borrow, and differently apply, one of the expressions of the former, Voltaire's wit "is as keen, but, at the same time as polished, as his sword." Perhaps, on this account, it cuts the deeper—but, at all events, we turn from the severity of the wound to gaze upon the beauty of the weapon.

But the wit is not wit alone; it always carries with it argument equally unavoidable and resistless. Look at the whole of Candide; throughout that which appears to slight readers, nothing more than a laughable, and somewhat loose tale, there is never for an instant lost sight of the metaphysical position which it is his object to establish. This is displayed in every illustration, however ludicrous—promoted in every incident, however farfetched—while the whole is stamped and graven on the mind by the matchless felicity of his imagery and terseness of his phrase. There is at times, too, a dash of the pathetic, seldom conjoined with such powers of satire. There are one or two flashes of real nature and tender feeling in *L'Ingenu*, which go more to the heart, at least to *my* heart, than all the spun-out sophisms and wrought protestations of Julie and St. Preux. But the truth is, that Voltaire was a man of both great generosity and tenderness of feeling. His exertions in behalf of the family of Calas bespeak more active and effective benevolence, than all the cosmopolitism of *le citoyen de Génève;* and who so fully as he answered that truest touchstone of goodness of heart, and kindliness of disposition—being beloved by his friends? A man who excites strong attachments—not merely the attachment of sexual love, for that is frequently unconnected with real merit of any kind, but the affection of a surrounding family and independent friends—such a man *never can* be deficient in those qualities which alone deserve, as they alone create, *such* attachment.

In this, as in almost every thing else, how different from Rousseau! No one loved *him*—no one could love him. Those, who, from similarity of opinion, and admiration of genius, and, still more, from common hatreds, were inclined to form, and in fact who did form, connexions of friendship with him, never could hold them above a year or two. Perversely and peevishly selfish, the manner as well as the matter made any continuance of intercourse with him impossible. Self, self, was all that he loved: it was his Alpha and Omega—his first and his last—his only—his all. Indeed I cannot at all comprehend how any one who has read the Confessions can ever hear afterwards the name of Rousseau mentioned without mingled feelings of contempt and disgust. It is

not of his filthy details that I now speak. Some of them, it is true, are utterly bestial—but of others, the filthiness chiefly consists in their being recorded and published. But there are disclosures in the Confessions of a nature (to me) far more revolting than these. For a sample, the case of the unhappy fellow-servant of Rousseau's in Italy, whom he allowed to be discharged with ignominy for a theft committed by himself. He records the prayers and entreaties of the poor girl (who knew he was the thief), which must have cut into two any thing worthy of being called a human heart. But the truth is, that Rousseau had no heart at all:—ay, despite Julie, and St. Preux, and Madame Houdetot, not so much as would fill the shell of a shrivelled hazel. It is true he made Madame Houdetot's old flannel petticoat into an under-waistcoat, but I will be bound he would not have given so much as a shirt-frill to save her from perishing with cold.

His defenders have pleaded madness, but his madness was not of a nature to make the plea admissible. It was of that sort and degree which prove it, as I may say, to be, to a certain extent, under the control of the person in whom it exists. It was *affiché*—he was vain of it—and if it was true in a little, it was feigned in a great deal. It was more the sourness and skinlessness of exorbitant vanity and self-love than at all what we are accustomed to call insanity. It was no more to be pitied than the real madness of Swift, which was caused by, or rather which *was*, only the excess of all the bad passions which belong to human nature.

What a difference, indeed, between the *citoyen de Génève*, and the *patriarche de Ferney!*—the one talked sentiment, the other felt it;—the one preached universal philanthropy, the other did substantial, but at the same time extensive good;—the one preached love and practised hatred, the other, if he wrote epigrams, displayed in his deeds kindliness and warmth of heart. What a contrast, indeed, do the circle and habits of Ferney form to what has been so forcibly and justly called

——— "the mire and strife,
And vanities of that man's life!" *

But I go even farther—and *now* I speak under correction, and tremblingly, as it becomes a literary heretic. To my shame be it spoken, I never could read *through* the Nouvelle Heloïse. It is to me *dull*, and that simply because I think it *unnatural*. Those letters are not, in my humble judgment and experience, the letters which two people would write under such circumstances. They have the tone of what the French call *faire des phrases:*—*de belles phrases*, I admit, but still they are "head-work." It has often been spoken of as matter of wonder that Rousseau wrote slowly and with difficulty. Now this does not at all surprise me. His eloquence, eloquence though it be, has the appearance of being painfully elaborated: it does not, in my view at the least, seem heartgushing and spontaneous. I am perfectly aware that

* Moore's Rhymes on the Road.—If I have sometimes lost patience at the praises lavished on Rousseau by those who, one would think, ought to know or to feel better, I have been proportionably gratified by seeing, at last, a man of genius stand forward to speak of him as he deserves.

this is far from being the general opinion; but, after having tried once and again, I cannot help its being mine. I first attempted to read the Heloise when I was between seventeen and eighteen, and again about two years afterwards—ages when the head is brimmed with poetry and the heart with passion. And yet, the first time I did not get through a volume—the whole appeared to me so overwrought—the author seemed so much *se battre les flancs* to be tender and impassioned, that, after considerable toil, I gave up the labour in despair. The next time I got further, having finished the second volume. But still my feeling remained the same. I could not see nature and passion in what seemed to me the *work* of an author, not the feelings of overwhelming and uncontrollable love. Take one instance, which is not far from the beginning of the book, and of which poor Julie herself is made to complain, Rousseau evidently thinking some apology to be necessary. I mean when, at the crisis almost of their fate, when it is doubtful even whether they shall ever meet again St. Preux writes her a long letter on the relative merits of French and Italian music! And this is the nature, directness, and simplicity for which Rousseau has acquired so much fame!

But all this, as I have said, is quite under correction; for where so many and such people have united in admiring passion and eloquence, they assuredly must in some measure exist. I am only grieved that I am blind to them. But with respect to Rousseau as a man, it is more matter of fact and less matter of opinion. The apostle of love—the *beau idéal* of all that is fond and fervent, impassioned, delicate, and tender, is content to share his mistress, and his first mistress, with her servant of all work!—the creator of Julie, and St. Preux marries his maid—the author of Emile sends his children to the Foundling hospital!—and, therefore, all who visit Geneva must talk ecstasies about Rousseau!

Give me Ferney! for the *reality* of Voltaire, with all his faults, is to me relief after the sickly and crazy eloquence of Jean Jacques:—proceed we thither. The house stands about a mile within the French boundary, on the road between Geneva and Gex. It is of considerable extent, square-built, with broad eaves, the walls white, and the shutters of bright green. An avenue of poplars leads up to the door from the gate, about fifty yards. On one of the wings are astronomical and geometrical emblems, on the other theatrical ones, meaning, perhaps, to designate the observatory, if one there were, and the theatre. But I have read somewhere that the theatre stood *before* this wing—and I do not exactly see what Voltaire would do with an observatory. Certain it is, however, these emblems exist there. There are only two rooms of the house which are shown, the rest being occupied by the family of the present proprietor. These two are said to be exactly in the same state in which they were when Voltaire left Ferney on his last journey to Paris, and they have every appearance that the truth is so. The first was the *salon de compagnie*; it is an octagon form, with crimson tapestry, and a large ornamented and gilded stove, crowned with a bust of Voltaire. This recalled to my mind the famous story of Phidias Pigalle, recorded by Grimm; but I could not make out from our very stupid conductor whether this had any thing in common

with that celebrated production.* The room is also adorned with a number of indifferently painted pictures of Venuses and Cupids—all sufficiently naked. There is, however, one other which is very remarkable for its subject, though its execution is even inferior to that of the next. It is an emblematical piece, representing, in the centre, Voltaire, with the Henriade in his hand, being presented by a female figure representing France, to Apollo. There is a strange and somewhat ludicrous contrast between the stiff modern French habits of Voltaire and his conductress, and the classical nudity of the god. A little to the right are flying figures—something like Cherubim or Cupids—crowning the bust of Voltaire in a full-bottomed wig. On the left are Fame and other allegorical personages, whom I could not recognize,—while in the front are Furies annihilating Fréron and Voltaire's other enemies, whose works are labelled on their backs! The most extraordinary part of the whole is, that, we were assured this piece was composed under the immediate direction of Voltaire himself! I cross-questioned the old guide with regard to this repeatedly, but he stuck immovably to his point.

But the bed-room was the chief object of interest—for here, besides the very bed on which he slept, is the tomb erected by Madame Denis, which contained his heart. The heart was removed to the Pantheon at the time of the sale of the chateau to M. de Brudet, the present occupant. The tomb is pyramidical, and crowned with a bust. Over the whole are these words "*Mes manes sont consolées, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous,*" and, on a black board, stretched across the centre of the monument, is inscribed in letters of gold, "*Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici.*" How true, said my companion, that *son esprit est partout!* for here are we, two Englishmen, who have all day been doing nothing but spouting extracts from his works, and are come in pilgrimage to his dwelling. The board, however, does *not* contain the whole of the inscription I have transcribed, for a part was broken off—the work, as we were told, of the Austrians, who also had mutilated the monument in a manner which till then I had ascribed to the dilapidation of Time. My blood boiled, and my choler rose at this. The barbarians!—the worse than savages! Do they all partake the spirit of their blockhead Emperor, who desired to have no learned men in his dominions, thus to hate so strongly all that emanates from mind that they mutilate the monument of departed genius? It has been the fashion to cry out against the licence of the French soldiery,—but *they* always respected literary glory. During the war (the first war) in Spain, when there was so much exasperation on both sides, the inhabitants of Toboso were spared from all exaction, solely because it was the fictioned residence of Dulcinea.† And could not the very

* It was one of Voltaire's peculiarities that he would not sit for his portrait; and when Pigalle was sent from Paris by his followers and admirers, to mould his bust, he always made the most outrageous grimaces whenever the artist attempted to catch the likeness. He was about to return to Paris in despair, when one day the conversation happened to turn on Aaron's golden calf, and Pigalle gave it as his professional opinion that such a piece of sculpture could not be completed in the time stated,—which delighted Voltaire so much, that, as a reward, he sat down quite still for half an hour, during which the model was completed.

† See M. de Rocca s account of the War in Spain.

abode—the tomb itself—of one like Voltaire find mercy in the sight of those who lay claim to be ranked among the civilized nations of the earth? I can understand, if I cannot pardon, their robbing this room of two pictures, because they were worth two hundred louis; but for them wantonly to deface this humble tomb and the inscription of the poet's praise,—this indeed argues a base and utter brutality of feeling, which it is to be hoped none but those who wear the livery of Francis of Austria can feel.

The bedstead is of plain unpainted deal. There is a small canopy over it in the French style, within which is a picture of Le Kain—a head wreathed with laurel. I thought, but it might be ideal, that the countenance bore some resemblance to Talma—though it was not quite so full a face as Talma's is now. On one side hung a portrait, in silken embroidery, of Catherine of Russia—which the guide said was *brodé de sa main*; but this, besides its great improbability, was evidently not the case, as in the corner was written "*Lasalle inv. et fec.*" and at the bottom was "*Presenté à M. de Voltaire par l'auteur.*" Between this and the bed was a picture of Frederic the Great. It is the only one I ever saw not representing him an old man; in this, he does not appear above forty, and I think the countenance lacks, especially about the mouth, much of that intense shrewdness which the later pictures present. As a fellow to this, on the other side of the bed, hangs a picture of Voltaire himself, at about the same period of life, or perhaps a few years older. This is a very excellent picture—the expression of the eyes is peculiarly real and cutting. Opposite to Catherine is Mme. de Châtelet, and in this I was disappointed. The picture, it is true, was faded and feeble; but there was nothing remarkably interesting in it in any way, except the fact of its being that of Mme. de Châtelet. On each side of the window which faces the bed, were several prints of his most celebrated contemporaries, with some distinguished additions. There were, on one side, Diderot, a fine striking Roman head—Newton—Franklin—Racine—Milton—Washington—Corneille—Marmontel;—on the other, Thomas—Leibnitz—Mairan—d'Alembert—Helvetius—and the Duc de Choiseul. The portrait of d'Alembert, of whom I had never seen one before, disappointed me a good deal; it was more like that of a sharp, vivacious, humorous Frenchman, than of the great geometrician—though I believe Spurzheim would say that, like the turnip, he had a mathematical forehead. In addition to these, there was a print of the family of Calas receiving the order for the reversal of his sentence. I do not wonder that Voltaire should like to look upon this,—for of all the actions of his life there is none to which he might revert with such unmingled satisfaction. He saw what he believed to be an act of cruel and bloody injustice, and he stepped from his way to relieve, as far as it was yet possible to relieve, the sufferers. He gave his time, his talents, the influence of his great fame, to redressing the wrongs of those who had no claim on him but that of being aggrieved fellow-creatures. He braved the danger which he incurred from bigotry in power, to which he was already obnoxious—he raised his voice till the truth could no longer be concealed—till justice could no longer be denied.

Near this hangs a sort of emblematical print of the tomb of Voltaire in Paris, dedicated to "La Marquise de Villette, dame de Ferney"—

"*belle et bonne*," as he used to call her. In another part of the room are two very pretty pictures of a boy and a Madonna-looking girl, which our old Cicerone said were painted by order of Voltaire. The boy is a Savoyard, with a tattered cocked-hat, and the young woman, we were told, was "*La Blanchisseuse*," and more than that deponent knew not. If it were really of the blanchisseuse, I can only say that Voltaire had a very pretty washerwoman.

The church which "*Deo erexit Voltaire*" was locked, and the man who kept the keys was at work in the fields. The far-famed inscription is taken down, and there is nothing to distinguish the church except a plain pyramidical monument, very much resembling in shape that in the bed-room, which Voltaire had built for himself in case he had died at Ferney. Over a stable-door nearly adjoining, is the quaint inscription "*Ostium non hostium.*"

We went into the garden, which is laid out in the old French taste, with a fish-pond in the middle, and arboured walks, square parterres, &c. From the terrace there is a very fine view of the Jura on one side, and of the Alps with Mont Blanc on the other. If I were inclined to moralize in analogy, I might say that such a *locale* is in good keeping with Voltaire's writings and genius. He was confined within what has been termed "the trim parterre of the Gallic Muse;" but yet he had a commanding sight of free and gigantic nature. If he was in some measure in thraldom, he knew what liberty was; if—but it is late at night, and if I get into this train, as the man says in the farce, "there is no reason why I should ever stop,"—so I shall wish myself good-night at once.

λ.

ODE TO THE CLOSING YEAR.

Oh, why should I attempt to ring
The knell of Time in sorrowing tone,
Or sadly tune my lyre to sing
A requiem o'er the year that's gone?
It has not been to me so bright
That I should mourn its timely end,
Or sit me down in grief to write
Farewell to a departing friend!
And if 'twould tarry now with me,
I should in sooth be apt to say,
"Pass on! I've had too much of thee
To thank thee for an hour's delay."

Thy course was mark'd, dark closing year,
By many a sigh and bitter tear,
By promised joys too long delay'd,
By hopes that only bloom'd to fade,
By all that steals the cheek's warm glow,
And wrings the heart with silent woe,
Damps the gay plumes of Fancy's wing,
And nips her blossoms ere they spring,
And turns the lightsome lay of gladness
E'en in its flow to strains of sadness,
And shades with clouds of care and fear
The promise of another year.

A. S.

PATENTS AND PROJECTS EXTRAORDINARY.

"Our victories only led us to farther visionary prospects: advantage was taken of the sanguine temper which success had wrought the nation up to."——SWIFT.

WHAT pigmies in intellect, however gigantic in stature, were those old rebellious Carbonari, the Titans, with their clumsy expedient of piling Pelion upon Ossa, and their hopeful project of taking the skies by escalade! It is the moderns, with their diminutive bodies and Titanian intellects, piling up one discovery upon another, and bringing all matter under the dominion of mind, who have climbed up, as it were, into the heavens, detected all the laws, motions, and distances of the celestial bodies, and brought the whole system of the universe as much within the grasp of our apprehension as if it were as tangible as the planisphere upon our table, by which it is represented in epitome. Having found for our moral lever what Archimedes wanted for his material one—a basis, we have performed what he threatened, by raising the world. When Queen Elizabeth told Bacon that his house was too small for him, he replied—"It is your Majesty who have made me too big for my house;" we are all of us in the same predicament with respect to the earth wherein we dwell; the majesty of our minds has made it too narrow for our full expansion. This paltry sphere was well enough in the outset of our career, but we have penetrated into all its secrets, analysed its composition, sifted, weighed, decompounded, exhausted, used it up, and conquered it, and have nothing left, but, like so many Alexanders, to sit down and blubber for a new one. Have we not rummaged and ransacked its uttermost corners until *the Row* is reduced to the greatest difficulty in keeping up the annual supply of new travels? have we not mounted above the clouds in balloons, made our descent upon the earth in parachutes, like so many Apollos with umbrellas above our heads; drawn down electric fire from heaven without incurring the punishment of Prometheus; sported beneath the waves in diving bells, and constructed subaqueous edifices with as much composure as if we were Tritons running up a coral palace for Amphitrite; crawled into the very bowels of the earth to extract its riches by the assistance of Davy's wire-gauze lamp, more wonderful than Aladdin's; and sunk wells with as much perseverance as if we were digging to unkennel that fresh-water mermaid—Truth? By wielding the omnipotence of an impalpable vapour we have acquired such a dominion over matter that there is nothing too stupendous for the all-subjugating grapple of our machines, while we can impel ponderous vessels through the waves, even against wind and tide, with the velocity of a thunderbolt:—from coal and oil we have extracted a subtle gas, which being conducted for miles through subterranean darkness, or brought to our doors and retailed by the pint or half-pint, supplies at will a perpetual light;—by means of the telegraph we can converse in a few hours with persons stationed at the distance of a whole Continent; and by the magic of writing we can not only conjure up a portrait of the minds of the ancients, by referring to their works, (so much more interesting than any copy of their bodily lineaments which might have been committed to the perishable records of paint or marble,) but we can eternize our own thoughts, sentiments, almost our very voices, and

transmit them unimpaired to the latest posterity, when the evanescent frame from which they emanated shall be scattered in the air in the form of dust. Really, Mr. Editor, one's mind may be allowed to strut a little in the pride of its achievements—to parody the artists "ed io anche son' Pittore!" by exclaiming, "I, too, am a man!"—to look down with some contempt on its fleshly tegument as upon a scurvy companion, whom it only condescends to notice from certain ties of consanguinity; and even to consider the spacious earth itself as but a larger species of prison, or cage, from which we shall ultimately escape, and take our flight to enjoy in a nobler sphere a more exalted destiny.

If we are already prone to leap out of our materiality in the vain-glorious aspirations of the spirit, what shall restrain us within the bounds of moderation when all the improvements now projecting shall have received their full accomplishment, and the new patents for which applications have been made shall have been practically developed? The company for realizing Dr. Darwin's suggestion of moderating the burning ardours of the torrid zone, by towing a large portion of the icebergs from the northern to the southern latitudes, is already in a considerable state of forwardness, and the shares are selling at a handsome premium. From this most ingenious process a double advantage will be derived:—first, in so tempering the rigour of the arctic circle, by withdrawing the frozen barrier in which it is immured, that the Esquimaux may be enabled to crawl, for three whole months of the year, out of the holes in which they live, without having their noses nipped off by the scissors of Boreas; while the Laplanders may turn the woolly side of the skins in which they are clothed, outwards instead of inwards, to the great comfort of the inhabitants of the country, and the paramount discomfort of the inhabitants of the fleece—videlicet, the fleas. (Such are the terms set forth in the application to Parliament for a charter.)—Secondly, by effecting such a modification of the torrid temperature that the negroes who now produce wool upon their heads and the sheep hair, may effect an exchange, to the manifest advantage of both parties, and the obvious increase of British commerce. It is calculated that the natives of the great Desert will shortly be enabled to purchase ice-creams at three cowries the glass, and to grow blackberries, sloes, and crab-apples, where the soil now produces nothing but figs, melons, and pomegranates; while, if we cannot realize the much-ridiculed notion of washing the blackamoor white, we may reasonably hope to cool him down to a bronze heat, or perhaps ultimately refrigerate him to a bright mahogany. Many subsidiary benefits will result from this grand undertaking. It is notorious that we have sent two expeditions to the North Pole, at a great risk of human life and a prodigious consumption of time and coals, for the purpose of making the notable discovery that a certain under-secretary was wrong in all his positions and anticipations; but if the opposing mountains of ice be fairly hauled away to be hung up to dry upon the equinoctial line, or rather to undergo their annual liquefaction, like the blood of St. Januarius, it is presumable that our next Discovery ships will be enabled to proceed without opposition to the loadstone axletree which is supposed to protrude from the sea at the North Pole, carry a specimen of it through Baffin's Bay to the sea of Kamschatka, and so

make a short voyage home by the new cut across the Isthmus of Darien. A second and not less important advantage will be the great impulse given to our manufactures from the number of steam-engines that must necessarily be employed in removing and towing such immense masses. Perkins's apparatus will be used, and by navigating the vessels by Carbonari from the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, who are accustomed to coals and explosions, it is calculated that a pressure of fifteen hundred atmospheres to the square inch may be safely experimented, at which charge an engine of the smallest dimensions will attain such a prodigious concentration of power, as to drag an iceberg of a mile in circumference, supposing the requisite impulsion and velocity can be communicated to it, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. As the whole of the shares are not yet sold, a few subscribers may still be taken in upon application at the proper office.

A second undertaking, not less gigantic in its conception or beneficial in its object, has been suggested by the following portion of an ancient Milesian astronomical hymn, entitled "Langolee."

"Long life to the moon, for a noble sweet creature,
  That serves us with lamplight each night in the dark;
While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature
  Wants no light at all, as you all may remark;—
But as for the moon, by my soul, I'll be bound, Sir,
'Twould save the whole nation a great many pound, Sir,
To subscribe for to light her up all the year round, Sir,
Och! it's true as I'm now singing Langolee!"

This valuable hint is likely to be realized by an ingenious application of Dr. Black's theory of latent heat. It is well known that all bodies contain a certain portion of caloric, which they give out by pressure; almost every substance becomes warm by friction, cold metals may be hammered till they are hot, and we have now a familiar illustration of this principle in the new instantaneous-light machines, which produce fire by simple pressure of the atmosphere. Independently of the quantity of this subtle element with which the moon, in common with all matter, is pervaded, she must have absorbed, almost to saturation, the ardent rays of the sun which have been playing upon her surface for such a succession of ages, and we have thus an immense reservoir of quiescent moonshine ready to be reconverted into active sunshine, if adequate means can be found for its expression. To effect this purpose it is proposed to raise in patent balloons a sufficient number of hydraulic presses to compel the moon to give out caloric in the proportions that may be required. From accurate calculations it appears that a sufficient quantity may be easily procured to double the attraction of that planet upon the ocean, and of course to enable ships to work double tides—an incalculable benefit to our commerce. By converging the rays into a focus, and directing them to particular ponds and lakes, their temperature may be raised to the boiling point, or 212 of Fahrenheit, which will effect an important saving in the making of tea and all culinary processes, to say nothing of the improvement of the general health by such extensive and natural warm baths. From the known influence of this luminary upon lunatics, some unfavourable symptoms may at first be manifested by our amateur actors, craniolo-

gists, writers of Visions of Judgment, followers of Joanna Southcote, believers in Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, March hares, and holders of Spanish, Poyais, and Columbian Stock; but on the other hand, the additional heat will enable us to grow at least double the quantity of cabbage, an important solace to artisans in general, but more particularly to our tailors. Compensation must of course be made to our writers of Sonnets to the Moon, who will be cut short of their whole fourteen lines if they cannot apostrophise her as pale Cynthia, and dissert upon her chaste ray and mild lustre; but this expense will be more than repaid by the treasures that will doubtless be discovered in that repertory of all lost things, from the wits of Orlando down to the wit of Don Juan. The Lord of the lantern and bush, who has so long stood in his own light, will be let down by a parachute and exhibited at Bullock's in Piccadilly, as the Man out of the Moon, from which it is expected to procure a sufficient revenue to raise the wind for the balloons.

Many ingenious mechanicians entertain serious doubts as to the feasibility of the third scheme, for which patents have been taken out, though I cannot myself see any scientific grounds for their misgivings. Volcanoes are now universally admitted to owe their projectile power to steam. Water from the surface of the earth, or from some of the caverns of the deep, comes in contact with the subterranean fires, producing such an instantaneous expansion of vapour that in its efforts to escape, it tears open the surface and carries all before it, thus forming a natural steam-engine. Hitherto its tremendous power, being left to its own irregular energies, has either ended in smoke, or produced terror, havock, and destruction, by desolating plains and overwhelming cities. It is high time to stop these mischievous pranks, and avail ourselves of that stupendous engine which Nature herself has built, and offers us ready made and for nothing, even supplying an inexhaustible reservoir of fuel without one shilling expense. It is proposed to fix an apparatus over the crater of Vesuvius, so as to convert the mountain into a regular steam-engine, turning a river into one of the smaller orifices to generate the vapour in any quantities, and of course providing safety-valves for its escape after a certain pressure, which, as the mountain itself forms the boiler, may be carried to many thousand atmospheres upon the square inch. The direction of this incalculable power, which will give the shareholders the command of the whole world, is a matter for future consideration; but it is proposed in the first instance to make Vesuvius instrumental to the complete excavation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which seems but fair, as it was the sole cause of their destruction, and to project all the excavated rubbish into the Hellespont, so as to stop the passage of the Dardanelles to the Turkish fleet, and thus operate a favourable diversion for the Greeks. The projector is decidedly of opinion that by this enormous engine he can, if necessary, stop the diurnal motion of the earth upon it axis—an invaluable security to our Asiatic possessions, as in the event of a mutiny or revolution in that quarter we could keep them in the dark for six months, and so ruin them in the cost of candles; or renew the days of Phaëton, by scorching them in the sun until they allowed us to rule the roast. A certain theorist has suggested that we might even raise the earth nearer to the sun, provided it was previously lightened by

embarking in balloons all our heaviest and most bulky articles—such as the History of Brazil, the Court of Aldermen, Busby's Lucretius, Louis Dixhuit, all our tomes of controversial divinity, the elephant at Exeter Change, &c. &c.—but I confess I am disposed to consider this scheme as the chimæra of a visionary.

Others may perhaps be disposed to pronounce a similar judgment upon the fourth project, which will, however, be very shortly in a course of actual experiment. It appears by the last papers from America that a Colonel Sims has proposed to the President to discover a new world, and has demanded a squadron for the purpose. This terra incognita he maintains to be situated *within* our own globe—that the old earth, in fact, has a young one in its stomach; and the arguments by which he supports this strange position are both numerous and plausible. If Columbus, by merely consulting a map of the world, became convinced that the equipoise of the system required a counter-ponderant continent in the southern ocean, the colonel insists that we may *à fortiori* conclude that the earth must contain another within it. In the first place, he observes, that Nature is ever economical of her means, creating nothing in vain; but that if we presume the whole contents of our planet, which is nearly eight thousand miles in diameter, to be solid, there would not only be an incredible waste of materials, but that the weight of such a prodigious mass would infallibly drag us out of our sphere in the system of the universe, and precipitate us into the blind abysses of space. M. Dupin calculates the weight of the great pyramid at above ten millions of tons; yet what is this huge pile, enormous as it is, compared to a single mountain? and what are all the mountains and seas upon the surface of the earth, compared to its cubic contents? By supposing it to be hollow, its buoyancy in space becomes no longer inexplicable, and the principal difficulty that remains is to discover the door of entrance, which the colonel confidently pronounces to be situated at the North Pole. It is conjectured that all the mountains of the undiscovered land are formed of loadstone, and that the position of the aperture leading to them occasions the polarity of the needle. Its name occasioned some little difficulty, the term new world being already applied, the new new world being deemed tautologous; Simsia was rejected as not being classical, Simia as exposed to a ludicrous perversion, Subterranea as not strictly accurate, the country being rather within than beneath our own, on which account it was finally resolved to term it Interranea. A loan has already been raised for the new government, and the Interranean five per cents. are quoted at 96, having been done at a 100. A bookseller in the Row has given a considerable sum for the copy-right of the Voyage, and the public of both *Continents* (who now discover the appropriateness of that designation since they contain another within them) are looking with the utmost anxiety for the results of this interesting voyage. H.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS.

NO. II.

It may not always be possible, in the formation of travelling alliances, to foresee that opposition of tastes and opinions which I have described as tending, in various ways, to damp enjoyment and awaken disgust; but the inconvenience arising from a discrepancy of pursuits may generally be anticipated. I have therefore avoided the mineralogist, with his two-pound hammer and his budget of broken stones, looking as if he had carried off one of Mr. M'Adam's roads; I have shunned the botanist, who would lead me through miles of marsh to meet with a nondescript duckweed, or starve me on a barren crag while he completed his set of lichens, or fix me a whole day in a hedge-alehouse, that he might study a scarce kind of houseleek: and I have generally kept aloof from all those ardent travellers who pursue any study or amusement so indiscreetly and with so little prudent respect of persons, times, or places, as to procure themselves a mortifying notoriety wherever they appear. A very well-meaning enthusiast of this class is my respected acquaintance Mrs. Sarah Clackmannan, a lady of great literary attainments but unbounded simplicity, who makes it her boast to study human nature from the drawing-room to the cottage. Every journey she takes is, to her, a sentimental one, and the choicest results of her observation are from time to time collected into elegant volumes and printed for private distribution; a harmless indulgence of vanity in a maiden of large fortune and of "a certain age." In the drawing-room her peculiarities are understood and humoured; but the cottage which she has visited as a stranger (for where she is known her approach is welcome notwithstanding her eccentricity of conduct) never receives her a second time without marked uneasiness; and very often, if she has been descried at a distance, every inmate is gone to the fields by the time she taps at the door. Her custom is to establish herself in the midst of the rural family, and interrogate every person in downright terms upon such matters as appear to her most interesting; the men upon their village feuds, their amours, jealousies, pecuniary losses, and the faux-pas of their female relations; the women upon their matrimonial expectations, their rivalries, and their disappointments in love. Unhappily, nature has not formed her for the arts of insinuation; her bodily proportions approach rather to those of the elk than of the antelope; in other words, she is a large, bony person, about six feet high; she steps up a staircase like the statue in Don Giovanni; her voice says in all its tones "We are a giantess;" her laughter might be supposed the cackle of Sindbad's roc; her condolence, the moaning of Glumdalclitch for the loss of Grildrig; and when she adopts a soothing tone, it is as if one should make love through a speaking-trumpet. Meeting her once at a watering-place, I was ensnared into an acceptance of her offer to carry me in her pony-chaise through some of the neighbouring villages. At the first of these she began her accustomed visits to the cottages; and she questioned an innocent-looking girl, the parish-clerk's daughter, in such a manner that I became uncomfortable at the third query, and in five minutes was obliged, from mere embarrassment, to stroll into the street. By and by I had great difficulty to dissuade her from alighting at a house where it was evident no modest,

woman ought to be seen, nor indeed any man who valued appearances. At last groups began to assemble at the doors and gaze after us, and I overheard some talk of a man in woman's clothes; my fair companion asked me what the people said; I muttered something about a typhus fever, and Mrs. Clackmannan, who is afraid of every thing, but particularly of infectious diseases, wheeled her pony about and fled home with as much alacrity as I could desire.

I cannot forget, among the fellow-travellers who have exposed me and themselves to an unwelcome share of public notice, a gentleman who once accompanied me from Lausanne, when I had occasion to leave that city in considerable haste. We were setting out before daybreak, in a very dark morning. All at once it struck my companion that he had never paid a visit to the celebrated house and garden in which Mr. Gibbon completed his Roman History. Without explaining himself to any one, he took up an ostler's lantern, and very quietly walked down the street to Gibbon's house, where he made such vigorous application to the bells and doors as roused not only the inhabitants of this classical abode, but their neighbours on every side. To make himself understood by the quaking porter, who at last answered his summons, was an affair of more time than the emergency allowed, and the bold Briton, first putting an écu into the man's hand and desiring him not to be uneasy, marched familiarly through the house, let himself into the garden, took two turns on the terrace, examined the summer-house with his lantern, and came back well satisfied with his exploit, and very indifferent to the opinions of some hundred lookers on, who were gathered together in the streets and at the windows, part of them terrified, part angry, part amused, but all willing to put the worst construction upon this outrage of the mad English. It required the sacrifice of a few more écus to abridge our explanation with the police on this unseasonable tribute to departed genius, and we did not escape from Lausanne till it was light enough for the saucy citizens to laugh in our faces. Again, in the course of the same journey, we had fixed our residence for the evening in one of the soberest Swiss towns, Lucern; my companion was, by some accident, separated from me, and I presently found him, to my infinite shame and consternation, shouting at the highest pitch of his voice in a court of the Ursuline convent. When he had finished this exercise, he laughed several times with great energy, after which he changed his place and shrieked, then barked like a dog, and was at last beginning to thunder out a stave of "Old Towler," when I recovered presence of mind enough to lay hands upon him and cut short his amusement. Several domestics of the convent had been gazing at him in silent alarm, but without daring to approach, as they naturally supposed him to be some raging demoniac, or a person just seized with hydrophobia. I enquired what ailed him, and if he were determined to bring the whole town upon us? "Do not interrupt me," he said, (and began to crow like a cock,) "I am only trying for an echo. It is very odd, I am sure I read in--I don't know whose travels, that there was an echo about the Ursuline convent in this city, which gave five responses. But these things are very hard to find sometimes. I once shouted three days at an old abbey in Ireland before I could make it answer. The people were so ignorant they knew nothing about it. But, as you say, perhaps I am in a mis-

take here. I thought it was the Ursulines. We will try the Carmelites as we walk home."

My first associate in any tour of pleasure was my honest, simple, and affectionate schoolfellow George Waters, an enthusiastic lover of the picturesque, and an humble follower of Gilpin and his disciples. His chief solace and amusement, even from childhood, was to sit in the open air and draw landscapes; but one hard fatality has attended all his efforts from that time even to the present; that no person, unless previously informed, could ever say with certainty what place his drawing represented. At the time of our first leaving school, my friend Waters and I set out on a pedestrian tour through Wales; I undertaking all meaner cares of the expedition, and he engaging to sketch the country as we went along, till we should have the whole principality in our portfolio. Poor Waters's execution was rather tardy, and untoward events would sometimes interrupt our proceedings: once indeed we narrowly escaped rough usage from the natives, when my friend had got into a tree for the sake of improving his prospect, not noticing that the boughs bore apples, nor reflecting that he had climbed a fence to arrive at this station. It was obvious that no other place would have afforded a decent side-screen to the landscape in hand, but the clowns did not understand painter's English, and the drawing was not sufficiently advanced to speak for itself. Shortly afterwards, either from sitting too long on a tombstone while my companion delineated the church of Llangibby, or from remaining several hours exposed to the sun and flies on a similar occasion, in a swamp near Harlech, I was attacked with fever; our journey was interrupted at its remotest point, our funds failed, and, before any remittances could reach us, poor Waters had sold his pencils, his inks, his mathematical instruments, and in short, his whole drawing-case piece by piece, retaining only his landscapes, which nobody could be prevailed upon to buy.

Immediately after the last peace we again became fellow-travellers in Italy and the Tyrol; but advancing years had now robbed both friends of that elastic spirit and that openness to pleasurable impressions which had given a charm to our earlier expedition, in the midst of its disasters. He had become more inert, I more impatient, and although I esteemed his character and took delight in his conversation, I was now fully sensible of the ridicule to which his peculiarities exposed us. Once indeed I was highly provoked, when I heard the people of a small town where we then resided, call one another to see the Englishman dancing a minuet with their church-steeple, and on looking out, perceived my friend (a gaunt stiff man of a melancholy countenance) deliberately stepping from left to right and from right to left of the church-yard, and eyeing the steeple with great earnestness, as if it had really been his partner in a ball-room. He did not even perceive the groups that were amusing themselves at his expense, so entirely was he occupied in fixing his point of view for a projected landscape, by bringing the church into a line with some distant glaciers. On our return northward we met with an adventure even more unpleasant than the affair of the apple-tree. We had entered a frontier town where the garrison regulations were at that time enforced with great vigilance and severity. My friend, notwithstanding several ad-

monitions, had persisted in sketching certain picturesque points about the citadel, till at length he was arrested and carried before some of the officers on duty, as a person suspiciously employed in noting down the defences and inlets of the place. The trespasses he had really committed in this way were too trifling for a moment's notice, but in turning over the whole of his sketchbook, these sagacious inquisitors found weighty matter of accusation. "Here," said one of the Germans, "here is a view of the Old Sallyport; not a stone forgotten upon my word!" "Sallyport!" cried the unlucky sketcher, "that is the tomb of Virgil at Naples." "Naples is an open town," replied the phlegmatic man of war; "there are no such works as these in an open town. Do not trifle with us, good friend." "And this," said another, after several minutes pondering, and with the air of a man clearing up a mystery, "this decides the matter at once. Here is a complete ground-plan of the place, outworks and all, from the West Gate to St. Stephen's Battery." "Good Heavens!" cried the impatient culprit, "my bird's-eye view of the Borromean Islands! Ah, Sir! wait till this sketch is filled up and tinted, and then talk to me of ground-plans!" The officers merely observed that the gentleman was very jocose, considering his situation; they secured his sketchbook, and left poor Waters not so much perplexed at the dilemma in which he stood, as offended by the indignity offered to his graphic powers. The commandant, however, was immediately acquainted with what had passed, and this officer, whose wife occasionally amused herself with drawing, very readily comprehended that the Sallyport might be meant for Virgil's tomb, and the ground-plan for Lake Maggiore and its islands: he closed the investigation with a polite apology, and, in consideration of what had passed, he liberally gave my friend permission to copy any thing he pleased while the town should be honoured with his presence.

It will not, I hope, be thought that the foibles I have exhibited in these and the preceding sketches have been dwelt upon in a misanthropic and unsocial spirit. I have journeyed alone with pleasure, and have also had companions from whom I have grieved to part. There are times when the most capricious humourist I have described would be a desirable associate; there are also moments in which perhaps no converse of human kind could increase the sum of enjoyment. When we read those well-known lines of the Traveller,

"Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride"—

will the most gregarious of mortals affirm that his feeling of the description would be improved by reading "WE sit us down?"

But the question with whom to travel, or whether the expedition shall be solitary or otherwise, must of course be decided according to each man's humour and inclination, his views in undertaking the journey, and his opportunities of selecting a companion. Upon these points no individual can determine for another, nor have I attempted to propose any rule. Good manners, temper, and common sense may, indeed, be set down as indispensable in all cases; beyond these requisites I scarcely know of any that can be universally insisted on. For my-

self, I could never turn my back upon such qualities as wit, gaiety, and the talent of conversation; but a business-like explorer of countries would, perhaps, blame even these as tending to interrupt the principal pursuit. And I must confess (if I may, in conclusion, refer once more to my own adventures) that the most unprofitable journey I ever made, in respect of mere instruction, was that in which my companions were the most agreeable and accomplished men. We traversed Holland and a part of North Germany; our plans were always regulated by the prevailing inclination of the moment, and the general ease was held paramount to all other travelling considerations. We floated carelessly upon the canals, and rolled along the roads without any impatience to arrive; indeed we were often stopped in the midst of some playful altercation or trifling literary argument, and found with surprise that our stage was already performed. In the towns we dwelt just so long as they afforded novelty and excitement; if our introductions promised well, we mixed in private society, if not, we hunted for eccentricities on the surface of public life; if both failed, we had always wherewithal to make the hour pass, among ourselves, in rallying, or speculating on fanciful topics, or reporting our separate adventures. To the tyranny of valets-de-place we never submitted; but if occasion served, we allowed the cicerone to speak to us of a stadt-house, or a botanic garden, or a gallery of pictures, and even went with him to view these objects, unless, as it too frequently happened, some other momentary whim interfered to forbid the expedition. When we arrived in any place, we were, like the lyric poet, more disposed to enquire "quo Chium pretio cadum mercemur?" than to learn old municipal anecdotes, or stories of battle and siege; indeed, if we had compiled a narrative of this excursion, it would have been about as scanty in the statistical details as Horace's account of the journey to Brundusium, and would, perhaps, have turned upon nearly the same topics. Our memorandum-books were a spacious blank; we had made no record of churches, palaces, or villas, nor even of books or pictures; much less had we attempted to preserve estimates of population, commercial returns, or notices on the state of parties. We had not heard the organ of Haarlem; we had not enquired after the shop-board of John of Leyden; we were not sure that any of us had seen Peter the Great's cottage. Our recollections were, that in such a place we had dined with some formal military pedants, in another, kept vigils with a bon-vivant professor; here we had resolved that no such thing existed as Dutch beauty, and there we had read our recantation; in such a house we had plotted hoaxes on the Hollanders with a lively Frenchwoman; on such a canal we had fomented a mutiny in the treckschuyt; at Utrecht we had astonished a learned doctor by addressing him in the Latin of Ignoramus and Dulman; at Ryswick, while drinking claret under a bower of lime-trees, we had made our imaginary partition of Europe among the living authors. It was plain we were in no condition to lay our remarks before the public; we had acquired little knowledge, but had enjoyed much pleasure, and secured much future happiness, for we had prosperously terminated one of those ventures in social life, which, when successful, tend in a peculiar manner to strengthen confidence, increase regard, and give the mellowness of ancient friendship to the fervid intercourse of youth.

TABLE TALK.—NO. XI.

On the Spirit of Obligations.

The two rarest things to be met with are good sense and good-nature. For one man who judges right, there are twenty who can say good things; as there are numbers who will serve you or do friendly actions, for one who really wishes you well. It has been said, and often repeated, that "mere good-nature is a fool:" but I think that the dearth of sound sense, for the most part, proceeds from the want of a real, unaffected interest in things, except as they react upon ourselves; or from a neglect of the maxim of that good old philanthropist, who said, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" The narrowness of the heart warps the understanding, and makes us weigh objects in the scales of our self-love, instead of those of truth and justice. We consider not the merits of the case, or what is due to others, but the manner in which our own credit or consequence will be affected; and adapt our opinions and conduct to the last of these rather than to the first. The judgment is seldom wrong where the feelings are right; and they generally are so, provided they are warm and sincere. He who intends others well, is likely to advise them for the best; he who has any cause at heart, seldom ruins it by his imprudence. Those who play the public or their friends slippery tricks, have in secret no objection to betray them.

One finds out the folly and malice of mankind by the impertinence of friends—by their professions of service and tenders of advice—by their fears for your reputation and anticipation of what the world may say of you; by which means they suggest objections to your enemies, and at the same time absolve themselves from the task of justifying your errors, by having warned you of the consequences—by the care with which they tell you ill-news, and conceal from you any flattering circumstance—by their dread of your engaging in any creditable attempt, and mortification, if you succeed—by the difficulties and hindrances they throw in your way—by their satisfaction when you happen to make a slip or get into a scrape, and their determination to tie your hands behind you, lest you should get out of it—by their panic-terrors at your entering into a vindication of yourself, lest in the course of it, you should call upon them for a certificate to your character—by their lukewarmness in defending, by their readiness in betraying you—by the high standard by which they try you, and to which you can hardly ever come up—by their forwardness to partake your triumphs, by their backwardness to share your disgrace—by their acknowledgment of your errors out of candour, and suppression of your good qualities out of envy—by their not contradicting, or by their joining in the cry against you, lest they too should become objects of the same abuse—by their playing the game into your adversaries' hands, by always letting their imaginations take part with their cowardice, their vanity, and selfishness against you; and thus realising or hastening all the ill consequences they affect to deplore, by spreading abroad that very spirit of distrust, obloquy, and hatred, which they predict will be excited against you!

In all these pretended demonstrations of an over-anxiety for our welfare, we may detect a great deal of spite and ill-nature lurking

under the disguise of a friendly and officious zeal. It is wonderful how much love of mischief and rankling spleen lies at the bottom of the human heart, and how a constant supply of gall seems as necessary to the health and activity of the mind as of the body. Yet perhaps it ought not to excite much surprise that this gnawing, morbid, acrimonious temper should produce the effects it does, when, if it does not vent itself on others, it preys upon our own comforts, and makes us see the worst side of every thing, even as it regards our own prospects and tranquillity. It is the not being comfortable in ourselves, that makes us seek to render other people uncomfortable. A person of this character will advise you against a prosecution for a libel, and shake his head at your attempting to shield yourself from a shower of calumny—It is not that he is afraid you will be *nonsuited*, but that you will gain a verdict! They caution you against provoking hostility, in order that you may submit to indignity. They say that "if you publish a certain work, it will be your ruin"—hoping that it will, and by their tragical denunciations, bringing about this very event as far as it lies in their power, or at any rate, enjoying a premature triumph over you in the mean time. What I would say to any friend who may be disposed to foretel a general outcry against any work of mine, would be to request him to judge and speak of it for himself, as he thinks it deserves—and not by his overweening scruples and qualms of conscience on my account, to afford those very persons whose hostility he deprecates the cue they are to give to party-prejudice, and which they may justify by his authority.

Suppose you are about to give Lectures at a Public Institution, these friends and well-wishers hope "you'll be turned out—if you preserve your principles, they are sure you will." Is it that your consistency gives them any concern? No, but they are uneasy at your gaining a chance of a little popularity—they do not like this new feather in your cap, they wish to see it struck out, *for the sake of your character*—and when this was once the case, it would be an additional relief to them to see your character following the same road the next day. The exercise of their bile seems to be the sole employment and gratification of such people. They deal in the miseries of human life. They are always either hearing or foreboding some new grievance. They cannot contain their satisfaction, if you tell them any mortification or cross-accident that has happened to yourself; and if you complain of their want of sympathy, they laugh in your face. This would be unaccountable, but for the spirit of perversity and contradiction implanted in human nature. If things go right, there is nothing to be done—these active-minded persons grow restless, dull, vapid—life is a sleep, a sort of *euthanasia*—Let them go wrong, and all is well again; they are once more on the alert, have something to pester themselves and other people about; may wrangle on, and "make mouths at the invisible event!" Luckily, there is no want of materials for this disposition to work upon, *there is plenty of grist for the mill.* If you fall in love, they tell you (by way of consolation) it is a pity that you do not fall downstairs and fracture a limb—it would be a relief to your mind, and shew you your folly. So they would reform the world. The class of persons I speak of are almost uniform grumblers and croakers against governments; and it must be confessed, governments are of

great service in fostering their humours. "Born for their use, they live but to oblige them." While kings are left free to exercise their proper functions, and poet-laureats make out their Mittimus to Heaven without a warrant, they will never stop the mouths of the censorious by changing their dispositions: the juices of faction will ferment, and the secretions of the state be duly performed! I do not mind when a character of this sort meets a Minister of State like an east-wind round a corner, and gives him an ague-fit; but why should he meddle with me? Why should he tell me I write too much, and say that I should gain reputation if I could contrive to starve for a twelvemonth? Or if I apply to him for a loan of fifty pounds for present necessity, send me word back that he has too much regard for me, to comply with my request? It is unhandsome irony. It is not friendly, 'tis not pardonable.*

I like real good-nature and good-will, better than I do any offers of patronage, or plausible rules for my conduct in life. I may suspect the soundness of the last, and I may not be quite sure of the motives of the first. People complain of ingratitude for benefits, and of the neglect of wholesome advice. In the first place, we pay little attention to advice, because we are seldom thought of in it. The person who gives it either contents himself to lay down *(ex cathedrâ)* certain vague, general maxims, and "wise saws," which we knew before; or, instead of considering what we *ought to do*, recommends what he himself *would do*. He merely substitutes his own will, caprice, and prejudices for ours, and expects us to be guided by them. Instead of changing places with us (to see what is best to be done in the given circumstances), he insists on our looking at the question from his point of view, and acting in such a manner as to please him. This is not at all reasonable; for *one man's meat*, according to the old adage, *is another man's poison*. And it is not strange, that starting from such opposite premises, we should seldom jump in a conclusion, and that the art of giving and taking advice is little better than a game at cross-purposes. I have observed that those who are the most inclined to assist others are the least forward or peremptory with their advice; for having our interest really at heart, they consider what can, rather than what *cannot* be done, and aid our views and endeavour to avert ill consequences by moderating our impatience and allaying irritations, instead of thwarting our main design, which only tends to make us more extravagant and violent than ever. In the second place, benefits are often conferred out of ostentation or pride, rather than from true regard; and the person obliged is too apt to perceive this. People who are fond of appearing in the light of patrons will perhaps go through fire and water to serve you, who yet would be sorry to find you no longer wanted their assistance, and whose friendship cools and their good-will slackens, as you are relieved by their active zeal from the necessity of being further beholden to it. Compassion and generosity are their favourite virtues; and they countenance you, as you afford them opportunities for exercising them. The instant you can go alone, or can stand upon your own ground, you are discarded as unfit for their purpose.

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* This circumstance did not happen to me, but to an acquaintance.

This is something more than mere good-nature or humanity. A thoroughly good-natured man, a real friend, is one who is pleased at our good-fortune, as well as prompt to seize every occasion of relieving our distress. We apportion our gratitude accordingly. We are thankful for good-will rather than for services, for the motive than the *quantum* of favour received—a kind word or look is never forgotten, while we cancel prouder and weightier obligations; and those who esteem us or evince a partiality to us are those whom we still consider as our best friends. Nay, so strong is this feeling, that we extend it even to those counterfeits in friendship, flatterers and sycophants. Our self-love, rather than our self-interest, is the master-key to our affections.

I am not convinced that those are always the best-natured or the best-conditioned men, who busy themselves most with the distresses of their fellow-creatures. I do not know that those whose names stand at the head of all subscriptions to charitable institutions, and who are perpetual stewards of dinners and meetings to encourage and promote the establishment of asylums for the relief of the blind, the halt, and the orphan poor, are persons gifted with the best tempers or the kindliest feelings. I do not dispute their virtue, I doubt their sensibility. I am not here speaking of those who make a trade of the profession of humanity, or set their names down out of mere idle parade and vanity. I mean those who really enter into the details and drudgery of this sort of service, *con amore*, and who delight in surveying and in diminishing the amount of human misery. I conceive it possible, that a person who is going to pour oil and balm into the wounds of afflicted humanity, at a meeting of the Western Dispensary, by handsome speeches and by a handsome donation (not grudgingly given) may be thrown into a fit of rage that very morning, by having his toast too much buttered, may quarrel with the innocent prattle and amusements of his children, cry "Pish!" at every observation his wife utters, and scarcely feel a moment's comfort at any period of his life, except when he hears or reads of some case of pressing distress that calls for his immediate interference, and draws off his attention from his own situation and feelings by the act of alleviating it. Those martyrs to the cause of humanity, in short, who run the gauntlet of the whole catalogue of unheard-of crimes and afflicting casualties, who ransack prisons, and plunge into lazar-houses and slave-ships as their daily amusement and highest luxury, must generally, I think (though not always), be prompted to the arduous task by uneasy feelings of their own, and supported through it by iron nerves. Their fortitude must be equal to their pity. I do not think Mr. Wilberforce a case in point in this argument. He is evidently a delicately-framed, nervous, sensitive man. I should suppose him to be a kind and affectionately disposed person in all the relations of life. His weakness is too quick a sense of reputation, a desire to have the good word of all men, a tendency to truckle to power and fawn on opinion. But there are some of these philanthropists that a physiognomist has hard work to believe in. They seem made of paste-board, they look like mere machines: their benevolence may be said to go on rollers, and they are screwed to the sticking-place by the wheels and pulleys of humanity:

"If to their share some splendid virtues fall,
Look in their face, and you forget them all."

They appear so much the creatures of the head and so little of the heart, they are so cold, so lifeless, so mechanical, so much governed by calculation, and so little by impulse, that it seems the toss-up of a half-penny, a mere turn of a feather, whether such people should become a Granville Sharp, or a Hubert in "King John," a Howard, or a Sir Hudson Lowe!

"Charity covers a multitude of sins." Wherever it is, there nothing can be wanting; wherever it is not, all else is vain. "The meanest peasant on the bleakest mountain is not without a portion of it (says Sterne), he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock," &c. (See the passage in the *Sentimental Journey*.) I do not think education or circumstances can ever entirely eradicate this principle. Some professions may be supposed to blunt it, but it is perhaps more in appearance than in reality. Butchers are not allowed to sit on a jury for life and death; but probably this is a prejudice: if they have the *destructive organ* in an unusual degree of expansion, they vent their sanguinary inclinations on the brute creation; and besides, they look too jolly, rosy, and in good case (they and their wives), to harbour much cruelty in their dispositions. Neither would I swear that a man was humane, merely for abstaining from animal food. A tiger would not be a lamb, though it fed on milk. Surgeons are in general thought to be unfeeling, and steeled by custom to the sufferings of humanity. They may be so, as far as relates to broken bones and bruises, but not to other things. Nor are they necessarily so in their profession; for we find different degrees of callous insensibility in different individuals. Some practitioners have an evident delight in alarming the apprehensions and cutting off the limbs of their patients: these would have been ill natured men in any situation in life, and merely make an excuse of their profession to indulge their natural ill-humour and brutality of temper. A surgeon who is fond of giving pain to those who consult him will not spare the feelings of his neighbours in other respects; has a tendency to probe other wounds besides those of the body; and is altogether a harsh and disagreeable character. A Jack-Ketch may be known to tie the fatal noose with trembling fingers; or a jailor may have a heart softer than the walls of his prison. There have been instances of highwaymen who were proverbially gentlemen. I have seen a Bow-street officer* (not but that the transition is ungracious and unjust) reading Racine, and following the recitation of Talma at the door of a room which he was sent to guard. Police-magistrates, from the scenes they have to witness and the characters they come in contact with, may be supposed to lose the fine edge of delicacy and sensibility: yet they are not all alike, but differ, as one star differs from another in magnitude. One is as remarkable for mildness and lenity, as another is notorious for harshness and severity. The late Mr. Justice Fielding was a member of this profession, which (however little accordant with his own feelings) he made pleasant to those of others. He generally sent away the disputants in that unruly region, where he presided, tolerably satisfied. I have often seen him, escaped from the noisy repulsive scene, sunning himself in the adjoining walks of St. James's Park, and with mild aspect, and lofty but unwieldy mien, eyeing the verdant glades

* Lavender.

and lengthening vistas where perhaps his childhood loitered. He had a strong resemblance to his father, the immortal author of "Tom Jones." I never passed him, that I did not take off my hat to him in spirit. I could not help thinking of Parson Adams, of Booth and Amelia. I seemed to belong, by intellectual adoption, to the same family, and would willingly have acknowledged my obligations to the father to the son. He had something of the air of Colonel Bath. When young, he had very excellent prospects in the law, but neglected a brief sent him by the Attorney-General, in order to attend a glee-club, for which he had engaged to furnish a rondeau. This spoiled his fortune. A man whose object is to please himself, or to keep his word to his friends, is the last man to thrive at court. Yet he looked serene and smiling to his latest breath, conscious of the goodness of his own heart and of not having sullied a name that had thrown a light upon humanity!

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favour. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there, in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us) and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we may see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favour and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and severity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman's vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the God of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable! It is in the highest spirit of the religion of love in the female breast, that Lord Byron has put that beautiful apostrophe into the mouth of Anah, in speaking of her angel-lover (alas! are not the sons of men too, when they are deified in the hearts of women, only "a little lower than the angels?")

> "And when I think that his immortal wings
> Shall one day hover o'er the sepulchre
> Of the poor child of clay, that so adored him,
> As he adored the Highest, death becomes
> Less terrible!"

This is a dangerous string, which I ought never to touch upon; but the shattered cords vibrate of themselves!

The difference of age, of situation in life, and an absence of all considerations of business have, I apprehend, something of the same effect in producing a refined and abstracted friendship. The person, whose doors I enter with most pleasure, and quit with most regret, never did me the smallest favour. I once did him an uncalled-for service, and we nearly quarrelled about it. If I were in the utmost distress, I should just as soon think of asking his assistance, as of stopping a person on the highway. Practical benevolence is not his *forte*. He leaves the profession of that to others. His habits, his theory are against it as idle and vulgar. His hand is closed, but what of that? His eye is ever open, and reflects the universe: his silver accents, beautiful, venerable as his silver hairs, but not scanted, flow as a river. I never ate or drank in his house; nor do I know or care how the flies or spiders fare in it, or whether a mouse can get a living. But I know that I can get there what I get nowhere else—a welcome, as if one was expected to drop in just at that moment, a total absence of all respect of persons and of airs of self-consequence, endless topics of discourse, refined thoughts, made more striking by ease and simplicity of manner—the husk, the shell of humanity is left at the door, and the spirit, mellowed by time, resides within! All you have to do is to sit and listen; and it is like hearing one of Titian's faces speak. To think of worldly matters is a profanation, like that of the money-changers in the Temple; or it is to regard the bread and wine of the Sacrament with carnal eyes. We enter the enchanter's cell, and converse with the divine inhabitant. To have this privilege always at hand, and to be circled by that spell whenever we choose, with an "*Enter Sessame*," is better than sitting at the lower end of the tables of the Great, than eating awkwardly from gold plate, than drinking fulsome toasts, or being thankful for gross favours, and gross insults!

Few things tend more to alienate friendship than a want of punctuality in our engagements. I have known the breach of a promise to dine or sup break up more than one intimacy. A disappointment of this kind rankles in the mind—it cuts up our pleasures (those rare events in human life, which ought not to be wantonly sported with!) —it not only deprives us of the expected gratification, but it renders us unfit for, and out of humour with, every other; it makes us think our society not worth having, which is not the way to make us delighted with our own thoughts; it lessens our self-esteem, and destroys our confidence in others; and having leisure on our hands (by being thus left alone) and sufficient provocation withal, we employ it in ripping up the faults of the acquaintance who has played us this slippery trick, and in forming resolutions to pick a quarrel with him the very first opportunity we can find. I myself once declined an invitation to meet Talma, who was an admirer of Shakspeare, and who idolized Bonaparte, to keep an appointment with a person who had *forgot* it! One great art of women, who pretend to manage their husbands and keep them to themselves, is to contrive some excuse for breaking their engagements with friends, for whom they entertain any respect, or who are likely to have any influence over them.

There is, however, a class of persons who have a particular satisfaction in falsifying your expectations of pleasure in their society, who make appointments for no other ostensible purpose than *not to keep*

them; who think their ill-behaviour gives them an air of superiority over you, instead of placing them at your mercy; and who, in fact, in all their overtures of condescending kindness towards you, treat you exactly as if there was no such person in the world. Friendship is with them a *mono-drama*, in which they play the principal and sole part. They must needs be very imposing or amusing characters to surround themselves with a circle of friends, who find that they are to be mere cyphers. The egotism would in such instances be offensive and intolerable, if its very excess did not render it entertaining. Some individuals carry this hard, unprincipled, reckless unconsciousness of every thing but themselves and their own purposes to such a pitch, that they may be compared to *automata*, whom you never expect to consult your feelings or alter their movements out of complaisance to others. They are wound up to a certain point, by an internal machinery which you do not very well comprehend; but if they perform their accustomed evolutions so as to excite your wonder or laughter, it is all very well, you do not quarrel with them, but look on at the *pantomime* of friendship while it lasts or is agreeable.

There are (I may add here) a happy few, whose manner is so engaging and delightful, that injure you how they will, they cannot offend you. They rob, ruin, ridicule you, and you cannot find in your heart to say a word against them. The late Mr. Sheridan was a man of this kind. He *could not* make enemies. If any one came to request the repayment of a loan from him, he borrowed more. A cordial shake of his hand was a receipt in full for all demands. He could "coin his *smile* for drachmas," cancelled bonds with *bon mots*, and gave jokes in discharge of a bill. A friend of his said, "If I pull off my hat to him in the street, it costs me fifty pounds, and if he speaks to me, it's a hundred!"

Only one other reflection occurs to me on this subject. I used to think better of the world than I do. I thought its great fault, its original sin, was barbarous ignorance and want, which would be cured by the diffusion of civilization and letters. But I find (or fancy I do) that as selfishness is the vice of unlettered periods and nations, envy is the bane of more refined and intellectual ones. Vanity springs out of the grave of sordid self-interest. Men were formerly ready to cut one another's throats about the gross means of subsistence, and now they are ready to do it about reputation. The worst is, you are no better off, if you fail than if you succeed. You are despised if you do not excel others, and hated if you do. Abuse or praise equally weans your friends from you. We cannot bear eminence in our own department or pursuit, and think it an impertinence in any other. Instead of being delighted with the proofs of excellence and the admiration paid to it, we are mortified with it, thrive only by the defeat of others, and live on the carcase of mangled reputation. By being tried by an *ideal* standard of vanity and affectation, real objects and common people become odious or insipid. Instead of being raised, all is prostituted, degraded, vile. Every thing is reduced to this feverish, importunate, harassing state. I'm heartily sick of it, and I'm sure I have reason if any one has.

ON VULGAR ERRORS.

"Quod petiit, spernit; repetit, quod nuper omisit,
Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto,
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.
Insanire putas solennia—" HORAT.

We hear nothing more frequently than complaints of the multiplicity of periodical publications; yet there is no complaint more wholly divested of a solid foundation. If there be any branch of commerce more closely regulated by the demand than another, it is that of periodical literature. Nor, indeed, can it be otherwise: for the quick succession of the seasons renders the return of printers' bills, and of gratuities to "occasional correspondents,"* so pressing, that if the public does not clear the bookseller's shelves as fast as he loads them, he must very soon find his way into the gazette. An Irish nobleman, lately deceased, being sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having on some occasion administered justice as a magistrate a little *à l'Irlandais*, in order to shorten his time and avert the tedium of confinement, drew, at the beginning of his incarceration, a bill at ninety-one days; observing, that in the long course of his life he had found no time fly away so rapidly as that which intervened between the passing a bill and the day of its becoming due. If this noble lord had been concerned in a review or magazine, he would not have stood in need of such an expedient: for whether he had been editor or author to collect the matter, or publisher to collect the cash, he would have found the first of the month return quite as soon as was agreeable. No periodical publication, therefore, can keep its ground which is not called for by some considerable class of readers; and its continued existence is proof positive that it is wanted. At the moment in which I write, the supply of periodical literature is still below the demand; and that branch of literary speculation is susceptible of much further developement. For such is the avidity of the public for this sort of ware, and such the capricious variety of its appetite, that scarcely a month passes away without the appearance of a new adventure, calculated for some hitherto neglected description of "gentle reader," who, like the horse-leech's two daughters, cries unceasingly "Give, give."

Among the desiderata in this line I would earnestly direct the attention of the "trade" to the getting up a work dedicated exclusively to the consideration of public credulity, and to noting down the changes which take place in popular opinion and in fashion, respecting what is, and what is not, a vulgar error.

"Truth is one, but error is multifarious," said a celebrated French preacher (and a most sophistical use, by the by, did he make of this

* A really "occasional correspondent," *i. e.* a gentleman who gives his communication to the Editor gratuitously, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, puts a very just value on his article. Those who possess any thing worth money, soon discover the secret of obtaining money for it, and papers worth reading are rarely imparted without a valuable consideration. There are, it is true, some periodical publications which subsist on eleemosynary donations, but the goods may be known at once by their quality. The vanity which finds its account in seeing itself in print, is seldom allied to high excellence. Those publications, therefore, that pander to the *cacoethes scribendi* of country parsons, or of half-educated sectarian mechanics, and of village apothecaries, are bought and read by the communicants and their friends, and by—*no one else.*

aphorism): it is not, then, surprising, when we consider the multiplicity of men's caprices, the extent of their ignorance, and the complication of their interests, that their opinions should fluctuate in an unceasing change, and that mankind should still continue discarding and receiving notions, like a loo-player, with a run of ill-luck; that is to say without at all improving the hand by the operation. The vulgar errors of to-day are never those of yesterday; and the opinions most in vogue at the passing moment will to-morrow infallibly be as out of date as a stale newspaper. In the present condition of society, in which opinions weigh so much more than facts, when success in life depends so much more on the cut of a man's creed (not only in religion and politics, but in a thousand other nameless particulars) than on his conduct and morals, it would be difficult to point out a work more useful, more indispensable, than a periodical census of current notions, a plain direction of what it is right to think and safe to believe, and an index of what should be utterly repudiated and decried—a sort of "Every Man his own Sense-keeper, or infallible guide to court politics, fashionable religion, and dandy sentiment;" which being got up, in point of type and form, uniformly with the Court Calendar, might be bound up with that useful compendium, and with it would form a complete circle, or encyclopædia of necessary knowledge.

A moment's consideration will point out the utility of such a work: for surely it is by no means less essential to know "*what*," than to be informed of "who" is in, and who out. A mere catalogue of barren names is the least essential part of the lore of life. Of what avail is it to enquire whether Mr. Canning or Mr. Brougham be placed at the helm of affairs, whether the Bishop of Peterborough, or of Norwich, is to be your patron, unless you have at the same time a short method of getting at their opinions, and working upon their frail humanity by flattering their prejudices and echoing their sentiments. Without accurate information on this point, a pliant insinuating rogue is no better off than the most stiff-necked man of independence that rusticity and much reading of the classics ever produced. The most contemptible sycophant that ever wriggled his way to place and to consideration, would, thus unprovided, be as likely to be taken for "black sheep" as Sir Pertinax's squeamish chaplain himself,—and would have quite as little chance of "rising in the Church."

There are, it is true, a favoured few, possessed of that intuitive force, that they can catch at a glance the peculiarities of the passing moment; and in arriving at a levee, or a cabinet-dinner, can determine with precision, at the first *coup-d'œil*, the exact shade of cant which will put them in unison with the great man of the society; but this is not every one's lot; and there are thousands of pretty fellows possessed of every other talent *pour parvenir*, who fail for want of a delicate tact to seize with adroitness the *nuance du jour*. Nature, which has provided the insect tribe with antennæ to guide their steps in the dark, and to vibrate to the slightest shock of external bodies, has not gifted the human race with any cerebral boss, or protuberance, for directing them intuitively in the labyrinth of opinion, and teaching them "the way they should go." To add also to the mischief, the great are so confoundedly uncertain, that there is no counting on experience. A great man who will at one time almost let you give him the lie without taking offence,

will, at another, turn you adrift for ever upon some trifling neglect of etiquette or of assentation. Nay, he will even encourage you to familiarity, and when he has warmed you into a notion of friendship and of admitted equality, he will turn short at a tangent, petrify you with a look, and blight all your hopes of advancement in their bloom, like a frosty night in the month of May.

In respect to popular errors there are two ways of going wrong. We may reject a fashionably current opinion, or we may stick to a mistake which it is no longer *bon ton* to maintain. It is needless to say which of these errors is the most dangerous; for the latter draws on you only the contempt, while the former brings on your head the hatred of society; and it is obviously better to be laughed at than stoned—better to be quizzed by a half-witted pretender, than railed at by an Attorney-general, or preached to death by a sentencing Judge. Who, indeed, ever heard of any one's getting into a scrape for believing too much, except the Irish Catholics; whose chance it has been to get more abused and ill-treated for believing in the "real presence," than the Jews have for reviling and denying the great object of all Christian veneration? but in this, as in all other earthly matters, *il n'y-a que heur et malheur*, and luck 's a lord.

It must, however, be admitted as not a little hard upon those old-fashioned persons, who still fancy it ill-luck to spill the salt, who tremble at the ticking of a death-watch, object to your sitting cross-legged, or insist upon kicking a thirteenth person out of company, that they should even be treated with the unmeasured contempt to which they are usually exposed. Why should mankind be so hard upon the simplicity which believes an elephant to have no joints, or that a hazel-rod will indicate the presence of metals in the earth? Few persons entertaining these notions so far forget themselves as to set about explaining how such matters come to pass; but contenting themselves with what they take for experience, grope their way quietly in the dark; and the wisest and best do no more. The popular errors, on the contrary, which are now in vogue, are wilful confusions of ideas, the results of false and flimsy reasonings, contradictions *in terminis* bolstered up by sophisms, and more the creatures of pride and self-interest than of simplicity and ignorance. In strict justice, is not an adorer of legitimacy a much fitter object for contempt than the poor girl who sees a winding-sheet in a tallow-candle? and is not an advocate of corn-laws and anti-combination acts more worthy to be despised, than a washer-woman who looks for a coach and six, or a love-letter, in the bottom of her tea-cup? Besides, the retailers of by-gone errors do not cry out "mad dog" after those who differ from them, and have never been known to keep reviews and Sunday-papers in their pay, for the purpose of reviling and slandering all who are sceptical enough to doubt that a woman has one rib less than a man, or to deny the witch-expelling efficacy of a horse-shoe nailed to the door-sill of the house.

Among the many vulgar errors noted in that very curious volume written by Thomas Browne, Doctor of Physicke, there are none more flagrant than his own proposition, that "as for popular errors, they are more nearly founded upon an erroneous inclination of the people, as *being the most deceptible part of mankind*, and ready with open arms to receive the encroachments of error." For the people, of all the classes

of society, are the least prone to mistake concerning those matters which are within the scope of their observation. Within their limited sphere of action, they go more directly to their ends, and make fewer errors in their calculations than the privileged classes. Their perception of the self-contradictions and false colourings of their betters is, indeed, far too acute for the selfish interests of the Corinthian capital. They may be deceived by a false analogy, and think an egg "bad for the bile" because it is yellow; but they can trace the injurious operation of a tax and perceive the mischievous consequences of a bad law, when their superiors in education are quite led astray by the false lights of too much learning. I defy the whole round of popular absurdities to produce a blunder that shall match the parliamentary doctrine of starvation from over-production, or of the abstract merit of time as a cure for national evils; without reference to the manner in which that time shall be expended,—whether its lapse shall be marked by a perseverance in waste, or a return to wholesome and beneficial economies.

The errors of the common people, moreover, are the leavings of their instructors; and when the humbler classes fall astray, it is by the misleading of those who look on their mistakes with so much contempt. If a nurse-tender stifles and roasts her patient, does she not derive the practice from that of the physician of the olden time? and is not the water-doctor of the poor the lawful descendant of the court Galens of two centuries back? So likewise the days are not very far distant, when even kings affected with small-pox were wrapped in scarlet cloth, on account of the sympathy of colour between the diseased skin and the clothing. Yet with all this prostration of intellect to the authority of the learned, it may be questioned whether the people, with the same means of forming their judgment that the upper classes possess, would fall incontinently into the belief that Pope was no poet, because some wiseacre or two of note chose to assert it: and they are far too knowing to put their thoughts and tongues implicitly into the keeping of an academy of *belles-lettres*, and submit their pleasures to be modelled by forty pretending pedants, on the credit of a royal patent for the monopoly of words and sentences.

On many accounts, the vulgar errors of the great are by far the most important. I should therefore, strongly recommend the publisher who would embark in my proposed undertaking, to invent a new appellation for his book, and by no means to *call* it a Review of *Vulgar Errors*. In the first place it is not good to affront your reader at the moment you solicit his custom; and even a common box-lobby lounger would reject a magazine as "cursedly low," if it bore such a title. After all, in spite of the fraternizing influence of "the Fancy," with its dog-fights and rat-slaughters,—in spite of the narrow minds, coarse feelings, and intellectual vulgarity of some of the "lords of the creation," there *is* a distinction between the great and the little vulgar; and it is a mere confusion of terms to include the vulgarity of both in one common denomination. The opinions of the little vulgar have no interest save as an object of curiosity for the antiquary and moral philosopher, or as themes for a Scotch novel; and they would form a very subordinate part of the proposed volume. What matter is it to "*les gens comme il faut*," how the common people think, provided they be properly restrained from printing their thoughts? I grant it would be desirable

that they should say their catechism and submit themselves to all in authority over them; but that, reader, you know, has little to do with thinking. To call the proposed work "vulgar errors" would, indeed, be a double misnomer; for, first, such a work should not treat so much of the errors of the vulgar, as of the more profitable dogmas, "which taken at the tide lead on to fortune:" and secondly, the errors of the great are not errors at all, but *durante bene placito* good and lawful truths, and a legal tender in all societies and upon all occasions, which it is highly penal to refuse, until, being discarded as no longer serviceable or modish, they are consigned to the gentlemen of the second table, along with the cast suits of the corporeal wardrobe.

To treat the matter, indeed, logically, it is not *quatenus* truth or error, but *quatenus* fashionable or heterodox, that an opinion is important. Although, therefore, it is scarcely possible to treat of the "*quid verum atque decens*," the loyal, proper and decent opinions, which it is right that "all Christian men" should maintain, without hinting, at least *exclusivè*, at what is the contrary, yet (as the Jansenist priest said of the belief in a Deity) *cela n'est pas l'essentiel*, and it would be wrong to put this part of the subject too forward. Rather let the publisher and his friends endeavour after a more taking title, such, for instance, as (a Greek name always does well) "The Court Noometer, or Pantisocratic view of men and things," "The intellectual Diorama for the year 18—," "The Laureate's directory, or Church and State manual;" which are all in their way as good as "Highways and Byways," or the cramped *grimgribber* of the Northern "secondary novelists," which have all succeeded so admirably in catching the eye of the public.

Next, as to the choice of an Editor. This, indeed, is a grave matter, and not lightly to be determined upon. The personage in question should possess no ordinary tact, and no trifling experience, to perform his functions creditably and beneficially; especially in these latter times, when unanimity is no longer deemed essential to the management of state affairs. Orthodoxy, said a wag, is my doxy; and Heterodoxy another man's doxy; but now-a-days there are so many standard-bearers whose *my* is worthy of consideration, that the case is by no means so simple. Who, for instance, can say from authority, whether the Lord Chancellor's doxy or Mr. Canning's is the orthodoxy of the day; whether Lord Liverpool's or Mr. Robinson's political economy are most in vogue "in the highest quarter;" or whether Mr. Plunkett's or Mr. Peel's church polity is the sound doctrine of the current year? Then if we consult the ministerial journals to guide our researches, "*nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi.*" The best way would be to get an Editor appointed in Downing-street; but if that cannot be done, the writer of the court-journals, or the Attorney-general for the time being, might be depended upon as safe men.

Another important consideration regards the periods of publication. On account of the Court Calendar, I should prefer an annual appearance; but it may be doubted whether quarterly or monthly publications would not better meet the public demand. Of late, the fluctuations of opinion have been very rapid; and state orthodoxy has changed its tone as often, and by as abrupt *dieses*, as if government were one of Beethoven's concertos. On this point, however, experience is the best guide; and there is no reason why a shorter period should not be

adopted for this, no less than for the other periodical disseminators of "sound learning and religious education."

The most important part of the work, for consultation, would be the Historical Register, which should notice the slightest changes of shading in the current orthodoxy, and should be followed by an ample obituary of all principles and opinions defunct since the publication of the last numero.* In the historical register the subjects should be separately classed; for which purpose the following may serve as a precedent:—

Politics.—Since the publication of our last, none of "the lights of the land" have been extinguished, and no rising young statesman has appeared on the horizon. Legitimacy, however, is two per cent. on the decline. They talk more of civil liberty and of British commerce, of late; and it is less disloyal to speak ill of the Holy Alliance. The reform question much the same as at the last quotation. The currency question gone *ad plures.*—N.B. The tread-mill is for the present an wholesome exercise, and bread and water a sufficient diet for untried prisoners.

Religion.—Saintship daily acquires vogue: "there must be something in it when great men's butlers look grave." The Hatton-garden Chapel looks downwards. Greek independence has positively nothing to do with Christianity, there being (as the licensers of the Koran long ago determined) nothing in that book contrary to the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church. Prince Hohenlohe a puzzle to some leading personages. Might not miracles be introduced to protect the establishment against innovators in matters of tithe? Catholic emancipation, see Obituary.

Literature.—Las Cases' Journal very interesting, and Napoleon, like his great ally, not quite so bad as he has been painted. The Journey to Brussels a striking portrait of its royal author. The Scotch novels just hold their own—the market overstocked. The Lakers, see Obituary. The three unities spoken slightingly of in some French circles. The Literary Society in growing disrepute abroad and at home. New Monthly Magazine universally approved.

Miscellaneous.—Tom and Jerry put down by acclamation. Gambling no longer a Christian virtue. Slave-trade discussions, for the present, are to be taken as the infallible occasions of Black insurrections. Natural infirmities during the ensuing winter will be deemed sufficient causes for penal inflictions. Horses the best actors; and real water and real fire are the only approximations to the truth of Nature, which should be encouraged on the stage. N.B. Mr. Larpent, a better judge of tragedy than Aristotle. Religious steam-boats ought to be exempted from the searches of custom-house officers; as smuggling is no bar to sanctity, and piety and prudence are by no means incompatibles.

In the present state of literary adventure it is not necessary to add more in the way of illustration. A hint is sufficient to the wise. That the speculation would succeed, hardly admits of doubt. There are so many points on which the best judges know not what to think, that I should not despair of seeing bishops and cabinet councillors becoming subscribers. If the publisher played his cards tolerably well, his book would be distributed by the Tract Societies, and whole editions would be disseminated for the edification of the poor. The aphorisms and

maxims of the volume, as they stand, would form a proper supplement to "The Whole Duty of Man;" and, turned into dialogue, or dramatized into a story, they would be rendered fit accompaniments for "Sinful Sally, "Poor Joseph," and the unfortunate Footman of Mr. and Mrs. Fantom, the philosophers. To maiden members of the House of Commons the volume would be indispensable; and I would not advise any one to stand candidate for F.R.S. or F.S.A. without first duly studying its pages. In the two Universities it would become a necessary adjunct to the College courses; and its introduction would afford a fit opportunity for following the example of Trinity College, Dublin, by banishing from the lecture-room the dangerous and schismatic writings of Locke. You will, therefore, Mr. Editor, be pleased to submit this paper to Mr. Colburn; and if his hands are too full to embark in the concern, you will give it publicity for the benefit of the trade, by an insertion in some early number of the New Monthly Magazine.

M.

TO TIME.

Wilt thou not leave a single charm
  Of all that now my idol grace,—
No *one* where, free from change or harm,
  The others' likeness I may trace?
Well, *take* her eye's unearthly blue,
Ay, and her roseate blushes too;
The freshness of her loving lip;
The lightness of her fairy trip;
Steal on, till not a beauty's left,—
I 'll laugh at every petty theft.
The *soul* that kindled up her cheek,
That gave her silent glance to speak,
That made her kiss so warm for him
  She doted on,—blest heaven! for *me*,—
That motion'd every beauteous limb
  With maiden grace and dignity,—
That soul thou shalt not, canst not, claim;
Nor hurt—it mocks thy deadliest aim.
The spirit which, in youth's full burst
  Of feeling, shone throughout her frame,
May shrink from all the deeds accurst
In the world's guilty bosom nurst,
  Back to the heart from whence it came;
But ev'n when *that* hath own'd thy sway,
And thou shalt seek the nobler prey
Within, thy dark intent shall miss;
  For, though thou seizest as thine own
The chill and mouldering chrysalis,
  Thou 'lt find the *butterfly* is flown.

Φ.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

A BALLAD.

Pyramus and Thisbe, of dashing renown,
Dwelt in houses adjoining in Babylon's town,
And flirted in circles of fashion:
They had vow'd love eternal—squeezed hands at Almack's,
But their cursed crabbed relatives would not relax,
And swore to extinguish their passion.

Ah, but Love is like steam in an engine, inclined
Still the stronger to burst out, the more it's confined.
Parents chuckled in vain at their art in
Bribing spies who reported a parcel of flams;
So to watch them with house-maids and valet de shams,
It was all in my eye Betty Martin!

Love-letters between them in walnut-shells pass'd,
Though, alas, wicked jaws crack'd the secret at last,
Then, O Lord, what a rumpus was brew'd up!
What carpeting, storming, hysterics, and prayers,
Tears and rummaging trunks! till the young folks up-stairs
Were in garrets respectively mew'd up.

'Twas a harsh step, no doubt, that the homes of their sires
Were made bridewells for bridling their bridal desires,
And a justification here isn't meant;
But the Habeas Corpus had just been put down,
And no lawyer would budge in all Babylon's town
For a writ 'gainst their wrongous imprisonment.

Night came and no nightingale sang o'er their heads,
But the cats squawl'd duets among chimneys and leads,
And the owls kept toowhooing and staring;
In her chamber poor Thisbe lay weeping a flood,
While Pyramus in his, damn'd the old people's blood,
In soliloquies cursing and swearing.

At last, like old Bajazet, rising in rage,
And resolved with his brains to bespatter his cage,
Headforemost he dash'd; but the gable
Was not battery-proof for a skull-piece so new
And so solidly built that it fairly went through
Bricks as old as the building of Babel.

The Lady at first, you may guess, got a shock,
That a gentleman's head at her chamber should knock,
And so unceremoniously enter,
Like a thief on the pillory hanging his phiz;—
Recognizing at length by the rush-light 'twas his,
"Lord," she cried, "what a charming adventure!

"Yet, oh, Mister Pyramus, dearest of lambs,
What a blow for your skull! 'twould have broken a ram's;
Let me fetch you some *eau de Cologne* for 't."—
"No, no, sweetest Thisbe, sit down *tête à tête*,
And a smack from your lips for the smack on my pate
Will be far more acceptable comfort."

Now to paint all the kissing and holy delights
That took place at this holey partition o' nights,
Might, perhaps, seem to some folks improper;
So I've only to note, where the bricks had been broke,
That the damsel by day-time suspended her cloak,
And the youth hung his old flannel wrapper.

Thus woo'd they in attics—but somehow their taste
Was not Attic enough for two attics so placed;
And their hearts growing ardent as Ætna,
They began to converse about parsons and rings,
Post-chaises, and such other rapturous things,—
In a word, of eloping to Gretna.

All things being managed by means of a nurse,
With her muff and her monkey, and cash in her purse,
From an old sentimental attorney,
Little Thisbe one moon-shiny morning at three
Whipt away to the sign of the Mulberry-tree,
Half a mile out of town for their journey.

Now here let me state, (for in matters of fact
It is right to be plain, conscientious, exact,)
You must pin not a tittle of faith on
Old Ovid's narration—but mine 's to be met
In a genuine antique Babylonish gazette
That was publish'd by Sanchoniathon.

But to follow my story—conceive her despair
When arrived at the inn and no Pyramus there,
Nor a light in the whole habitation;
Not a pair, nor a post-chaise to drive them from town,
Not a boy on the saddle to bob up and down—
Do you wonder she wept with vexation?

While thus in the coach-yard bewailing her pickle,
The tears of the damsel continued to trickle,
As salt as a mine-spring of Cracow,
Outsprang a chain'd mastiff—affrighted she ran,
While away went her wits, and her muff and her fan,
And away went unfortunate Jacko.

Poor pug was soon eat up, and so would the muff,
If its wadding and fur had been eatable stuff,
But 'twas torn and the spot was still bloody,
When the youth of her soul, whose unhappy delay
Had been caused by his drinking some wine by the way,
Arrived with his brains rather muddy.

All was hush'd (for the dog having sated his maw,
Laid his jowls very quietly down in the straw)
When Pyramus halloo'd out, "There lies
Both the blood and the muff of my mistress so sweet!"—
She, to tell you the truth, had slipt down a by-street,
To escape from the Cyprians and Charlies.

A groom on a bulk, who had during the death
Of poor pug slept as sound as the grooms in Macbeth,
Woke at length;—but small comfort he gave, he
Had no doubt that the young lady's blood had been shed,
But that he had not injured a hair of her head
He was ready to make affidavy.

"But there 's ruffians," says he, "that goes roaming the streets,
And abusing all decent young women they meets,
More especially them as be virgins;
So the lady, I 'll wager my head to that muff,
Has been ravish'd and murder'd and stript to the buff,
And her body 's been sold to the surgeons."

Rash Pyramus, founding too stable belief
On a stable-boy's words, in a phrenzy of grief
From his pocket a small pistol popt out,
Which he aim'd at his noddle to finish his woes;
But his head that broke bricks was not doom'd to oppose
The lead ball,——for it luckily dropt out.

So he fell, rather wondering he wasn't quite dead,
As the flash had but stunn'd him and blister'd his head!
And his fate he continued to rave at,
Till the inn-folks came out, and supposing his brains
Had been partially spilt, to secure the remains
They bound up his head with a cravat.

By this time his Thisbe took courage enough
To return for her lover, her monkey, and muff—
In his arms Mister Pyramus lock'd her;
But the landlord sent each to a separate bed,
And at morning, believing them wrong in the head,
Sent to Bedlam express for a doctor.

The physician, a smug little prig of a man,
Who believing two heads to be better than one
A gold head on his cane always carried,
Examined his patients with questions profound,
Rubb'd his nose, and by skill in nosology found
They were both going mad to be married.

So says he (for his heart was the kindest on earth
Towards people of fortune and fashion and birth)
"Let not Gretna your fancies enamour,
But keep here, and observe the prescriptions I 've writ,
And they 'll help you to marriage-bonds pleasanter knit
Than a Gretna-Green blacksmith could hammer."

To the youth 'twas enjoin'd he should foam in his speech,
And bite all who came near him excepting his leech,
Shamming hypochondriacal vapours;
Whilst the lady was loudly to smack with her lips,
Pirouette like a top—practise opera skips,
And alarm the whole house with her capers.

Ere long, in their coaches appear'd at the inn's
Gate old spectacled noses and nutcracker chins,
In whose looks you might see civil war lower;
'Twas relations in quest of the fugitive brace,
When the short physic man with a very long face
Made his bow in the Mulberry parlour.

"Well, Doctor, what news of the culprits?" He sigh'd.
"Let us see them."—"No, not for the world," he replied.—
"Then for God's sake explain what their plight is."—
"Oh, a dreadful disorder, whose symptoms consist
In a rage to dance, bite, and to kiss and be kiss'd,
We, the faculty, call it *Smackitis.*

"Even now (and the charge in your bill is to come)
The poor youth has just bit off the head-waiter's thumb,
So inveterately fierce his disease is;
And the lady has fatal prognostics, I fear,
Of her dancing and chirruping fit being near,
Which will end in a Hyperuresis."

He had scarce spoke the words when above little Miss
Smack'd her lips,—ah! with none to return her the kiss;
Then away she went wheeling and jumping,
And she so figurante'd them out of their wits,
That her Aunty below lay a figure in fits,
While her father and mother sat glumping.

At last cried the crusty old carle, "Afore Gad,
She deserves to be smother'd, the gipsy—she's mad!"
Quoth the doctor, "Sir, spare that infliction—
She may die in a trice, the poor dear fantipol,
Or the rest of her life be a mere dancing doll,
If you offer the least contradiction."

Oh, there's nought like a dance to make people change sides,
And a doctor may rule in a house that divides,
One did once in our own House of Commons;
So our leech having gain'd the majority's will,
Sat like Addington carrying the Medical bill,
And would bend his opinion to no man's.

The mother of Thisbe cried "Monster! and fool!
Talk of smothering my child in a manner as cool
As of smothering a rabbit in cookery!"
In a trice her poor helpmate grew meek as a lamb,
And sat twirling his thumbs—for he knew the old dam
Had a tongue that would bother a rookery.

Then said Pyramus' father, "Let's first, if you please,
Cure this smack—what d'ye call it—teetotum disease,
Ere we set to dispute with our spouses;
For to see one's own progeny bite like a bear,
Or go skipping like apes at a Bartemy fair,
Would assuredly grieve both our houses.

"Let the doctor restore the young folks if he can"—
Here the women supported him all to a man,
And the doctor, who solemn and budge meant,
To a merry conclusion grave matters to bring,
Look'd as wise as a kitten at play with a string,
While they swore to abide by his judgment.

"As to smothering, with two featherbeds it is done,
But my clinical treatment requires only one,
And the help of a conjugal tether;
So I order a ring from the jeweller's shop,
And prescribe the afflicted young couple to hop
To the temple of Hymen together."

"Ha! a biting disease," cried the churls; "and we're bit!"
Their wives, though they long'd at each other to spit,
Saw their fate, and gave in—the curmudgeons
Sent for lawyers to town, order'd dinner at six,
And when ask'd by the landlord what fish they would fix,
Groan'd, and answer'd "A couple of gudgeons."

But I wish I were Homer to tell you how all
Dumps were cured by that wedding, and banquet, and ball,
    How the codgers got glorious with claret,
How the lawyers punn'd glibly—the priest with loop'd hat
Stuff'd his carcase, a pudding of orthodox fat,
    While the doctor conversed like a parrot.

Thistle's fame might have had, like her gable, a crack;
Had she single to babbling old Babylon gone back,
    But a bride she defied every gazer;
So they march'd into town in the grand style of yore,
With the footmen in favours and fiddlers before,
    Playing "God save King Nebuchadnezzar!"

THE MONTHS.—NO. I.

January.

Those "Cynthias of a minute," the Months, fleet past us so swiftly, that, though we never mistake them while they are present with us, yet, the moment any one of them is gone by, we begin to blend the recollection of its features with those of the one which preceded it, or that which has taken its place, and thus confuse them together till we know not "which is which." And then, to mend the matter, when the whole of them have danced their graceful round hand-in-hand before us, not being able to think of either separately, we unite them all together in our imagination, and call them the Past Year; as we gather flowers into a bunch and call them a bouquet. Now this should not be. Each one of the sweet sisterhood has features sufficiently marked and distinct to entitle her to a place and a name; and if we mistake these features, and attribute those of any one to any other, it is because we look at them with a cold and uninterested, and therefore an inobservant regard. The lover of Julie could trace fifty minute particulars which were wanting in the portrait of his mistress; though to any one else it would have appeared a likeness: for to common observers "a likeness" means merely a something which is not so absolutely *un*like but what it is capable of calling up the idea of the original to those who are intimately acquainted with it.

Now I have been, for a long while past, accustomed to feel towards the common portraits of The Months, of which so many are extant, what St. Preux did towards that of his mistress: all I could ever discover in them was the particulars in which they were *not* like. Still I had never ventured to ask the favour of either of them to sit to me for her picture; having seen that it was the very nature of them to be for ever changing, and that therefore to attempt to *fix* them would be to trace the outline of a sound or give the colour of a perfume. At length, however, my unwearied attendance on them in their yearly passage past me, and the assiduous court that I have always paid to each and all of their charms, has met with its reward: for there is this especial difference between them and all other mistresses whatever,—that, so far from being jealous of each other, their sole ground of complaint against their lovers is, that they do not pay equal devotion to each in her turn: the blooming May and the blushing June disdain the vows of those votaries who have not previously wept at the feet of the weeping April, or sighed in unison with the sad breath of March

And it is the same with all the rest. They present a sweet emblem of the *ideal* of a happy and united human family—to each member of which the best proof you can offer that you are worthy of *her* love, is, that you have gained that of her sisters; and to whom the best evidence you can give of being able to love either worthily, is, that you love all. This, I say, has been the kind of court that I have paid to them—loving each in all, and all in each. And my reward, in addition to that of the love itself—which is a "virtue," and therefore "its own reward," has been that each has condescended to watch over and instruct me while I wrote down the particulars of her brief but immortal life—immortal, because ever renewed, and bearing the seeds of its renewal within itself. These instructions, however, were accompanied by certain conditions, without complying with which I am not permitted to make the results available to any one but myself. For my own private satisfaction I have liberty to personify the objects of my admiration under any form I please; but if I speak of them to others, they insist on being treated merely as portions or periods of their beautiful parent The Year—as she is a portion of Time, the great parent of all things; and that the facts and events I may have to refer to shall not be essentially connected with *them*, but merely be considered as taking place during the period of their sojourn on the earth respectively. I confess that this condition seems to savour a little of the fastidious—not to say the affected. And, what is still more certain, it cuts me off from a most fertile source of the poetical and the picturesque. I will frankly add, however, that I am not without my suspicions that this latter may have been the very reason why the condition was imposed upon me; for I am by no means certain that, if I had been left to myself, I should not have substituted cold abstractions and unintelligible fictions (or what would have seemed such to others) in the place of that simple *information* which it is my object to convey.

The only other condition imposed on me, with which the reader has any concern, is, that I shall communicate what I have learnt, through the medium of the New Monthly Magazine—*that* being the favourite godchild of the aforenamed sisterhood, and the one on which they bestow their especial countenance and protection.

Laying aside then, if I can, all ornamental figures of speech, I shall proceed to place before the reader, in plain prose, the principal events which happen, in the two worlds of Nature and of Art, during the life and reign of each month; beginning with the nominal beginning of the dynasty, and continuing to present, on the birthday of each member of it, a record of the beauties which she brings in her train, and the good deeds which she either inspires or performs.

Hail! then—hail to thee, January! all hail! cold and wintry as thou art—if it be but in virtue of thy first day—the day, as the French call it, par excellence—"Le jour de l'an." Come about me, all ye little school-boys that have escaped from the unnatural thraldom of your taskwork,—come crowding about me, with your untamed hearts shouting in your unmodulated voices, and your happy spirits dancing an untaught measure in your eyes—come and help me to speak the praises of New Year's Day—*your* day—one of the three which have of late become your's almost exclusively, and which have bettered you and been bettered themselves by the change: Christmas-day—which *was*; New Year's Day—which *is*; and Twelfth-day—which *is to be*; let

us compel them all three into our presence—with a whisk of our imaginative wand convert them into one, as the conjuror does his three glittering balls—and then enjoy them all together,—with their dressings, and coachings, and visitings, and greetings, and gifts, and "many happy returns!" with their plum-puddings and mince-pies and twelfth-cakes and negus! with their forfeits and fortune-tellings and blind-man's buffs and snap-dragons and sittings up to supper! with their pantomimes and panoramas and new penknives and pastry-cooks, shops! in short, with their endless round of ever new nothings, the absence of a relish for which is but ill supplied in after-life by that feverish hungering and thirsting after excitement which usurp without filling their place. Oh! that I might enjoy those nothings once again in fact, as I can in fancy!—But I fear the wish is worse than an idle one; for it not only may not be, but it ought not to be. "We cannot have our cake and eat it too," as the vulgar somewhat vulgarly but not the less shrewdly express it: And this is as it should be,—for if we could, it would neither be worth the eating nor the having.

If the reader complains that this is not the sober style which I just now promised to maintain, I cannot help it. Besides, it was my subject that spoke then, not myself; and it spoke to those who are too happy to be wise, and to whom, therefore, if it were to speak wisely, it might as well not speak at all. Let them alone for awhile, and they will grow too wise to be happy; and then they may be disposed and at leisure to listen to reason.

In sober sadness, then, if the reader so wills it, and after the approved manner of modern moral discourses, the subject before us may be regarded under three distinct points of view; namely, January in London—January in the Country—and January in general. And first of the first.

January in London.

Now—but before I proceed further let me bespeak the reader's indulgence at least, if not his favour, towards this everlasting monosyllable, NOW, to which my betters have from time to time been so much indebted, and on which I shall be compelled to place so much dependance in this my present undertaking. It is the pass-word, the "open sesame," that must remove from before me all lets and impediments—it is the charm that will alternately put to silence my imagination when it may be disposed to infringe on the office of my memory, and awaken my memory when it is inclined to sleep—in fact it is a monosyllable of infinite avail, and for which, on this as on many other occasions, no substitute can be found in our own or any other language: and if I approve above all other proverbs that which says "there's nothing like the time present," it is partly because "the time present" is but a periphrasis for Now!

Now, then, the cloudy canopy of sea-coal smoke that hangs over London, and crowns her queen of capitals, floats thick and threefold—for fires and feastings are rife, and every body is either "out" or "at home" every night.—Now schoolboys don't know what to do with themselves till dinner-time—for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred gloves, and skaiting on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for any thing in the shape of winter, one might as well live in Italy at once!—Now, (on the evening of twelfth-day) mischievous maid-servants pin elderly people

together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops—thinking them "weeds that have no business there."—Now, if a frosty day or two *does* happen to pay us a flying visit on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways for lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door;—who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood—not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!—Now Bond-street begins to be conscious of carriages—two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar—and the Soho ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.—Now linen-drapers begin to "sell off" their stock at "fifty per cent. under prime cost," and continue so doing all the rest of the year—every article of which will be found on inspection to be of "the last new pattern," and to have been "only had in that morning!"—Now oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and enquiries are propounded there whether "that gentleman in black," meaning Hamlet, "is Harlequin?" And laughs and "La! Mama's" resound thence, to the remotest corners of the house; and "the gods" make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to listen to the pantomime! and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man: as, indeed, when is he not?—Now newspapers teem with twice-ten-times-told-tales of haunted-houses, and great sea-snakes, and mermaids; and a murder is worth a jew's-eye to them; for "the House does not meet for the dispatch of business till the fifth of February." And great and grievous are the lamentations that are heard in the said newspapers over the lateness of the London season, and its detrimental effects on the interests of the metropolis:"—but they forget to add, "Erratum—for *metropolis* read *newspapers.*"—Now Moore's Almanack holds "sole sovereign sway and mastery" among the readers of that class of literature;—for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions—not even that which says "we may expect some frost and snow about this period."—Finally,—now periodical works put on their best attire—the old ones expressing their determination to become new, and the new ones to become old; and the New Monthly Magazine in particular—which is both new and old, and which realizes in its performances the pretensions of all the others (!)—makes a point of putting forth the first of some pleasant series of papers *(ecce signum!)* which cannot fail to fix the wavering propensities of the most periodical of readers, and make him her own for another twelve months at least!

January in the Country.

This has but a dreary sound to those who go into "the country" only that they may not be seen in "town." But to those who seek the country for the same reason that they seek London—namely, for the good that is to be found there—the one has at least as many attractions as the other, at any given period of the year. Let me add, however, that if there *is* a particular period when the country puts forth fewer of her attractions than at any other, it is this—probably to try who are her real lovers, and who are only false flatterers, and to treat them accordingly. And yet—now, the trees, denuded of their gay attire, spread forth their thousand branches against the grey sky, and present as endless a variety of form and feature for study and observation as

they did when dressed in all the flaunting fashions of midsummer. Now their voices are silent, and their forms are motionless, even when the wind is among them; so that the low plaintive piping of the robin-redbreast can be heard, and his hiding-place detected by the sound of his slim feet alighting on the fallen leaves. Or now, grown bolder as the skies become more inclement, he flits before you from twig to twig silently, like a winged thought*, or like the brown and crimson leaf of a cherry-tree blown about by the wind—or perches himself by your side and looks sidelong in your face, pertly, and yet imploringly; as much as to say—'though I do need your aid just now, and would condescend to accept a crumb from you, yet I 'm still your betters, for I 'm still a bird.'—Now one of the most beautiful sights on which the eye can open, occasionally presents itself: we saw the shades of evening fall upon a waste expanse of brown earth, shorn hedge-rows, bare branches, and miry roads, interspersed here and there with a patch of dull melancholy green; but when we are awakened by the late dawning of the morning, and think to look forth upon the same, what a bright pomp greets us! what a white pageantry! It is as if the fleecy clouds that float about the sun at Midsummer, had descended upon the earth and clothed it in their beauty! Every object we look upon is strange and yet familiar to us—"another yet the same." And the whole affects us like a vision of the night, which we are half-conscious *is* a vision;—we know that it is *there*—and yet we know not how long it may remain there; since a motion may change it, or a breath melt it away. And what a mysterious stillness reigns over all! a white silence! Even the "clouted shoon" of the early peasant is not heard, and the robin, as he hops from twig to twig with undecided wing, and shakes down a feathery shower as he goes, hushes his low whistle, in wonder at the unaccustomed scene.

Now the labour of the husbandman is for once in the year at a stand; and he haunts the alehouse fire, or lolls listlessly over the half-door of the village smithy, and watches the progress of the labour which he unconsciously envies—tasting for once in his life (without knowing it) the bitterness of that *ennui* which he begrudges to his betters.—Now melancholy-looking men wander "by two's and three's" through market-towns, with thin faces as blue as the aprons that are twisted round their waists—their ineffectual rakes resting on their shoulders—and a withered cabbage hoisted upon a pole,—and sing out their doleful petition, of "Pray remember the poor Gardeners, who can get no work!"—Now the passengers outside the Cheltenham night-coach look wistfully at the Witney Blanket-mills as they pass, and meditate on the merits of a warm bed.—Now people of fashion,—who cannot think of coming to their homes in town so early in the season, and will not think of remaining at their homes in the country so late,—seek out spots on the sea-shore which have the merit of being neither town *nor* country, and practise patience there (as Timon of Athens did) *en attendant* the London winter—which is ordered to commence about the first week in Spring, and end at Midsummer!

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* I scarcely know whether it is worth while to mention that, since the above was written and sent to press, I have seen, in a number of a little work called The Literary Pocket, a paper noticing certain appearances connected with the different seasons, in which the swallows that flit about in search of insects, are compared to "winged thoughts." The writer of the pleasant paper I allude to is of course entitled to the credit (if credit there be) of priority.

But we are forgetting the garden, all this while; which must not be, for Nature does not. Though the gardener can find little to do in it, *she* is ever at work there, and ever with a wise hand, and graceful as wise. The wintry winds of December having shaken down the last lingering leaves from the trees, the final labour of the gardener was employed in making all trim and clean; in turning up the dark earth to give it air—pruning off the superfluous produce of summer—and gathering away the worn out attire that the perennial flowers leave behind them when they sink into the earth to seek their winter home,—as Harlequin and Columbine in the pantomimes sometimes slip down through a trap-door, and cheat their silly pursuers by leaving their vacant dresses standing erect behind them.—All being left trim and orderly for the coming on of the new year, Now, to resume our friendly monosyllable, all the processes of Nature for the renewal of her favoured race, the flowers, may be more aptly observed than at any other period. Still, therefore, however desolate a scene the garden may present to the *general* gaze, a particular examination of it is full of interest, and interest that is not the less valuable for its depending chiefly on the imagination. Now, the bloom-buds of the fruit-trees,—which the late leaves of autumn had concealed from the view,—stand confessed, upon the otherwise bare branches; and, dressed in their patent wind and water-proof coats, brave the utmost severity of the season;—their hard unpromising outsides, compared with the forms of beauty which they contain, reminding us of their friends the butterflies when in the chrysalis state.—Now the perennials,—having slipped off their summer robes, and retired to their subterranean sleeping-rooms,—just permit the tops of their naked heads to peep above the ground, to warn the labourer from disturbing their annual repose.—Now the smooth-leaved and tender-stemmed rose of China hangs its pale, scentless, artificial-looking flowers upon the cheek of winter—reminding us of the last faint bloom upon the face of a fading beauty, or the hectic of disease on that of a dying one; and a few chrysanthemums still linger—the wreck of the past year—their various-coloured stars looking like faded imitations of the gay glaring China-aster.

Now, too,—first evidences of the revivifying principle of the new-born year—for all that we have hitherto noticed are but lingering remnants of the old—now the golden and blue crocuses peep up their pointed coronals from amidst their guarding palisades of green and grey leaves, that they may be ready to come forth at the call of the first February sun that looks warmly upon them; and perchance one here and there, bolder than the rest, has started fairly out of the earth already, and half opened her trim form—pretending to have mistaken the true time:—as a forward school-miss will occasionally be seen coquetting with a smart cornet, before she has been regularly produced—as if she didn't know that there was "any harm in it."

January in general.

When the palm of merit is to be awarded among the Months, it is usual to assign it to May by acclamation. But if the claim depends on the sum of delight which each witnesses, or brings with her, I doubt if January should not bear the bell from her more blooming sister, if it were only in virtue of her share in the aforenamed festivities of the Christmas Holidays. And then, what a happy influence does she not exercise on all the rest of the year, by the family meetings she brings

about, and by the kindling and renewing of the social affections that grow out of and are chiefly dependent on these! And what sweet remembrances and associations does she not scatter before her, through all the time to come, by her gifts—the "new year's gifts!" *Christmas-boxes*, as they are called, are but sordid boons in comparison of these — they are mere money paid for mere services rendered or expected—wages for work done and performed—barterings of value for value—offerings of the pocket to the pocket. But new year's gifts are offerings of the affections to the affections—of the heart to the heart. The value of the first depends purely on themselves, and the gratitude, such as it is, which they call forth, is measured by the gross amount of that value. But the others owe their value to the wishes and intentions of the giver; and the gratitude *they* call forth springs from the affections of the receiver.

And then, who can see a new year open upon him without being better for the prospect—without making sundry wise reflections—(for *any* reflections on this subject *must* be comparatively wise ones) on the step he is about to take towards the goal of his being? Every first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike track of human life—at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better *this* year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad indeed. And only to *propose* to be better, is something;—if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our *need* to be so,—which is the first step towards amendment. But in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to *do* well, positively; for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavours: he who is not worse to-day than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better is worse. The very name of January,—from Janus—twofaced—"looking before and after,"—indicates the reflective propensities which she encourages, and which when duly exercised cannot fail to lead to good.

And then January is the youngest of the yearly brood, and therefore, *prima facie*, the best: for I protest most strenuously against the comparative age which Chaucer, I think, has assigned to this month by implication, when he compares an old husband and a young wife to "January and June." These poets will sacrifice any thing to alliteration—even abstract truth. I am sorry to say this of Chaucer, whose poetry is more of "a true thing" than that of any other—always excepting Mr. Crabbe's, which is too much of a true thing. And nobody knew better than Chaucer the respective merits of the months, and the peculiar qualities and characteristics which appertain to each. But, I repeat, alliteration is the Scylla and Charybdis united of all who embark on the perilous ocean of poetry; and that Chaucer himself chose occasionally to "listen to the voice of the charmer, charmed she never so *un*wisely,"—the above example affords sufficient proof. I am afraid poets themselves are too self-opiniated people to make it worth while for me to warn *them* on this point; but I hereby pray all prose-writers pertinaciously to avoid so pernicious a practice. This, however, by the bye.

I need scarcely accumulate other arguments and examples to show that my favourite January deserves to rank first among the months, in merit as she does in place. But lest doubters should still remain, I

will add—ask the makers out of annual accounts whether any month can compare with January, since then they may begin to *hope* for a settlement, and may even in some cases venture to *ask* for it;—which latter is a comfort that has been denied them during all the rest of the year; besides its being a remote step towards the said settlement. And on the other hand, ask the contractors of annual accounts whether January is not the best of all possible months, since then they may begin to *order* afresh, with the prospect of a whole year's impunity. The answers to these two questions must of course decide the point,—since the two classes of persons to whom they are addressed include the whole adult(erated) population of these commercial realms! Z.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh, Death! F. H.

MY UNCLE:—A PORTRAIT.

"This fellow, now, is like an over-ripe melon—rough outside, with much sweetness under it."—*The Mountaineers.*

Imagine a short burly-faced man, in a pepper-and-salt coat, red waistcoat, light kerseymere breeches, and short gaiters; his hat beauishly inclined a slight degree from the perpendicular over his right ear, the left scantily covered with a few grey hairs suspiciously disguised with powder; an eye of varied expression; dignified when glancing at an inferior, courteous in the salutation of an equal, and salaciously amorous when ogling a pretty girl. Imagine too "a fair round belly with good capon lined," and that air of consequential importance, which the ever present reflection of being worth a plum never fails to impart; and you have a tolerable camera-lucida portrait of My Uncle, Timothy Tomkins, esq. citizen and bachelor.

Your plodding London tradesmen of the last century never suffered their imaginations to stray to green fields and rural felicity, 'till they had worn out the pith of their existence in the acquisition of a competence. They built substantial mansions in narrow alleys, and immured themselves and their progeny in their brick warrens, till the thirst of money-getting was sufficiently quenched to prompt the wish for retirement; and then they very prudently withdrew from the turmoils of traffic, to die of *ennui* and nothing-to-do-ishness in a dull country village. My honoured kinsman, though somewhat tinged with antiquated notions and gone-by prejudices, was yet wise enough to leave off bargain-driving and stock-jobbing, before he had lost all relish for rurality; but having passed the meridian of his life unburthened with connubial cares, he found, after a few months' possession of his snug cottage on Hampstead Heath, that the prattle of children and the music of a woman's tongue might have proved less annoying than chewing the cud of his own musings, nodding over a newspaper, or contemplating the stagnant viridity of a duck-pond. He grew tired of gazing on the Heath, and listening to the cawing of rooks and the tinkling of sheep-bells. The blue sky and the green fields, his grotto and hermitage, his thickset hedges, and his flower-prankt arbours, became alike indifferent to his unpoetical imagination; and he sighed for the busy bustle of Cornhill, and the grateful hum of the Royal Exchange. Pent up in his green solitude, he felt convincingly how dreary a thing it was to lead the life of a bachelor; and then he fell to reflecting how silly it was of him, some twenty years back, to break off his courtship with Miss Biddy Briggs, the rich saddler's daughter, for disliking his pea-green coat; and that if he had bridled his anger, he might have secured the tender bit for himself, instead of holding the stirrup, like a fool as he was, to fat Ferguson, the fellmonger of Bermondsey, who vaulted in his place, and galloped off with the prize. All this, however, was now "past praying for;" and though he had retired, that was no reason he should be hypped to death with the blue devils on Hampstead Heath. He, therefore, made up his mind to drive to London once a day, that he might look around and see how the world wagged; scrupulously resolving to drive no bargains either for time or tallow, but merely to "peep at the busy Babel," and occasionally secure an old friend to share half his gig, and take a dinner and

a bed at his rural domicile. Besides, there were other causes beyond the mere sense of loneliness, to induce him to adopt this plan. Among the rest, he missed his morning's sandwich and his comfortable bason of turtle. He had a tolerable cook, to be sure; and those of his old friends, who occasionally enlightened his solitude by dropping in, pronounced her culinary fabrications to be excellent. Their commendations gratified his ear, but did not convince his judgment; and Birch's soups remained *ne plus ultras*, which her skill could never achieve.

As he had no one to please but himself, his scheme was soon put into practice; and a new gig was ordered; a vehicle, by-the-bye, he had little fancy for, and in which nothing but the prejudice of the old school against riding in a stage-coach, could have induced him to peril his neck. I had the honour of initiating him in the noble science of driving; an acquirement, he said, which he never thought of living to see a gentleman take a pride in. He was immensely awkward at first; the clumsiest Phaeton that ever had a fancy for horse-flesh. His fat, fleshy knuckles grasped the reins with a most ungraceful air, and he brandished the whip like a carman. However, he was highly delighted with his new toy; and I shall never forget the glee with which he bundled into Batson's, and shook hands with a dozen of his cronies after a twelvemonth's absence. Even the waiter came in for a share of his regards.—“ What, Joe! What, here still, eh, Joe? Not in business yet, eh? And Kitty the bar-maid, too, I declare! Well, Kitty, how d'ye do? Not married yet, I see. Joe and you make a match of it, eh? Can set up Joe's coffee-house then, you know.”—A new dawn seemed to have gleamed on the old gentleman's existence. He grew fat and frolicsome, and had snug turtle-dinners and bacchanalian revels at his *rus in urbe*, 'till, like Sir John Falstaff, he grew “ out of all compass—out of all reasonable compass.” Self-willed, as old bachelors usually are, he would no longer suffer me to drive, and my equestrian services were dispensed with. “ Young, hair-brained fellows like you,” he said, “ are not fit companions for sedate elderly folks.” The fact was, he had no mind I should witness the midnight orgies of his rural retirement, and I had no inclination to partake of them. It happened one morning, after one of his customary devotions at the shrine of good fellowship, that he attempted to drive to town, his head half muzzy with the last night's debauch. The tit that run in his gig, was a fine blood mare of my own choosing; and I had more than once told him, that if he did not wish to drive to the devil, the whip and her hide must be kept at a respectful distance. “ Attempt to brush a fly off *her* neck,” said I, “ and depend on it she'll break *yours*.” Well, what does my sagacious kinsman do, but just as he came to that deep descent on the Hampstead-road, between the Heath and Camden Town, and where any man in his senses would have held tight the reins, he lays half-a-dozen swingeing lashes on the mare's flank. Away she scampered, helter-skelter; off flew the wheel, snap went the shafts, and out tumbled my uncle Timothy. The horse was stopped with difficulty, the gig was dashed to atoms, and uncle was conveyed home to bed. The old boy was more frightened than hurt. All his limbs were sound, and he had no bruises; but terror performed the work of reality, and introduced him, for the first time in his life, to the pleasures of the gout. The grossness of his habit, and the irregularities of his living,

were powerful auxiliaries to the virulence of his disorder. His temper was not one of the mildest in the world, and he indulged freely in the popular remedy of expletives. To be tied down to his arm-chair was punishment enough; but to be tortured into the bargain would have excited catarahobia in a less irritable temperament than his. I received a note from him a day or two after his accident, written in much apparent pain, if I might judge by the hieroglyphics that were jumbled together in its composition. It was couched in the following terms:—

"Bob, you scoundrel, why don't you come to me? I am dying, you undutiful cub, and you won't stir a peg.....I've had a sad accident, Bob. Spilt from that kickshaw cockle-shell, the gig. All my bones broken....Confound that mare! Your buying, Bob—on purpose, I believe, to break my neck.....Got the gout, too, Bob. The gout, you villain, and you know it, and won't come. Yes; here I may die; nobody cares for me; nobody cares for an old bachelor.....Bobby, my boy, come to your poor lame uncle......You rascal, if you don't set out directly, I'll cut you off with a shilling.

"Your loving uncle, TIMOTHY TOMKINS."

My sensations, on perusing this epistle, were none of the most agreeable: not that I disliked the old gentleman; but I was so well aware of the testiness of his temper, that I felt my dependence on him at this moment stronger than ever. I knew that it hung upon a thread; and that, square my behaviour as I would, I could hardly hope to please him. Besides, I had a tale to unfold, on the reception of which the future happiness of my life depended; and if the variable wind that guided his weathercock disposition should happen to set in the wrong quarter, a long farewell to all the fairy pictures of felicity my ardent imagination had painted. I have already glanced at an attachment of the old gentleman in his younger days to Miss Biddy Briggs, who wedded his rival. The lady certainly acted a little precipitately in the affair; for had she waited the ebullition of my uncle's passion, he would doubtless have been the first to have made overtures of peace. However, she promptly decided on giving her hand to the fellmonger, and left her quondam-beau to recover his chagrin and surprise as he might. Since that period, he had cherished a bitter dislike to the fellmonger; and whenever the image of Biddy crossed his mind, he drove it away with the epithets of a jilt, a coquet, and an inconstant. Now it happened, by the most singular chance in the world, that the daughter of this couple was introduced to me at a ball—that grand mart, time out of mind, for the exchange of hearts; and, as a matter of course, I fell in love. I hope none of my readers will take offence at this old-fashioned method of imbibing the tender passion; for I can assure them, that even now, hearts are sometimes lost in ball-rooms, as well as in the days of Sir Charles Grandison. I skip over the honied hours that preceded my offer and acceptance—lovers' *têtes-à-tête* are maudlin matters for paper. Two obstacles alone opposed our union,—trifles, perhaps, to some folks, but not so to us—I mean the consent of her parents and of my uncle, on whom the reckless generosity of a liberal-minded but ill-fortuned father had left me utterly dependent. It was agreed that I should write to the former, and make a *vivâ voce* appeal

to the latter. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were good sort of folks, who were anxious to see their daughter happy; and they wrote me in reply, that if my uncle's consent could be obtained, their's should not be withheld. Their letter contained many expressions of regard for their old friend, and an anxious wish for an union, which would connect both families in bonds of closer friendship. This was the sum and substance of their epistle, worded in a somewhat more homely style, but containing all I could desire. And now, said I, for my uncle!

It was at this critical juncture that his letter reached me; and this was the business I had to impart. Oh! thought I, the miseries of dependence! And on an old bachelor too, the testiest animal in the world! Old bachelors are a sort of wild beasts. They carry their untamed ferocities about them, to the annoyance of their fellow-creatures; while a married man, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is the gentlest being imaginable. He is swayed and curbed and softened down, 'till he loses all his celibacious asperities, and becomes a reasonable creature. Marriage, like the gentle arts, "*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros;*" it prevents men from degenerating into brutes, and, by the constant collision with woman's milder mind, gives them a portion of her tender spirit, and humanizes the soul. All these reflections were engendered by the fear that the ancient animosity of my uncle to the very name of Ferguson should stand between me and the consummation of my hopes. I glided up the stairs that led to his apartment, and as I held the handle of the door in dubious suspense, endeavoured to screw my courage to the sticking-place, ere I turned it round and ventured into his presence. The effort was made, and the door opened. By the side of the fire, half-encircled with an old-fashioned screen, sat my uncle Timothy, in a capacious arm-chair; his legs enveloped in flannels and fleecy hosiery; his hands resting on the elbows of the chair; his countenance flushed and fiery with pain and vexation, and his eyes glaring at the glowing embers in abstracted vacancy. As I advanced towards him with the best look of condolence I could command, he raised his head, and the following dialogue ensued:

"So, you are come at last. A pretty, dutiful nephew—a tender-hearted kinsman. Yes, here I might lie and languish in agony 'till doomsday. Even my own brother's son cares nothing for me; no, not an atom. Well, sir, what do you stand there for, like a stock-fish? Why don't you get a chair?"—"Sir," I replied, mechanically obeying him, "I assure you I never heard of your accident 'till the receipt of your letter; and I set off on the instant."—"Dare say you did. Don't think it, though. Hoped to find your old uncle at his last gasp, I've no doubt. Disappointed, mayhap; shall live long enough yet to tire you out. Sound at the core, Bob. No chance for you these twenty years. Took care of myself when I was young, and didn't waste my health and my money in drinking and raking. No Tom-and-Jerrying in those days."—"I should hope, sir, my conduct would acquit me of any undutiful wish towards an uncle who has always proved so kind to me as you have."—"Eh? Well, perhaps it would. As you say, I haven't deserved it, Bob. Don't think you are hard-hearted; never did. You are tolerably well as the world goes; only a little flighty. Young men, now-a-days, are not as they were when I was a stripling. Bobby, my boy, just shift my leg on this cushion. Zounds! you scoundrel, you've

crippled me. You villain, do you suppose my toes have no more feeling than a horse's hoof? Did you think you were handling a bed-post?" I stammered out an apology, attributing my inadvertency to my anxiety to relieve his pain. This soothed him a little. "Why, lookye, Bob: you know I am naturally good-tempered, but it would provoke the patience of a saint to be cooped up here like a capon, roasted as I am by a slow fire, drenched with drugs, and fed upon slops. But tell me, what are you doing? How do you like the law? Fancy you like the playhouses better. Prefer hopping at Almack's, to studying Coke upon Littleton, eh?"—"Sir, I never go to balls."—"Never go to balls! More shame for you. Dare say you never said a civil thing to a lady in your life."—"I trust, Sir, I have never been found deficient in the attentions due to the fair sex."—"Pshaw! I don't believe you. I know you are a shy cock. You've no more gallantry than a goose,—no more spirit than a tom-tit. You're an animated iceberg. Zounds! when I was a youngster, the glance of a bright eye acted on me like a spark in a powder-barrel: I was in flames in a moment. Dare say you never formed a single attachment. Sorry for it. Should like to see you married, Bob."—"Perhaps, Sir, you could recommend me a wife."—"Not I, Bob. I never played the part of a match-maker in my life. You must beat up your own game, lad, and run it down yourself."—"Then, my dear uncle, to confess the truth, so far from being the cold composition you imagine me, I am actually engaged to a lady."—"The devil you are! And pray who is she?"—I hesitated, and changed colour. "What are you stammering at? You're not ashamed of telling her name, surely."—"Oh, no, sir. Her name is——her name——that is, her name is—Miss Julia Ferguson." He stared at me a second or two in mute surprise. "Ferguson! No relation, I hope, to fat Ferguson the fellmonger." Here was a crisis! It was in vain to repent my precipitancy. Sincerity was all I had to trust to, and I confessed she was his daughter. The effect was fearful. He never uttered a word; but I could see the workings of pride, passion, and resentment, as they alternately displayed themselves in the fiery glances of his eye, the flushings of his cheek, and the quivering of his lips. Opposite his window there grew a sturdy oak. He turned his eye towards it, and thus addressed me, with an assumed coolness: "Bob, look at that oak. When your strength shall be able to bend its trunk, you may hope to bend my wishes to your will. Ferguson! I detest the name, and all who bear it; and sooner than you should wed her, I would follow you to your grave." There was something so appalling in his manner as he uttered this denouncement, that I was unable to reply; but I was spared the effort by the sudden opening of the door, and the entrance of an old friend of my uncle's, who stopped suddenly, struck by the expression on both our countenances. "Heyday!" said he, "what's the matter? Uncle and nephew at loggerheads!"—"Here's Bob," replied my kinsman, "has dared to acknowledge a passion for the daughter of fat Ferguson, the fellow that——"—"Married your adorable, because you was too sulky to ask her hand for yourself. Well, what is there so wonderful in that? Julia Ferguson is a fine girl, and deserves a good husband."—"Very likely; but do you suppose I would ever give my consent to her union with my nephew?"—"And why not? Let me tell you, the Fergusons are a respectable and a worthy

family."—"But their blood shall never mingle with mine."—"Lookye, Tomkins; you're an unforgiving fellow: your blood would suffer no contamination by the union: and I can tell you this, that whatever animosity you may bear to them, they always speak in the highest terms of you. Mrs. Ferguson, to this day, says you are the best-hearted man she ever knew." My uncle's features here assumed a more complacent aspect. "Answer me one question," said he. "Can you deny that she jilted me?"—"I can. You might have had a regard for her, but it does not follow that she was in love with you; and surely she had a right to consult her own happiness by marrying the man of her heart."—"Humph! well, I care little about that now. I hate animosity as much as any man; and Bob knows it has always been my wish that he should be happy; and if I thought they really wished to renew the acquaintance—." I interrupted the conclusion of the sentence by putting into his hand the letter I had just received. He was much agitated while perusing it, and I could see a tear in the corner of his eye. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, and desired me to reach him the writing-apparatus. In a few minutes a letter was written, announcing his wish for a reconciliation, and giving his consent to the marriage. Our hearts were too full to speak. My uncle reached out his hand to his friend. He shook it heartily. "You've acted," said he, "like yourself. This is as it should be." I quitted the room to despatch the letter, and in three weeks' time became the husband of the fellmonger's daughter. Q. Q. Q.

THE FALL OF GRENADA, OR THE MASSACRE OF THE ABENCERRAGES.*

ALHAMBRA! Alhambra! red are thy courts with gore,
Thy marble courts that murder's hand ne'er stain'd with blood before:
Alhambra! Alhambra! Grenada mourns thy shame,
No more thy country's chivalry shall glory in thy name.

Where are thy gallant chieftains now proud of unsullied blood?
Where are thy stately virgins now the pride of maidenhood?
Dim are their full black eyes with tears, their swelling bosoms show,
With deepfelt agitation heaved, their's is no common woe.

* The rapid descent of the Moorish empire in Grenada may be dated from the Massacre of the Abencerrages in the reign of Boadillin, the son and sharer of the crown with his father Muley Hassan at the close of the 15th century. The Abencerrages, the most faithful, powerful, and brave, of the Moorish factions, being envied by the Zegris and their partisans, the latter secretly persuaded the king that Albin Hamar, an Abencerrage, had been too intimate with his Queen Alfaïma. The monarch immediately joined the Zegris in a scheme of revenge, without enquiry respecting the innocence or guilt of the accused party, and thirty of the Zegris, well armed, having placed themselves in the Court of the Lions, in the Alhambra, agreed to despatch the Abencerrages of the palace, one by one, as they were sent through it by the King on different pretences. Thirty-six Abencerrages were thus destroyed, when a page, who followed the last and witnessed his master's death, ran off and alarmed the other Abencerrages of the palace, and those in the city, who immediately armed themselves, attacked and destroyed two hundred of the Zegris, made the King fly, and set fire to the Alhambra, which was partially burned. Soon afterwards the Abencerrages left the city, and joining the Spaniards became Christians. After their departure, Grenada became tributary to Spain, and the glory of the Moorish empire was no more.

No common woe is their's to-day, for many a knight is dead,
On whom with looks of love they gazed, in whom they gloried;
No other robes their fair limbs shade but sacred ones of grief,
And bursting hearts, and bosoms rent, call death to their relief.

Mourn, beautiful Grenada! mourn, thy bravest sons are low,
Thou 'rt widow'd now and left forlorn by treachery's secret blow;
Cursèd be the King, the coward King, that sacrificed the brave,
And by the assassin's lurking hand gave them an unwarn'd grave.

Thoughtless of treachery, one by one, th' Abencerrages were sent,
Where thirty Zegris watchfully in crouching ambush bent,
And many pass'd, but one true page, that saw the murderous sight,
Told of his noble master's fate upon his timely flight.

The Lions' marble court and walls with their heart's blood are dyed,
Fierce stand the Zegris sword in hand, bathed in the reeking tide,
They wait the victim coming next, and gaze with silent rage
Toward the fatal door, nor dream the tidings of the page.

None enter more to glut their ire, but with no vain delay
Th' expected victims roused and arm'd dash through the portal's way:
The Zegris fight and seek to fly, but fight and flight are vain,
Upon the blood they basely shed th' assassin band is slain.

Revenge! revenge! the people call, and every street career,
With cymiter and torch in hand th' Abencerrages appear,
Two hundred Zegris pay the price of their assassin deed,
Amid the streets, in their own halls, at their own hearths they bleed.

And now the climbing flame ascends and ruin stalks along,
The red fires flash on Daro's wave and shake their volumes strong,
Th' Alhambra blazes, Yemen's sons* no pause in anger make,
Dear is the game at which they play, for vengeance is the stake.

Alhambra! Alhambra! thou totterest to thy fall,
Already shoots the pitiless flame through corridor and hall,
It wreathes around thy columns white, it charks thy friezes fair,
Till quench'd with gore th' aspiring blaze dies in the burning air.

Alhambra! Alhambra! Grenada's boasted pride,
Though half-consumed, thou 'rt beautiful as a dark Moorish bride;
But never shalt thou be again the thing which thou hast been,
Of love, of faith, of loyalty, the high and gallant scene!

Mourn, beautiful Grenada! mourn, no more thy tourneys gay
Shall make thee envied as the pride and soul of gallantry;
Thy bravest knights are low in death, thy monarch hides his head,
His heart is base, his word a lie, his race is tarnished.

Long shalt thou grieve in weeds and dust thy empire's mighty loss,—
Thy bravest sons turn infidel and raise the impious cross—
O, slur on Moorish constancy! stain on thy prophet's fame!
Curse on the Zegris faction vile that cover'd thee with shame!

Mourn, beautiful Grenada! mourn, from this unhappy day
Declines thy sun of glory fast, swift parts thy power away—
Mourn, beautiful Grenada! mourn, soon of thee all shall be
An empty dream of by-gone power, a tale of chivalry!

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* The Abencerrages were supposed to be descended from Yemen.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.—NO. 1.

Jeremy Bentham.

Mr. Bentham is one of those persons who verify the old adage, that "a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country." His reputation lies at the circumference, and the lights of his understanding are reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name is little known in England, better in Europe, best of all in the plains of Chili and the mines of Mexico. He has offered Constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lives, know little of such a person; but the Siberian savage has received cold comfort from his lunar aspect, and may say to him with Caliban, "I know thee and thy dog and thy bush"—the tawny Indian may hold out the hand of fellowship to him across the Great Pacific. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr. Hobhouse is a greater man at the Hustings, Lord Rolle at Plymouth-Dock; but Mr. Bentham would carry it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author's influence is purely intellectual. He has devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies,—"that waft a *thought* from Indus to the Pole,"—and has never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or party-politics. He once indeed stuck up a hand-bill to say that he (Jeremy Bentham) being of sound mind, was of opinion that Sir Samuel Romilly was the most proper person to represent Westminster, but this was the whim of the moment. Otherwise, his reasonings, if true at all, are true everywhere alike: his speculations concern humanity at large, and are not confined to the hundred, or bills of mortality. It is in moral as in physical magnitude. The little is seen only near: the great appears in its proper dimensions only from a more commanding point of view, and gains strength with time, and elevation from distance!

Mr. Bentham is very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets—in general habits and in all but his professional pursuits, he is a mere child. He has lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster overlooking the Park, like an anchoret in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He hardly ever goes out, and sees very little company. The favoured few, who have the privilege of the *entrée*, are always admitted one by one. He does not like to have witnesses to his conversation. He talks a great deal, and listens to nothing but facts. When any one calls upon him, he invites them to take a turn round his garden with him (Mr. Bentham is an economist of his time, and sets apart this portion of it to air and exercise)—and there you may see the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some Opposition Member, some expatriated Patriot, or Transatlantic Adventurer, urging the extinction of Close Boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some "lone island in the watery waste," his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, cluttering accents, negligent of

his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of UTILITY—or pausing perhaps for want of breath, and with lack-lustre eye, to point out to the stranger a stone in the wall at the end of his garden, (over-arched by two beautiful cotton-trees) *Inscribed to the Prince of Poets*, which marks the house where Milton formerly lived. To shew how little the refinements of taste or fancy enter into our author's system, he proposed at one time to grub up these beautiful trees, to convert the garden where he had breathed the air of Truth and Heaven for near half-a-century, into a paltry *Chreistomathic School*,* and to make Milton's house (the cradle of Paradise Lost) a thoroughfare, like a three-stalled stable, for all the rabble of Westminster to pass backwards and forwards to it with their cloven hoofs. Let us not, however, be getting on too fast—Milton himself taught a school!—There is something not altogether dissimilar between Mr. Bentham's appearance, and the portraits of Milton—the same silvery tone, a few dishevelled hairs, a peevish, yet puritanical expression, an irritable temperament corrected by habit and discipline. Or in modern times, he is something between Franklin and Charles Fox, with the comfortable double-chin, and sleek thriving look of the one, and the quivering lip, the restless eye, and animated acuteness of the other. His eye is quick and lively, but it glances not from object to object, but from thought to thought. He is evidently a man occupied with some train of fine and inward association. He regards the people about him no more than the flies of a summer. He meditates the coming age. He hears and sees only what suits his purpose, some "foregone conclusion;" and looks out for facts and passing occurrences only to put them into his logical machinery and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory, as the miller looks out for grist to his mill! Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots and ribbed stockings; and you will find in Mr. Bentham's general appearance, a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and of the venerableness of age.—In a word, our celebrated jurist presents a striking illustration of the difference between the *philosophical* and the *regal* look; that is, between the merely abstracted and the merely personal. There is a lack-a-daisical *bonhommie* about his whole aspect, none of the fierceness of pride or power; an unconscious neglect of his own person, instead of a stately assumption of superiority; a good-humoured, placid intelligence, not a lynx-eyed watchfulness, as if it wished to make others its prey, or was afraid they might turn and rend him; he is a beneficent spirit, prying into the universe, not lording it over it; a thoughtful spectator of the scenes of life, or ruminator on the fate of mankind, not a painted pageant, a stupid idol set up on its pedestal of pride for men to fall down and worship with idiot fear and wonder at the thing themselves have made, and which, without that fear and wonder, would itself be nothing!

Mr. Bentham, perhaps, over-rates the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that "he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would by that time have upon the world." Alas! his name will hardly live so long! Nor do we think, in point of

fact, that Mr. Bentham has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent-truth, from which a number of others might be deduced; nor has he enriched the common and established stock of intelligence with original observations, like pearls thrown into wine. One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so: for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed. But Mr. Bentham's *forte* is arrangement; and the form of truth, though not its essence, varies with time and circumstance. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand on the subjects of which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner: but we should find a difficulty in adducing from his different works (however elaborate or closely reasoned) any new element of thought, or even a new fact or illustration. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as *books of reference*, as bringing down the account of intellectual inquiry to the present period, and disposing the results in a compendious, connected, and tangible shape; but books of reference are chiefly serviceable for facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, and are constantly liable to be superseded and grow out of fashion with its progress, as the scaffolding is thrown down according as the building is completed. Mr. Bentham is not the first writer, by a great many, who has assumed the principle of Utility as the foundation of just laws, and of all moral and political reasoning:—his merit is, that he has applied this principle more closely and literally, that he has brought all the objections and arguments, more distinctly labelled and ticketed, under this head, and made a more constant and explicit reference to it at every step of his progress, than any other writer. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions also is, that he has carried this single view of his subject too far, and not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. "He has not allowed for the *wind*." It is not that you can be said to see his favourite doctrine of Utility glittering every where through his system, like a vein of rich, shining ore, that is not the nature of the material,—but it might be plausibly objected that he had struck the whole mass of fancy, prejudice, passion, sense, and whim, with his petrific, leaden mace, that he had "bound volatile Hermes," and reduced the theory and practice of human life to a *caput mortuum* of reason and dull, plodding, technical calculation. The gentleman is himself a capital logician; and he has been led by this circumstance to consider man as a logical animal. We fear this view of the matter will hardly hold water. If we attend to the *moral* man, the constitution of his mind will scarcely be found to be built up of pure reason and a regard to consequences: if we consider the *criminal* man (with whom the legislator has chiefly to do), it will be found to be still less so.

Every pleasure, says Mr. Bentham, is equally a good, and is to be taken into the account as such in a moral estimate, whether it be the pleasure of sense or of conscience, whether it arise from the exercise of virtue or the perpetration of a crime. We are afraid the human mind does not readily come into this doctrine, this *ultima ratio philosophorum*, taken according to the letter. Our moral sentiments are

made up of sympathies and antipathies, of sense and imagination, of understanding and prejudice. The soul, by reason of its weakness, is an aggregating and an exclusive principle; it clings obstinately to some things, and violently rejects others. And it must do so, in a great measure, or it would act contrary to its own nature. It needs helps and stages in its progress, and "all appliances and means to boot," which can raise it to a partial conformity to truth and good (the utmost it is capable of), and bring it into a tolerable harmony with the universe. By aiming at too much, by dismissing collateral aids, by extending itself to the farthest verge of the remote and possible, it loses its elasticity and vigour, its impulse and its direction. The moralist can no more do without the intermediate use of rules and principles, without the 'vantage-ground of habit, without the levers of the understanding, than the mechanist can discard the use of wheels and pulleys, and perform every thing by simple motion. If the mind of man were competent to comprehend the whole of truth and good, and act upon it at once, and independently of all other considerations, Mr. Bentham's plan would be a feasible one, and *the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, would be the best possible ground to place morality upon. But it is not so. In ascertaining the rules of moral conduct, we must have regard not merely to the nature of the object, but to the capacity of the agent, and to his fitness for apprehending or attaining it. Pleasure is that which is so in itself: good is that which approves itself as such on reflection, or the idea of which is a source of satisfaction. All pleasure is not therefore, morally speaking, equally a good; for all pleasure does not equally bear reflecting on. There are some tastes that are sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly; and there is a similar contradiction and anomaly in the mind and heart of man. Again, what will become of the *Posthæc meminisse juvabit* of the poet, if a principle of fluctuation and reaction is not inherent in the very constitution of our nature, or if all moral truth is a mere literal truism. We are not, then, so much to inquire what certain things are abstractedly or in themselves, as how they affect the mind, and to approve or condemn them accordingly. The same object seen near strikes us more powerfully than at a distance: things thrown into masses give a greater blow to the imagination than when scattered and divided into their component parts. A number of mole-hills do not make a mountain, though a mountain is actually made up of atoms: so moral truth must present itself under a certain aspect and from a certain point of view, in order to produce its full and proper effect upon the mind. The laws of the affections are as necessary as those of optics. A calculation of consequences is no more equivalent to a sentiment, than a *seriatim* enumeration of particles touches the fancy like the sight of the Alps or Andes.

To give an instance or two of what we mean. Those who on pure cosmopolite principles, or on the ground of abstract humanity, affect an extraordinary regard for the Turks and Tartars, have been accused of neglecting their duties to their friends and next-door neighbours. Well, then, what is the state of the question here? One human being is, no doubt, as much worth in himself, independently of the circumstances of time or place, as another; but he is not of so much value to us and our affections. Could our imagination take

wing, with our speculative faculties, to the other side of the globe, or to the ends of the universe, could our eyes behold whatever our reason teaches us to be possible, could our hands reach as far as our thoughts or wishes, we might then busy ourselves to advantage with the Hottentots, or hold intimate converse with the inhabitants of the Moon; but being as we are, our feelings evaporate in so large a space, we must draw the circle of our affections and duties somewhat closer, the heart hovers and fixes nearer home. It is true, the bands of private, or of local and natural affection, are often, nay in general, too tightly strained, so as frequently to do harm instead of good: but the present question is, whether we can, with safety and effect, be wholly emancipated from them? Whether we should shake them off at pleasure and without mercy, as the only bar to the triumph of truth and justice? Or whether benevolence, constructed upon a logical scale, would not be merely *nominal*,—whether duty, raised to too lofty a pitch of refinement might not sink into callous indifference or hollow selfishness?—Again, is it not to exact too high a strain from humanity, to ask us to qualify the degree of abhorrence we feel against a murderer, by taking into our cool consideration, the pleasure he may have in committing the deed, and in the prospect of gratifying his avarice or his revenge? We are hardly so formed as to sympathise at the same moment with the assassin and his victim. The degree of pleasure the former may feel, instead of extenuating, aggravates his guilt, and shews the depth of his malignity. Now the mind revolts against this by mere natural antipathy, if it is itself well-disposed; or the slow process of reason would afford but a feeble resistance to violence and wrong. The will, which is necessary to give consistency and promptness to our good intentions, cannot extend so much candour and courtesy to the antagonist principle of evil: virtue, to be sincere and practical, cannot be divested entirely of the blindness and impetuosity of passion! It has been made a plea (half jest, half earnest) for the horrors of war, that they promote trade and manufactures—it has been said as a set-off for the atrocities practised upon the negro-slaves in the West-Indies, that without their blood and sweat, so many millions of people could not have sugar to sweeten their tea—fires and murders have been argued to be beneficial, as they serve to fill the newspapers, and for a subject to talk of:—this is a sort of sophistry, that it might be difficult to disprove on the bare scheme of contingent Utility, but on the ground that we have stated, it must pass for a mere irony. What the proportion between the good and the evil may be in any of the supposed cases, may be a question to the understanding: but to the imagination and the heart, that is, to the natural feelings of mankind, it admits of none!

Mr. Bentham, in adjusting the provisions of a penal code, lays too little stress on the co-operation of the natural prejudices of mankind, and the habitual feelings of that class of persons, for whom they are more particularly intended. Legislators (we mean writers on legislation) are philosophers, and governed by their reason: criminals, for whose control laws are made, are a set of desperadoes, governed only by their passions. What wonder that so little progress has been made towards a mutual understanding between the two parties! They are quite a different species, and speak a different language, and are sadly at

a loss for a common interpreter between them. Perhaps the Ordinary of Newgate bids as fair for this office as any one. What should Mr. Bentham, sitting at ease in his arm-chair, composing his mind before he begins to write by a prelude on the organ, and looking out at a beautiful prospect when he is at a loss for an idea, know of the principles of action of rogues, outlaws, and vagabonds? No more than Montaigne of the motions of his cat! If sanguine and tender-hearted philanthropists have set on foot an inquiry into the barbarity and the defects of penal laws, the practical improvements have been mostly suggested by reformed cut-throats, turnkeys, and thief-takers. What even can the Honourable House, that when the Speaker has pronounced the well-known, wished-for sounds, "That this House do now adjourn," retires, after voting a royal crusade or a loan of millions, to lie on down and feed on plate in spacious palaces, know of what passes in the hearts of wretches in garrets and night-cellars, petty pilferers and marauders who cut throats and pick pockets with their own hands? The thing is impossible. The laws of the country are, therefore, ineffectual and abortive, because they are made by the rich for the poor, by the wise for the ignorant, by the respectable and exalted in station for the very scum and refuse of the community. If Newgate would resolve itself into a Committee of the whole Press-yard, with Jack Ketch at its head, aided by confidential persons from the county-prisons or the Hulks, and would make a clear breast, some *data* might be found out to proceed upon; but as it is, the *criminal mind* of the country is a book sealed, no one has been able to penetrate to the inside! Mr. Bentham, in his attempts to revise and amend our criminal jurisprudence, proceeds entirely on his favourite principle of Utility. Convince highwaymen and housebreakers that it will be for their interest to reform; and they will reform and live honest lives; according to Mr. Bentham. He says "All men act from calculation, even madmen reason." And in our opinion, he might as well carry this maxim to Bedlam, or St. Luke's, and apply it to the inhabitants, as think to coerce or overawe the inmates of a gaol, or those whose practices make them candidates for this distinction, by the mere dry, detailed convictions of the understanding. Criminals are not to be influenced by reason; for it is of the very essence of crime to disregard consequences to itself and others. You may as well preach philosophy to a drunken man or to the dead, as to those who are under the instigation of any ruling passion. A man is a drunkard, and you tell him he ought to be sober; he is debauched, and you ask him to reform; he is idle, and you recommend industry to him as his wisest course; he gambles, and you remind him that he may be ruined; by this foible he has lost his character, and you advise him to get into some reputable service or lucrative situation; vice becomes a habit with him, and you request him to rouse himself and shake it off; he is starving, and you warn him that if he breaks the law, he will be hanged. None of this reasoning reaches the mark it aims at. The culprit, who violates and suffers the vengeance of the laws, is not the dupe of ignorance, but the slave of passion, the victim of habit or necessity. To argue with strong passion, with inveterate habit, with desperate circumstances, is to talk to the winds. Clownish ignorance may indeed be dispelled, and taught better; but it is seldom that a criminal is not aware of the consequences

of his act, or has not made up his mind to the alternative. They are in general *too knowing by half*. You tell a person of this stamp what is his interest; he says he does not care about his interest, or the world and he differ on that particular; but there is one point in which he must agree with them, namely, what *they* think of his conduct, and this is the only hold you have of him. A man may be callous and indifferent to what happens to himself, but he is never indifferent to public opinion, or proof against open scorn and infamy. Shame, not fear, is the sheet-anchor of the law. He who is not afraid of being pointed at as a *thief*, will not mind a month's hard labour. He who is prepared to take the life of another, is already reckless of his own. But every one makes a sorry figure in the pillory; and the being launched from the New Drop lowers a man in his own opinion. The lawless and violent spirit, that is hurried by headstrong self-will to break the laws, does not like to have the ground of pride and obstinacy struck from under his feet. This is what gives the *swells* of the metropolis such a dread of the *treadmill*—it makes them ridiculous. It must be confessed, that this very circumstance renders the reform of criminals nearly hopeless. It is the apprehension of being stigmatised by public opinion, the fear of what will be thought and said of them, that deters men from the violation of the laws, while their character remains unimpeached; but honour once lost, all is lost. The man can never be himself again! A citizen is like a soldier, a part of a machine; he submits to certain hardships, privations, and dangers, not for his own ease, pleasure, profit, or even conscience, but—*for shame*. What is it that keeps the machine together in either case? Not punishment or discipline, but sympathy. The soldier mounts the breach or stands in the trenches, the peasant hedges and ditches, the mechanic plies his ceaseless task, because the one will not be called a *coward*, the other a *rogue:* but let the one turn deserter and the other vagabond, and there is an end of him. The grinding law of necessity, which is no other than a name, a breath, loses its force, he is no longer sustained by the good opinion of others, and he drops out of his place, a useless clog! Mr. Bentham takes a culprit, and puts him into what he calls a *panopticon*, that is, a sort of circular prison, with open cells, like a glass beehive. He sits in the middle, and sees all he does. He gives him work to do, and lectures him if he does not do it. He takes liquor from him, and society, and liberty; but he feeds and clothes him and keeps him out of mischief, and when he has convinced him by force and reason together, that this life is for his good, turns him out upon the world, a reformed man, and as confident of the success of his handy-work, as the shoemaker of that which he has just taken off the last, or the Parisian barber in Sterne of the buckle of his wig. "Dip it in the ocean," said the perruquier, "and it will stand!" But we doubt the durability of our projector's patchwork. Will our convert to the great principle of Utility work when he is from under Mr. Bentham's eye, because he was forced to work when under it? Will he keep sober, because he has been kept from liquor so long? Will he not return to loose company, because he has had the pleasure of sitting *vis-à-vis* with a philosopher of late? Will he not steal, now that his hands are untied? Will he not take the road, now that it is free to him? Will he not call his benefactor all the names he can set his tongue to, the moment his back is

turned? All this is more than to be feared. The charm of criminal life, like that of savage life, consists in liberty, in hardship, in danger, and in the contempt of death, in one word, in extraordinary excitement; and he who has tasted of it, will no more return to regular habits of life, than a man will take to water after drinking brandy, or than a wild beast will give over hunting its prey. Miracles never cease, to be sure; but they are not to be had wholesale, or *to order*. Mr. Owen, who is another of these proprietors and patentees of reform, has lately got an American savage with him, whom he carries about in great triumph and complacency as the antithesis to his *New View of Society*, and as winding up his reasoning to what it mainly wanted, an epigrammatic point. Does the benevolent visionary of the Lanark Cotton-mills really think this *natural man* will act as a foil to his *artificial man?* Does he for a moment imagine, that his *Address to the higher and middle classes*, with all its advantages of fiction, makes any thing like so interesting a romance as *Hunter's Captivity among the North American Indians?* Has he any thing to shew, in all the apparatus of New Lanark and its desolate monotony, to excite the thrill of imagination like the blankets made of wreaths of snow, under which the wild-wood rovers bury themselves for weeks in winter? Or the skin of a leopard which our hardy adventurer slew, and which served him for great coat and bedding? Or the rattle-snake that he found by his side as a bed-fellow? Or his rolling himself into a ball to escape from him? Or his suddenly placing himself against a tree to avoid being trampled to death by the herd of wild buffaloes, that came rushing on like the sound of thunder? Or his account of the huge spiders that prey on blue-bottles and gilded flies in green pathless forests? Or of the great Pacific Ocean, that the natives look upon as the gulf that parts time from eternity, and that is to waft them to the spirits of their fathers? After all this, Mr. Hunter must find Mr. Owen and his parallelograms trite and flat, and will take an opportunity to escape from them.

Mr. Bentham's method of reasoning, though comprehensive and exact, labours under the defect of most systems—it is too *topical*. It includes every thing, but it includes every thing alike. It is rather like an inventory than a valuation of different arguments. Every possible suggestion finds a place, so that the mind is distracted as much as enlightened by this perplexing accuracy. The exceptions seem as important as the rule. By attending to the minute, we overlook the great; and in summing up an account, it will not do merely to insist on the number of items without considering their amount. Our author's page presents a very nicely dove-tailed mosaic pavement of legal common-places. We slip and slide over its even surface without being arrested any where. Or his view of the human mind resembles a map, rather than a picture: the outline, the disposition is correct, but it wants colouring and relief. There is a technicality of manner, which renders his writings of more value to the professional inquirer than to the general reader.—Again, his style is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He writes a language of his own that *darkens knowledge*. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that Mr. Bentham has not been prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives. He might wrap up High Treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never find its way into Westminster Hall. He

is a kind of Manuscript author—he writes a cypher-hand, which the vulgar do not pry into. The construction of his sentences is a curious framework with pegs and hooks to hang his thoughts upon for his own use and guidance, but quite out of the reach of any body else. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon with all the repetitions, parentheses, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and *verbiage* of law-Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could. In short, Mr. Bentham writes as if he had but a single sentence to express his whole view of a subject in, and as if, should he omit a single objection, circumstance, or step of the argument, it would be lost to the world for ever, like an estate by a single flaw in the title-deeds. This is overrating the importance of our own discoveries, and mistaking the nature and object of language altogether. Mr. Bentham has acquired this disability—it is not natural to him. His admirable little work *On Usury*, published forty years ago, is clear, easy, and spirited. But Mr. Bentham has shut himself up since then "in nook monastic," conversing only with followers of his own, or with "men of Ind," and has endeavoured to overlay his natural humour, sense, spirit, and style, with the dust and cobwebs of an obscure solitude. The best of it is, he thinks his present mode of expressing himself perfect, and that, whatever may be objected to his law or logic, no one can find the least fault with the purity, simplicity, and perspicuity of his style.

Mr. Bentham, in private life, is an amiable and exemplary character. He is a little romantic or so; and has dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. He lends an ear to plausible projectors, and if he cannot prove them to be wrong in their premises or their conclusions, thinks himself bound *in reason* to stake his money on the venture. Strict logicians are licensed visionaries. Mr. Bentham is half-brother to the late Mr. Speaker Abbott—*Proh pudor!* He was educated at Eton, and still takes our novices to task about a passage in Homer, or a metre in Virgil. He was afterwards at the University, and he has described the scruples of an ingenuous youthful mind about subscribing the articles, in a passage in his *Church of Englandism*, which smacks of truth and honour both, and does one good to read it in an age when "to be honest (or not to laugh at the very idea of honesty) is to be one man picked out of ten thousand!" Mr. Bentham relieves his mind sometimes, after the fatigue of study, by playing on a noble organ, and has a relish for Hogarth's prints. He turns wooden utensils in a lathe for exercise, and fancies he can turn men in the same manner. He has no great fondness for poetry, and can hardly extract a moral out of Shakspeare. His house is warmed and lighted with steam. He is one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. He has a great contempt for out-of-door prospects, for green fields and trees, and is for referring every thing to Utility. There is a little narrowness in this, for if all the sources of satisfaction are taken away, what is to become of Utility itself? It is indeed the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he has concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and has not "looked enough abroad into universality."

CASTLE BUILDERS.

It is well for man that his mental amusements are frequently calculated for restoring his intellectual faculties when they are wearied with exertion; and not a little singular that this renovation should be sometimes effected by the exercise of those functions which have been most recently in use. The mind, perhaps, never really tires; it is only the corporeal organs, through which impressions are received, that suffer fatigue, and require intervals of rest. Suppose we are exhausted ever so much by thinking on an abstruse subject for a long time together: let us lay it by and commence building castles in the air, we at once forget our exhaustion, lucid forms come before us, a fairy region opens to our view glittering with unrivalled splendours, bright suns scatter with their golden rays the lassitude that oppressed us, we make for ourselves a little heaven and enjoy its glories,—all nature and art, the worlds of truth and fiction, lay their wealth before us, and the mind recovers itself in the enjoyment of its own air-woven paradise, and finds relaxation from what appears to be almost the cause of its suffering. I am fond of castle-building; and who is not? It is delightful to lay one's head on the pillow at night, and rear these airy edifices, which, though flimsy fabrics, it must be granted, amuse and restore the mind at the time we are at work upon them. Those who cannot thus indulge, may be very safely put down for dull unimaginative beings, having no buoyancy, mere ponderous clods—"leaden souls that love the ground." The castle-builder's is a region

————of calm and serene air
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.

He may visit the "sphery chime," command time, and subdue space. He may surmount physical impossibility, and with inexhaustible ardour follow his object over every impediment. Neither dungeons nor bars, situation nor climate, can rob him of his recreation.—Castle-building, to be brief, is an enjoyment less liable to be disturbed by external appliances than any other. It is essentially a thing of mind, an intellectual banquet. On retiring to rest when sleep flies from us, during a morning walk, or in an after-dinner chair, it is delightful to give place to this beguiler of mental *ennui*. The subject will necessarily always prove an agreeable one. Last night, after a series of complicated operations, and begging a question or two, I cut an excellent canal, from the Nicaragua lake into the Pacific ocean, communicating with the gulph of Nicoya. I calculated all probable obstacles, and soon overcame them. I entered into a treaty with the local government. I took levels, built my locks, and finally, in an hour or two, rendered the navigation a matter of small difficulty for vessels of six or seven hundred tons. I drew for money to carry on my work upon the sums allotted and expended for Northern expeditions, which I again collected into masses for my purpose, and found that I was possessed of ample funds; that Captain Parry need labour no more among the Polar ice, that our merchants might ship goods to Panama *via* the gulph of Florida, and receive their returns in little more than the short space of time required for a Jamaica voyage, and that the East India Company might trade

to China, and import teas and mandarins by the route of Cape Blanco. I had at last the satisfaction of seeing a British squadron, consisting of three-deckers, pass through my canal into the Pacific.

It is not a week ago since I purchased Fonthill, and having turned Farquhar and Phillips, and the buyers and jobbers, out of the temple, I completed the edifice on its original model. Here, within a day's journey of the metropolis, and with a property *in nubibus* not equal to what some of our rich ones possess, I determined to fix my earthly rest, and to labour for posterity. A gallery, as long as any conducting to the halls of Eblis, I devoted to sculpture, and to exact models of the antique. I visited Rome to obtain the casts of ancient works, and those of Michel Angelo and Canova. Another gallery I filled with a noble collection of paintings as numerous as select. Every thing was severely and tastefully arranged, and I suffered no gewgaws and toys of *virtù* to enter my apartments. No Chinese nor Kamskatchan saloons made even the day-light hideous, but a severe simplicity governed every thing. The great hall I fitted up as a library to contain books of every nation, tongue, and people. The tower was my observatory, and I constructed a great telescope, to which Herschel's at Slough might serve as an eye-glass. I established a school for a hundred boys, taking good care to provide that the master should not have it in his power to subvert the founder's intention, and add to his profits by reducing his scholars to some half-a-dozen, a thing not uncommon in similar institutions—thanks to Mr. Brougham for the disclosure. I then made my will, and devised the whole to the Nation as a great seminary for public instruction without distinction of creed. I drew up a code of laws for its government, and provided that the students should learn something more than to be tolerable classics and mathematicians—something adapted to fit them for the active purposes of life, according to their respective prospects. In short, not to be tedious, I regulated my university agreeably to the state of modern discoveries and the present enlightened era, and rejected what smacked of monkish times, past superstitions, and all that in the present day is worse than useless. But I must not waste time in enumerating the kingdoms set free from despotism—public works constructed—triumphs of art achieved, and labours for the general benefit without number, which I have thus brought to perfection.

But I shall be told, perhaps, that all castle-building is "blear illusion," and that though every instance of it may not be followed by the consequences which overtook the unlucky castle-builder Alnaschar, the glass-seller, in the Arabian Nights, it is equally empty and unsubstantial. But I contend that it is better to build castles than not to employ the mind at all—than to lie down like the boor and steep both body and soul in oblivion, or to sit in one's after-dinner chair a very corpse with respect to intellectual action. The first hint thus casually afforded to the mind has been sometimes brought within the limits of possibility, shaped and fashioned for practical use, and ultimately proved of important service to society. Castle-building differs essentially from what students call "thinking;" in the latter case the mind is employed in one particular way upon a given subject with the greatest degree of intensity. No play is allowed to the imagination; but the mental fibre, if I may so express myself, the vibrations of which be-

long to that one subject, becomes overstretched and overworked, and is injured by being kept a long time acting in the same direction. Castle-building, on the contrary, adapts itself to all the different functions of the mind, and to those in a peculiar manner which are agreeable to us at the moment. It may thus be styled a sort of spiritual game, invigorating while it affords delight, and enabling us to return with fresh energy to close study. There is something highly agreeable in the quiescence we experience when we are rearing these shadowy edifices: fancy has full play, and we invent the most graceful images—our thoughts reflect "colours dipt in heaven"—an interval of that happiness is felt, which consists in an absence from every disagreeable sensation and the enjoyment of a delightful illusion. Thus in the midst of the turmoil of life, in the very jaws of care and sorrow, we snatch a momentary respite from the troubles that environ us. Our enjoyment is not like dreaming, defective in its essentials, the judgment at one time being asleep with the body, and at another time the memory, so that the images which appear before us are incongruous and defective. The castle-builder is awake in the full plentitude of his mental functions; he may ride, or walk, or sit, or lie, and enjoy his amusement.

But it is obvious that the architecture of the edifices so constructed will partake of the leading character of the individual that plans them, and be coloured with the hue of the habits and manners to which he has been accustomed. What an infinite variety of these schemes must be eternally at work, and how amusing a couple of hundred close-printed folios would be, descriptive of the better part of them, especially of those that are begotten by genius, and that

"Float in light visions round the poet's head."

Different nations also have their characteristics, agreeably to the peculiar impressions of each. The East is the centre of magnificent sensual castle-building, if we may judge from the fictions of the people. Incited by opium, the disciple of Mahomet sits stately and speechless upon his rich carpets for hours together, building palaces of topazes and emeralds, stocking his harems with the beauties of Paradise, and guarding them with the most faithful eunuchs of Africa, now lulled to repose by soft music in the midst of the luscious dances of the most beautiful Circassian slaves; quaffing rich wine for sherbet, slyly, out of ruby cups, in spite of the commands of the Koran; inflicting the bastinado even upon grand vizirs; cutting off the heads of Christian dogs; impaling Israelites; exploring enchanted islands, and supping with Mahomet and Cajira in the third heaven. At a less magnificent extreme of castle-building, but equally delightful to the architect, is the sober London citizen. His harem contains but one plump carneous fair-one, the emblem of plethoric vacuity, in whose presence he rears his more humble edifice over a pipe and brown-stout after a calorific supper. The fabric which his less excursive and more humble fancy erects, will be limited by the possession of a brick-house of two or three stories in the City-road, or in the purlieus of Hackney, a one-horse chaise, a hot joint every day, with added pudding to "solemnize the lord's," in a state of retirement from his shop in Cripplegate. His utmost stretch of mind never grasps a coach-and-four, nor does his notion of space extend much beyond Finchley in one direction, and Norwood

in another; a steam-boat line to Margate, perhaps, excepted. Beyond this, the world, save through the speculum of a newspaper, is a *terra incognita*, and never enters into his fancies. Yet while contemplating the *Ultima Thule* of his desires, he is equally satisfied with the turban'd Musulman in the pomp of his paradisaical meditations. How infinite the variety between the before-mentioned extremes—the merchant gazing on his visionary plums, and aping the nobility at the West-end; the parson contemplating accumulated tithes, pluralities, mitres, and translations; lawyers dazzling themselves with the glitter of gold gathered from litigations, bankruptcies, and felonies, amid a harvest of human misery; statesmen enjoying premierships with submissive parliaments and easy sovereigns; painters with cartoons out-Raphaelling Raphael, and imagining themselves without rivals; booksellers, each with an army of Scotch novelists; courtiers with toy-shops, ribbons, and baubles; princes with newly usurped powers and uncontrolled authority; and authors with literary leisure and literary glory.

Certain great geniuses have been notorious for castle-building. Fontenelle, the centenarian, was so accustomed to indulge in erecting these airy fabrics, that he may be said, fairly enough, to have lived as much out of the world as in it, and by this means there can be no doubt he prolonged his life. His perfect indifference to all those matters that commonly raise a great interest among mankind in general, made his temper even and placid, and his love of castle-building contributed to his long good health. Deaths, marriages, earthquakes, murders, calamities of all kinds, scarcely affected him at all. He built castles by day and by night, in society and out of it. His body was a machine with a moving power, and went through its actions mechanically, but his mind was generally in some region far remote from the situation it occupied. He got at one time among the stars, found them peopled, and began to study the laws, manners, and dispositions of the inhabitants of worlds many million times farther from the earth than thrice to "th' utmost pole." Going one day to Versailles early in the morning, to pay a visit to the court, he was observed to step under a tree, against which he placed his back, and beginning to castle-build, he was found pursuing his architectural labours in the evening upon the self-same spot. Kings, courtiers, and such "small gear," were unable to abstract him from following his favourite amusement, when the temptation of enjoying it was strong. Perhaps Fontenelle and Newton may illustrate the difference between the profound thinking of the scholar, and the amusement of which we are treating. Newton directed all his faculties into one focus upon a single object, proceeding by line and rule to develope the mystery which it was his desire to unravel. No play was allowed to the fancy, nor operation to more than one faculty of the soul at once; it is this which is so wearying to the frame, that gives pallor to the student's complexion, and frequently abridges life. Your castle-builder, on the contrary, may be a ruddy, florid, healthy personage. He quaffs an *elixir vitæ;* his abstractions arising only from a pleasurable pursuit in following his wayward fancies, and not from painful attention to a single subject. Sancho Panza was something of a castle-builder, jolly-looking as he was. I mention him merely to show its effect on the person. When he appeared asleep, and his master demanded what he was doing, he replied "I govern,"

being at that very instant busy in regulating the internal affairs of the island of Barrataria, of which the worthy Don had promised him the government when he had conquered it himself. Don Quixote, on the other hand, was not a castle-builder of the higher class. He called in the strength of his arm to aid his delusions, believing to be matter of fact those airy nothings which the true castle-builder regards as recreative illusions, and which cease to be harmless, if he attempt to realize them. The Knight of Cervantes took shadows for substances, and this leads me to denominate the style of castle-building which I contend is so agreeable, refreshing, and innoxious—the Poetic, in contradistinction to what may be called the Prose order. The last species is a delusion respecting something, the attainment of which is possible, though it is extremely difficult and improbable. In furtherance of the actual realization of our schemes, we lay under contribution every moral and physical aid. Pyrrhus King of Epirus was an adept in this kind of castle-building, as his conversation with Cineas proves. When we have taken Italy, what do you design next? said Cineas; Pyrrhus answered, to go and conquer Sicily. And what next?—then Libya and Carthage. And what next?—why then to try and reconquer Macedon, when, his legitimateship said, they might sit down, eat, drink, and be merry, for the rest of their days. Cineas drily advised the king to do that which was alone certainly in his power—the *last* thing first. In like manner, a German author has recently constructed a castle: he has undertaken a work, which for bulk and labour will leave Lopez de Vega and Voltaire sadly in the lurch. It is to include the history, legislation, manners and customs, literature, state of arts, and language of every nation in the world from the beginning of time; and this, which he proposes to complete himself, will occupy him laboriously for half-a-century, and carry his own age several years beyond the hundred. The French are clever at this style of castle-building: they plan admirably well, commence their labours with enthusiasm, but leave off in the middle of them. Canals, harbours, triumphal arches, constitutions, and Utopian plans of polity, abundantly attest this. Who but a Frenchman would have written to Franklin, offering, with a preliminary apology for his condescension, to be King of America, and actually expect pecuniary remuneration for humbling himself to such a purpose! Poor Falstaff was one of this latter class of castle-builders, though it must be confessed he had something of a foundation upon which to erect his edifice, when he heard the Prince of Wales was king and exclaimed, "Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities." So are lovers who cherish extravagant hopes and imagine their mistresses to be something between a very woman and an angel—like fish, neither flesh nor fowl. The supporters of a balance of power in Europe, for which England has entailed on herself and upon her posterity such an enormous debt, is like Falstaff's interest with the new king, and, together with the payment of the said debt, a piece of castle-building worthy of King Pyrrhus.

But poetical castle-building alone is a pleasant and harmless amusement of the fancy, which we must lay by when we pursue our every-day avocations, without suffering it to interfere with the realities of

existence. It is the mixing these up with its air-built pleasures that produces mischievous effects. An example of this may be found in the worthy country divine, who, having preached a score or two of orthodox sermons, thought therefore, in the simplicity of his heart, that he had some claim for patronage upon all good statute Christians, whom he determined to edify by publishing his labours for their benefit. He little guessed, greenhorn that he was, the real hold of religion upon his supposed patrons, and the true state of the market in respect to such commodities. His guilelessness of soul made him suppose that where there was a church-establishment, there must necessarily be among its numerous members a high value for religious discourses such as his were—an error he fell into for want of knowledge of the world. He calculated every thing, not forgetting the expenses or the profits of his undertaking; and that he might keep within the bounds of modesty, and show nothing like self-presumption in respect to the worth of his lucubrations, he determined to limit the impression of his volume to one copy for every parish. He printed, therefore, fearlessly, eleven thousand copies. The sequel may be gathered by enquiring about the affair in the Row.

> "The wisest schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft awry,"

says Burns. In these matters, therefore, castle-building must give place to dry evidence and the matter-of-fact testimony of the senses. Those who act otherwise in these affairs waste their years in running round a circle, and find themselves in the end at the point from which they set out. Among these materializers of the airy nothings of the mind, are the perpetual-motion-hunters, who astound society with their discoveries, and are at last obliged to creep off, as the sporting people say, "like dogs with their tails between their legs." The credulous experimenters after the discovery of the philosopher's stone; of an universal remedy, the elixir of life, by which man is to defy sickness and defer death for a thousand years; the gambler's martingale for subduing chance; and the navigators to the moon—afford examples enough of the folly of endeavouring to realize the fantasies of imagination, and of trying to build with sunbeams and prismatic colours the coarse and ponderous edifices of man's erections.

These objections, however, do not affect castle-building of the right kind: the enjoyer of which truly believes his visions too subtle for the common world, from which he must withdraw himself to see them. He sets out with the perfect consciousness that the feast of which he is going to partake, belongs not to tangible existence, that it consists of ethereal aliment laid out in the universe of spirit, and that consequently it is an intellectual entertainment upon "ambrosial food," which, while he tastes, must receive from him no alloy of corporeal substances. He knows that this pleasure is an illusion, like all others, even those that consist of better things; but he nevertheless, derives a temporary satisfaction from it. Pleasant to him is the short interval of rest in his armed-chair after dinner, for, when the foolish world thinks him taking his nod, he is in an elysium—pleasant are his silent devotions to Raleigh's soothing weed, to the solace of his segar or hookah—pleasant is the still hour of night when sleep is deferred a

little only to be the sounder when it comes, and the unslumbering fancy revels in unwearied luxury and rears the noblest edifices in her matterless region—pleasant, in short, is castle-building whenever the mind wants renovation, or amusement of its own peculiar character, and can so employ itself without a waste of time or attention from more important objects.

Y. I.

THE LAST LOOK OF GRANADA.

O! the evening sun goes sweetly down
  On the old Alhambra walls
At the close of day, when the sunbeams stray
  Through the lone and silent halls:
When the shifting gleams of the parting beams
  Come softly trembling in,
Through the branching boughs that the myrtle throws,
  On the marble floor within.

Where the gilded arches bow'd their heads—
  The stars are sparkling through;
The colonnade, where the fountain play'd,
  Night freshens with its dew;—
I see the slow-paced beadsman go
  Where the dancer's footsteps flew;
I hear the knell of the vesper bell
  Where the lordly trumpet blew.

And the stream has spread from its dusty bed,
  And the fount is waveless there—
And the weeds are rank, where the roses drank
  The balmy evening air:
The scrolls that told of the deeds of old
  Are voiceless on the wall,
For a hand unseen hath mantled them
  In a green and mossy pall.

But a mournful beauty sits above
  That greenness of decay—
Bright names will shine, though the fane decline,
  And the kingdom pass away;
And the orange-blossom breathes as sweet
  When the sultry day is done,
And the dews of night as softly light
  On the Garden of the Sun.*

O! well may the Moorish maiden weep—
  And the Moslem's bosom burn,
As he bows the knee, when he prays to see
  Boabdel's reign return;
As he dreams of the days, when the torch's blaze
  O'er the mazy Zambra shone—
Through these dim halls, where the footstep falls
  With a wild unearthly tone.

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* El Generalife.

'Twas a fearful hour that saw the power
  Of the Moslem rent away—
Sad shapes were driven o'er the darken'd heave
  Through the long and weary day.—
The breeze's breath was still as death,
  Yet sounds came wandering by,
Like the moan that woods and waters make
  When winds are in the sky.

The crescent there shone high in air
  When the sun of morning broke—
At the evening hour, from Comares tower
  Fernando's trumpet spoke:
Our king comes in, with the music's din
  And the victor's proud array;
And *one* must part, with a heavy heart,
  From the city of his sway.

He look'd not round—he spake no sound—
  He stoop'd not from his pride,
Till his step he stay'd, where the pines o'ershade
  The lonely Daro side;
Then he turn'd him back, on his exiled track
  He turn'd him once again,
And his eyes they took their last fond look
  Of the Paradise of Spain.

They wander'd down, where tower and town
  In the yellow moonbeam lay;
Nevada's height look'd out in light
  And the white-wall'd Santa Fe;
It slept upon the Vega field—
  It sparkled on the rill;—
The stars of night lay calm and bright
  In the silver-waved Genil.

But the Christian hymn, from the city dim,
  Came loud upon his ear—
He heard the shout of the rabble rout
  And he could not bear to hear.
He turn'd aside, for he felt the tide
  Of tears begin to flow;
But the drops came fast, and he wept at last
  In the bitterness of woe.

"Farewell! ye towers, and streams and bowers,
  A last farewell," he said:—
Outspake his queenly mother then
  As she raised her stately head:
"'Tis well thy part—the coward heart
  Should end as it began,
And *he may* weep, that could not keep
  His kingdom like a man."

G. M.

LAST YEAR.

——"See the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live."—SHAKSPEARE.

EIGHTEEN hundred and twenty-three years have elapsed since the Infant of Bethlehem changed the history of the Universe. If we cast our eyes backward along the stream of time, from the present moment to that eventful æra, what a strange succession of human revolutions crowds upon our vision! The Roman Empire———My dear Sir, exclaims the reader, Gibbon's Decline and Fall occupies of itself twelve goodly volumes, and if you purpose leading us through all the intermediate time, even in the briefest summary, we may come to the end of our days before you will have completed your centuries. Your exordium is too solemn and grandiloquent: what is antiquity to us, or we to it? Time in the wholesale is rather too bulky a commodity for either a writer or reader of periodicals; but if you have any little retail article referring to that portion of it with which we have both been conversant, and which therefore comes home to our business and bosoms—any epitaph, for instance, upon the year which has just expired, we will promise you, provided it be not too much in the lapidary style, (as Dr. Johnson terms it,) to honour it with a resolute attempt at perusal.—Contributors to magazines are like actors—"they who live to please must please to live," and therefore, most conditional reader, (for I dare not assume thy retention of that title, if I do not tickle the sides of thine understanding,) I promise to limit our excursion to the three hundred and sixty-five days which our common hobby-horse the Earth has employed in performing his last gallop around the sun.

A foreigner of distinction once asked a British member of Parliament what had passed in the last session;—"Five months and fourteen days" was the reply; and if many of us were asked what we had accomplished in the last year, we might be reduced to the necessity of stating, that we had not only become twelve months older; but that, exclusive of our little terrestrial excursions from London to our country houses and back, we had been travelling round the sun at the rate of fifty-eight thousand miles every hour, and, in the rotatory motion of the earth upon its own axis, had completed an additional five hundred and eighty miles in every similar space of time. So far we have established our claim to be considered as a part of the sublime scheme of creation; but as to any thing that we have performed worthy of an intelligent being, moving in such a magnificent pageant, and obviously framed for the most noble destinies, it is to be feared that very few have reason to be proud of their exploits. Hundreds of thousands are at this moment making up the accounts of the last year, with a reference to their profit and loss, but how many dream of a mental debtor and creditor statement to ascertain the gains or deteriorations which they have experienced in the affections of the heart, or the faculties of the head? or how many calculate their chances in that eternity to which

they are three hundred and sixty-five days nearer than they were at the outset of last year?

Methinks I hear the jingling of sovereigns in the breeches pocket of some warm, portly, and purse-proud reader of Clapham Common or Stamford Hill, as with a complacent chuckle he mutters to himself—"I laid by four thousand six hundred pounds last year"—which he deems a full and triumphant answer to all such impertinent interrogatories. Among a nation of gold-worshipers like the English, bowers of the knee to Mammon, adorers of the glittering deity which Jeroboam set up in Dan and Bethel, I can understand the origin, though I do not recognize the validity of this plea. Nay, it is not difficult to comprehend the gratifications of the professed miser. Nothing is so ridiculous as to pronounce such a man, because his enjoyments differ from our own, to be miserable, in that acceptation of the word which implies unhappiness. His mode of life being his own free election, is a proof of its being the best adapted to his own peculiar notions of pleasure, for no man voluntarily prefers wretchedness. Avarice has been designated the vice of old age; may it not sometimes be its consolation also? When the senses have failed, when the affections are dried up, when there is no longer any intellectual interest in the world and its affairs, is it not natural, that like drowning men, we should grapple at straws; that we should clutch whatever will still furnish us an excitement, and attach us to that busy scene from which we should otherwise sink down into the benumbing torpor of ennui, superannuation, and fatuity? A miser has always an interest in existence: he proposes to himself a certain object, and day by day has the consolation of reflecting that he has made new progress towards its attainment. An old man was lately living in the city, and perhaps still vegetates, who declared that he wished for protracted years, because it had always been the paramount ambition of his soul to warrant this inscription upon his tomb-stone—"Here lies John White, who died worth four hundred thousand consols." Ignoble, sordid, base as this ambition was, it cheered him on in the loneliness and decrepitude of his eightieth year, and is, perhaps, still ministering a stimulant to the activity of his narrow mind. Nor is it a trifling advantage to such men, who being generally worth nothing but money, would, if left to their intrinsic claims, be abandoned to solitude and contempt, that their reputation for wealth procures them friends, flatterers, associates, who watch over them with more than the tenderness of consanguinity, condole with their sufferings, sympathise with them in their successes, submit to their caprices, humour their foibles, and pamper them with presents. Call them, if you will, parasites, plunderers, legacy-hunters: still their good offices are not the less acceptable. If the object of their manœuvres see through their motives, it is a grateful homage to his wealth, an admission of his superiority, a sacrifice to the deity whom he himself adores. If he do not, he affords one more proof, that the great happiness of life consists in being pleasantly deceived. Alas! there are many besides the miser, who would wring their own hearts, if the window of Momus enabled them to discover that of their friends.

But while the money-spinner is endeavouring to sweeten the dregs of life, he is unconsciously embittering death. Unable to take his coin

with him, not even the obolus for Charon, he is only hoarding up a property of which he is to be robbed; for whether he is to be taken from his wealth, or his wealth from him, the result is equally tormenting. Post-obits and reversions, however he may have gained by them after the death of others, will bring him in nothing after his own; so that he will have the mortification of reflecting, that he has been accumulating money, and eking out his life, only to aggravate the pangs of parting from both. Submitting this "trim reckoning" to the consideration of the aforesaid citizen of Clapham Common or Stamford Hill, I would suggest that his four thousand six hundred pounds may not be so all-sufficing an evidence of the beneficial employment of last year, as the jingling of the sovereigns in his pocket may have led him to conclude.

And your Ladyship?—may I enter upon record that you are well satisfied with the employment of the eight or nine thousand hours of the last year?—"I have at least passed them, sir, in a manner perfectly becoming my rank and station. I have been at every fashionable party of any notoriety; my own routs have been brilliantly attended; my pearls have been all new set by Rundell and Bridge; my Opera-box has been exchanged for one in a better situation; it is universally admitted that I dress more tastefully, as well as expensively, than Lady Georgiana Goggle; I have become so far perfect in *Ecarté*, that though I play more, I lose less, and adverting to this unquestionable proof of improvement, it cannot be said that I have altogether lost my time."—Certainly not, madam, you have only thrown it away. I acquit you of its occasional and accidental, in order to convict you of its constant and premeditated misapplication.

Be not alarmed, young lady: it is unnecessary to subject you to the same interrogatory, for those downcast eyes and that half-suppressed sigh sufficiently reveal that you are but ill satisfied with the appropriation of your time during the past year. It is the misfortune, and not the fault of our youthful females, that the artificial and perverted modes of society, as it is constituted in England, condemn them to a perpetual struggle with all the aspirations of nature;—that they are sentenced to a round of heartless dissipation, to be paraded and trotted up and down the matrimonial Smithfield, in the hope of striking the fancy of some booby or brutal lord and master; and that a failure in this great object of their existence, pitiable as it is, embitters the termination of every year with corroding anticipations of waning beauty, and all that silent fretting of the spirit, which gnaws the heart inwardly while it suppresses every external manifestation. Few objects are more distressing than to contemplate one of these garlanded victims, gradually withering like a rose upon its stalk, shedding the leaves of her beauty one by one, and at last falling to the earth in premature decay, or preserving a drooping existence with all her charms and brightness fading utterly away. These are the blooming virgins yearly sacrificed to the Minotaur of Luxury, which, prohibiting all marriages in a certain class of life, that are not sanctioned by wealth, debases one sex by driving it to licentiousness, and dooms the other to become a pining prey to unrequited affections and disappointed hopes.

Never have I been more painfully awakened than when in the dead

silence of midnight, I have been startled by a peal of "*triple bob-majors*," which, in performing their foolish ceremony of ringing out the old year, send forth their inappropriate echoes into the universal darkness, and scare the repose of nature with their obstreperous mirth. It is an unhallowed and irreverent mode of solemnising the twelvemonth's death. It is as if at the funeral of a deceased parent a rejoicing chime should suddenly burst like a peal of laughter from the belfry, instead of the sad—slow—deep toll of the single passing bell. These iron tongues should not be allowed to shout out their indecent merriment at a consummation fraught with so many inscrutable mysteries and appalling associations. What! are we cannibals so to rejoice that a portion of our best friends has been actually eaten up by the omnivorous maw of time? Are we saints and of the elect so fully prepared for the blow of death that we can carol at being brought three hundred and sixty-five days nearer to the edge of his scythe?—Perhaps it may be urged, that these noisy vibrations are rather meant to salute the present than the past year, to celebrate a birth, not a death, to welcome the coming rather than to speed the parting guest: and that upon the accession of a new year, as of a new king, their brazen and courtier-like loyalty finds more delight in the glory which is rising and full of promise, than in that which has just set and can bestow no more. The ancients divided their annual homage with a less obsequious selfishness. Janus, who stood between the two years, gave his name indeed to the first month, but he was provided with a double face, that by gazing as steadfastly upon past as future time he might inculcate upon his worshipers the wisdom of being retrospective as well as provident. But Janus was an ancient and a god; had he been a modern and a man, he would have known better!

However it may have been partially misapplied and wasted, the last year may still, perhaps, have materially advanced the sum of human happiness, and as it is impossible to solve this point by an examination of individual evidence, we will decide it by a show of hands. All you who are as much or more discontented with your present lot, than you were twelve months ago, please to hold up your hand.—Heavens! what an atmosphere of palms, gentle and simple, fair and furrowed, cosmeticised and unwashed; what a forest of digits, some sparkling with diamonds, some unadorned, and a whole multitude cinctured with the wedding-ring!—You, on the contrary, who feel yourselves happier than you were—hold up *your* hands. Alack! what a pitiful minority! A few youths who left school at the last Christmas holidays, and an equal number of girls who, having dismissed their governesses, are to *come out* this season. Young and sanguine dupes, enjoy your happiness while ye may: I am not serpent enough to whisper a syllable in your ear that might accelerate the loss of your too fleeting paradise!

H.

ON THE DEATH OF RIEGO.

They bore him forth to meet his end,
The hero of his time,—
The name that Freedom's holy breath
Hallows in every clime.

Priests, and inquisitors, and kings,
Exulting saw him die,
Like demons glutted with their joy
At damning misery.

They drugg'd the bowl with coward art
And treachery refined,
Lest he should tell them from the tree
The triumphs of his mind.

And yet it booted not that he
With dying prophecy
Should warn the recreants of the doom
Vengeance is bringing nigh.

That doom is on the rolls of Fate,
'Tis register'd and seal'd,
And like th' Assyrian pestilence
Should blast them unanneal'd.

The seed is sown by Freedom's hand,
Its growth is sure though slow,
Its harvest of arm'd men shall work
For the destroyer's woe.

Then life's last agonies no more
Shall glut a tyrant's hate,
Nor ignorance cowl'd, nor perjury crown'd
Curse Spain's unhappy state.

Then from some mighty intellect
The banded kings shall fly,
Great as Napoleon's, with a heart
More just to liberty.

O deem not that the patriot's blood
Is ever vainly shed,
It cries to Heaven—it cries to Earth—
'Tis heard among the dead.

The lightning bears it on its wing,
'Tis seen upon the cloud,
It calls amid the ocean's roar,
And from the tempest loud.

It bids upbraiding from the dust
Indignant nations rise,
Shake off their chains, and dare assert
Man's nobler destinies!

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF COWPER.*

Perhaps no poet of modern times excites a more perfect sympathy in the reader than Cowper—there is no one with whom we cherish, and desire to cherish, so purely personal a feeling. But this feeling, though created and called forth by means of his writings, does not point at them, or even seem to have any necessary connexion with or dependence upon them. It is not with *his writings* that we sympathise; so far from it, there are many portions of these which we peruse with pain, and turn away from not without indignation. And the parts which we do admire, and which unquestionably include a large proportion of the whole, do not lay hold of our affections, or fix themselves upon our memory, as those of many other poets do We do not dwell and harp upon them, and repeat them to ourselves, and quote them to others, and dream of them, and recur to them in the midst of other things, without being able to avoid it. He has no passages that haunt us like a strain of music, and *will not* be got rid of. We are able to lay his poetry down, and take it up again, just as we please—to put it on and off, like a garment. But it is not so with our abstract notion of *the man*. In *him*, and in all that seems to concern him, we feel a personal interest: and after a time we read his writings, not so much for their own sake, as for his, and because we desire to know all his feelings, and the causes and consequences of them; we read them as a means, not as an end—as a means of reading *him*.

This was strikingly the case even before the publication of Hayley's Life of the poet. But when that took place, the feelings of personal regard which had before been called forth by Cowper's poetry, became encreased to a pitch of almost painful interest by means of the letters which his biographer, with a kind of unconscious judgment and good taste, substituted in the place of any other detail of the writer's life: for "Hayley's Life of Cowper" is luckily to be found no where but in the title-page of his volumes—the poet being permitted to tell his own story, so far as it suited the views of his friend to let that story appear. The letters to which we now refer, were, almost immediately on their appearance, allowed to take their station beside the most distinguished productions of any time or country, in the class to which they belong. And they in fact deserve that station; a very great proportion of them being models of the epistolary style, in point of ease, grace, and unaffected simplicity; and being, moreover, the pure effusions of as gentle and tender a heart as ever beat within a human bosom. But Cowper's letters, as they appeared in the publication alluded to, were calculated to engender other feelings than those of admiration towards themselves, and affectionate regard towards the writer of them. Previously to this time, certain parts of his poetry, which need not now be particularly referred to, had raised suspicions that something was at work in the writer's mind which ought not to have been there. There was occasionally a tone of feeling, and a turn of

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* Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends. Now first published from the Originals in the possession of his kinsman John Johnson, LL. D. rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk. 2 vols. 8vo.

expression, which seemed to indicate, either that the writer's views on the subjects which he treated were unsettled and utterly at variance among themselves, or (what it was scarcely possible to believe) that they were not put forth to the world with that thorough good faith, without which one of their chief charms would have been wanting. Now, the letters published by Hayley in 1806 were pretty generally supposed to have explained this apparent inconsistency. They discovered to us, in the poet of The Task, a being with natural qualities and dispositions, both of mind and body, calculated to render him blest in himself, and a delight and blessing to all around him—with an eye prone to discover all natural and moral beauty wherever it existed—a heart ever open to receive that beauty, and to leap with joy at the acquisition of it—and a mind gifted with the almost magical power of multiplying that beauty, and spreading it abroad upon all other minds and hearts within its reach. But in discovering to us these natural qualities and dispositions, they also discovered that, from some source or other, a fatal taint had found its way among them—a plague spot was every now and then visible, which, if it did not spread over and disfigure all, at least announced the presence of an influence which was likely to do so during every moment that it lasted. In plainer language, if it be needed, the letters of Cowper, as published by Mr. Hayley, discovered to us that, during the whole long period in which they, as well as his poetry, were written, the writer of them was labouring under an intellectual malady, complicated in its nature, and in its effects more fatal to the sufferer and more pitiable to the beholder than perhaps any other of the kind on record;—that in fact Cowper, at those periods when he was not actually in a state of mental darkness or aberration, was perpetually dreading the immediate approach of such a state, and was at the same time perpetually taking the very surest means of bringing that state upon him, by pampering the growth of certain religious views which had taken entire and exclusive possession of his active and susceptible, but somewhat timid imagination; and which views were utterly at variance with the perceptions of his quick and penetrating intellect, and the impulses and suggestions of his pure and gentle heart.

This is what the letters in question disclosed to the sympathising reader. But, if we remember them rightly, this is *all* that they disclosed;—thus leaving the matter still involved in a painful and perplexing mystery—leaving us still in doubt as to the relation between the innate and the external source of Cowper's malady, or whether the one had any necessary connexion with the other: in short, giving us no clue by which to find our way to the beginning of that malady, or to trace its progress;—but only permitting us to see a few of its wretched consequences, and to weep over its fatal end.

It is not our present intention to enquire minutely into the question, whether Hayley was justified in withholding from the world the clue above alluded to—supposing that he possessed it; or whether, on the other hand, those persons were so justified who afterwards, in 1815 and 1816, furnished the world with something of the kind, in the shape of a Posthumous memoir of Cowper's early life, written by his own hand. We conceive that these are matters with which the public have little or no concern. *They*, the public, may be perfectly justified

in receiving and applying to their own purposes what the persons who supply them may have been imprudent or impolitic, or even grossly unjustifiable, in placing at their disposal. And on the other hand, we do not know that they have any right to complain of an editor who prefers *his* views, of letting them know no more than he wishes them to know, *to theirs*, of knowing all that is to be known. Certain it is, however, that, in the case more immediately before us, the public *are* anxious to know the real truth; and it is equally certain that they have not hitherto received the clue which will lead them to it. Whether that clue has not at last been placed in their hands, is a question which we shall not absolutely determine, except for ourselves—since it involves matter almost too delicate and at the same time too dangerous for a public journalist to handle; but we are greatly mistaken if the unprejudiced reader will find any difficulty in making the decision for himself, after he has perused some of the interesting and affecting matter to which we now call his particular attention.

The work before us consists of two additional volumes of the private letters of Cowper to his most intimate friends; and it is ushered into the world by a Preface explaining the views of the editor, Dr. J. Johnson, the poet's kinsman in putting it forth, and the sources from whence it has been obtained; and adding, what will perhaps be considered as unnecessary at least, the testimony of two of the editor's friends as to the merit and interest of the matter: though *we* can so easily excuse the said editor for printing the elegant eulogy of *one* of those friends, that we shall follow his example, and insert it here, as well in justification of what we may hereafter have to say in favour of the work, as to furnish the reader with an opinion which he may safely accept as worth more than any anonymous one that is likely to be offered to him.

"It is quite unnecessary to say that I perused the letters with great admiration and delight. I have always considered the letters of Mr. Cowper as the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language; and *these* appear to me of a superior description to the former, as much beauty with more piety and pathos. To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness, they unite a high degree of correctness, such as could result only from the clearest intellect, combined with the most finished taste. I have scarcely found a single word which is capable of being exchanged for a better.

"Literary errors I can discern none. The selection of words and the structure of the periods are inimitable; they present as striking a contrast as can well be conceived, to the turgid verbosity which passes at present for fine writing, and which bears a great resemblance to the degeneracy which marks the style of Ammianus Marcellinus, as compared to that of Cicero or of Livy. A perpetual effort and struggle is made to supply the place of vigour, garish and dazzling colours are substituted for chaste ornament, and the hideous distortions of weakness for native strength. In my humble opinion, the study of Cowper's prose may, on this account, be as useful in forming the taste of young people as his poetry."—*Extract of a letter to the editor from the Rev. R. Hall, of Leicester.*

With respect to the other parts of this explanatory preface, we learn from it, that, with the exception of one series, the letters now published had been previously submitted to Mr. Hayley, and by him rejected, as not suited to the views of *his* publication. Now this notification, which could not in candour be withheld by the editor, but

which he evidently puts forth with fear and trembling, as likely to cast a damp upon the interest of his work,—is precisely that in which *we* find its chief value to consist; and we fully anticipate that this will be the case with respect to many other readers besides ourselves—though certainly not to the majority. Those who have been accustomed to take a deep interest in the melancholy fate of Cowper, and who yet feel that they have not hitherto been able to penetrate into the real causes of that fate, will be likely to exclaim, on reading the passage which contains the above announcement:—"Now, then, we shall probably be able to 'pluck out the heart' of poor Cowper's mystery! It cannot be but that mystery is developed somewhere or other in the course of his private letters; for whatever his poems might be, his letters were evidently the effusions, not of his pen but his heart: and *here* are those which have been hitherto *suppressed* by the person whose object, perhaps whose duty, it was to give to the world nothing but what might prove creditable to the memory of the poet, and agreeable to his surviving friends. We shall surely find something *here*, then, which will prove to us that it was not in Cowper's own heart that were engendered those monstrous and degrading notions of God, and Man, and Nature, which shattered his intellect and blasted his peace; or, at all events, that if they were *engendered* there, it was not there that they found the foul materials on which they fed, and grew, and flourished!" We do not conceive that it falls within our province to determine, for the readers in question, whether they will find what they seek; especially as they are likely to be as well qualified as we are to make the decision for themselves on perusing the work. And in fact *without* perusing it, or at least all those various portions of it which bear upon the point, they would not be entitled to make any decision at all; and it does not consist with our plan to lay those passages before them. But we may, perhaps, be allowed to say to those readers, (addressing them, not as critics, but as individuals deeply interested like themselves in a question no less important as a moral enquiry than affecting as an instance of human suffering,) that we have searched the work before us in the spirit in which we have supposed that *they* will search it, and that, for ourselves, we *have* found what we sought! And we will add, that the discovery has given us more sincere, though not unmingled delight, than any thing else of the kind that we remember to have met with.

But we are perhaps treating of this work with too exclusive a reference to what are likely to be the views and feelings of a *few* readers respecting it. Passing over the remainder of the editor's Preface, therefore,—which does not claim particular attention, either on account of its style or matter,—let us examine the work with a view to its general character, as a collection of letters from the pen of a favourite poet, and an amiable and accomplished man. We shall take a cursory glance at the general contents of the two volumes, omitting for the present all farther allusion to those particular portions of it to which we have referred in the beginning of this paper. But if our space will permit us, we shall probably again recur for a moment to that part of the subject.

The first volume commences with several short, but most agreeable letters to Mr. Joseph Hill, of the Temple; the only male friend,

except Hayley, not decidedly devoted to religious pursuits, with whom Cowper kept up any connexion or correspondence after his retirement into the country. Some of these letters are delightful specimens of that easy gaiety of heart which, notwithstanding all the adventitious gloom with which it was so fatally blended, was, after all, the only *natural* turn of Cowper's disposition. There are many others throughout the volumes addressed to the same person, and of the same character. For the sake of variety, however, we shall extract as we go. Was there ever seen so graceful a mode of asking for a remittance, as the following short note presents?—

"By this time, I presume, you are returned to the precincts of the law. The latter end of October, I know, generally puts an end to your relaxations; such as reading upon sunshiny banks, and contemplating the clouds, as you lie upon your back.

"Permit it to be one of the *aliena negotia centum*, which are now beginning to buzz in your ears, to send me a twenty pound note by the first opportunity. I beg my affectionate respects to my friends in Cook's-court."

Here is another equally short, and interesting from the literary opinions it includes. *One* of those opinions will sound a little startling to the admirers of Milton.

"I have been reading Gray's Works, and think him the only poet since Shakspeare entitled to the character of sublime. Perhaps you will remember that I once had a different opinion of him. I was prejudiced. He did not belong to our Thursday society, and was an Eton man, which lowered him prodigiously in our esteem. I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think, equally poignant with the Dean's."

There is something very touching in the following reflections on Mr. Newton's quitting Olney; and they are expressed with a sweet simplicity:—

"You have observed in common conversation, that the man who coughs the oftenest, (I mean if he has not a cold) does it because he has nothing to say. Even so it is in letter-writing: a long preface such as mine, is an ugly symptom, and always forebodes great sterility in the following pages.

"The vicarage-house became a melancholy object, as soon as Mr. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy: now it is actually occupied by another family, even I cannot look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden this evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, That used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer. The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place; the bolt of the chamber-door sounds just as it used to do; and when Mr. P——— goes upstairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot could hardly, perhaps, be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again. These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me upon the occasion; * * * * * *. If I were in a condition to leave Olney too, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business with the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and theirs would be shocking to me."

The first part of the following is admirably expressed. It seems to refer to a solicitation which he had received from his friend Mr. Newton, to reply to some pamphlet which had just appeared on a religious controversy in which his friend was engaged. But we give the extract chiefly on account of the last passage, which is full of a wild pathos that is affecting in the highest degree.

"If I had strength of mind, I have not strength of body for the task which, you say, some would impose upon me. I cannot bear much thinking. The meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinners' threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture.—No—I must needs refer it again to you.

"My enigma will probably find you out, and you will find out my enigma, at some future time. I am not in a humour to transcribe it now. Indeed I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable at any rate, but more especially so if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter. But the mind long wearied with the sameness of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on any thing that may make a little variety in its contemplations, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail."

The following passages are exceedingly interesting: one on account of the insight it gives us into the use to which the poet applied his art; and the other, as explaining his own views on one of his principal works:—

"At this season of the year, and in this gloomy uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine, to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipt again."

"I send you *Table Talk.* It is a medley of many things, some that may be useful, and some that, for aught I know, may be very diverting. I am merry that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it. Now and then I put on the garb of a philosopher, and take the opportunity that disguise procures me, to drop a word in favour of religion. In short, there is some froth, and here and there a bit of sweetmeat, which seems to entitle it justly to the name of a certain dish the ladies call a trifle. I did not choose to be more facetious, lest I should consult the taste of my readers at the expense of my own approbation; nor more serious than I have been, lest I should forfeit theirs. A poet in my circumstances has a difficult part to act: One minute obliged to bridle his humour, if he has any, and the next, to clap a spur to the sides of it: Now ready to weep from a sense of the importance of his subject, and on a sudden constrained to laugh, lest his gravity should be mistaken for dulness. If this be not violent exercise for the mind, I know not what is; and if any man doubt it, let him try. Whether all this management and contrivance be necessary, I do not know, but am inclined to suspect that if my Muse was to go forth clad in Quaker colour, without one bit of ribband to enliven her appearance, she might walk from one end of London to the other, as little noticed as if she were one of the sisterhood indeed."

Here is another passage similar to one of the preceding :—

"If a Board of Enquiry were to be established, at which poets were to undergo an examination respecting the motives that induced them to publish, and I were to be summoned to attend, that I might give an account of mine, I think I could truly say, what perhaps few poets could, that though I have no objection to lucrative consequences, if any such should follow, they are not my aim; much less is it my ambition to exhibit myself to the world as a genius. What then, says Mr. President, can possibly be your motive? I answer with a bow—Amusement. There is nothing but this—no occupation within the compass of my small sphere, Poetry excepted—that can do much towards diverting that train of melancholy thoughts, which, when I am not thus employed, are for ever pouring themselves in upon me. And if I did not publish what I write, I could not interest myself sufficiently in my own success, to make an amusement of it."

We have hinted that Cowper's natural disposition was of a joyous character. It was so to a pitch of boyishness. He was, in fact, as pure and innocent as a child, and *might have been* as happy—sporting away his pleasant hours like a bird. How he delighted to make little riddles, and send them to his friends, and listen to their wrong solutions of them, and then send them the right! We have several instances of this in these volumes, and most affecting ones they are, occurring as they do in the midst of a gloom deep and deadly as that of the grave! Here follows one. He had sent his friend a cucumber, telling him that it was one "of my raising, but not raised by me."

"It is worth while to send *you* a riddle, you make such a variety of guesses, and turn and tumble it about with such an industrious curiosity. The solution of that in question is—let me see; it requires some consideration to explain it, even though I made it. I raised the seed that produced the plant that produced the fruit, that produced the seed that produced the fruit I sent you. This latter seed I gave to the gardener of Terningham, who brought me the cucumber you mention. Thus you see I raised it—that is to say, I raised it virtually by having raised its progenitor; and yet I did not raise it, because the identical seed from which it grew was raised at a distance. You observe I did not speak rashly, when I spoke of it as dark enough to pose an Œdipus; and have no need to call your own sagacity in question for falling short of the discovery."

We extract the following short passage for the purpose of pointing out the singular mixture which it presents, even within the same paragraph, of the adventitious, or perhaps we should say, the *habitual*, and the natural. The change from the one to the other, at the last clause, is striking.

"Though much obliged to you for the favour of your last, and ready enough to acknowledge the debt, the present, however, is not a day in which I should have chosen to pay it. A dejection of mind, which perhaps may be removed by to-morrow, rather disqualifies me for writing,—a business I would always perform in good spirits, because melancholy is catching, especially where there is much sympathy to assist the contagion. But certain poultry, which I understand are about to pay their respects to you, have advertised for an agreeable companion, and I find myself obliged to embrace the opportunity of going to town with them in that capacity."

The following is very pleasant and natural, and the style of it is the

perfection of easy simplicity. The occasion was that of having just converted a little summer-house in his garden into a writing-room.

"It is an observation that naturally occurs upon the occasion, and which many other occasions furnish an opportunity to make, that people long for what they have not, and overlook the good in their possession. This is so true in the present instance, that for years past I should have thought myself happy to enjoy a retirement even less flattering to my natural taste than this in which I am now writing; and have often looked wistfully at a snug cottage, which, on account of its situation at a distance from noise and disagreeable objects, seemed to promise me all I could wish or expect, so far as happiness may be said to be local; never once adverting to this comfortable nook, which affords me all that could be found in the most sequestered hermitage, with the advantage of having all those accommodations near at hand which no hermitage could possibly afford me. People imagine they should be happy in circumstances which they would find insupportably burthensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who, in return, envies him as much his palace and his pleasure-ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; that he had no cellar for his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an incumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end to his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune. The rich gentleman had, perhaps, or might have had, if he pleased, at the shortest notice, just such a recess as this; but if he had it, he overlooked it, or, if he had it not, forgot that he might command it whenever he would. The rustic, too, was actually in possession of some blessings, which he was a fool, to relinquish, but which he could neither see nor feel, because he had the daily and constant use of them; such as good health, bodily strength, a head and a heart that never ached, and temperance, to the practice of which he was bound by necessity, that, humanly speaking, was a pledge and a security for the continuance of them all.

"Thus I have sent you a school-boy's theme."

The following is another singular compound of gloom and humour. It would be worth extracting, if it were only for the capital simile about the riot-act.

"I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace with the riot-act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that of a bishop's servants. They turn too upon spiritual subjects, but the tallest fellow and the loudest amongst them all, is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te, periisti*. You wish for more attention, I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so it were not a vicious one; but however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance. Yet with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, constitutes a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from

us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled address, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period, chiefly, I suppose, because at that time we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years, is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom."

The passage which follows we should willingly have passed over, if we could have persuaded ourselves that it really *belonged* to Cowper. We can only trust ourselves to say that it is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Newton, the poet's friend and religious Mentor—a person who not long afterwards "improved the occasion" of Handel's celebrated Commemoration, by preaching a sermon on the profanation of that ceremony!

"He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music. The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation, and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding, than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation, it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

We meet with several passages in these volumes in which Cowper roundly asserts that all the light and humorous passages in his poetry are mere tricks—invented purely to inveigle the reader into listening to something more serious and useful. To this, as before, we shall only venture to say, that the passages in question occur in letters *addressed to Mr. Newton.* Here are two of them:—

"Be that as it may, it is quite sufficient that I have played the antic myself for their diversion; and that, in a state of dejection such as they are absolute strangers to, I have sometimes put on an air of cheerfulness and vivacity, to which I myself am in reality a stranger, for the sake of winning their attention to more useful matter."

"By the way—will it not be proper, as you have taken some notice of the modish dress I wear in *Table Talk*, to include *Conversation* in the same description, which is (the first half of it, at least,) the most airy of the two? They will otherwise think, perhaps, that the observation might as well have been spared entirely; though I should have been sorry if it had, for when I am jocular I do violence to myself, and am therefore pleased with your telling them, in a civil way, that I play the fool to amuse them, not because I am one myself, but because I have a foolish world to deal with."

The following is as agreeable a specimen as we ever recollect to have met with of the intentional "*parturiunt montes*," &c.

"This afternoon the maid opened the parlour-door, and told us there was a lady in the kitchen. We desired she might be introduced, and prepared for the reception of Mrs. Jones. But it proved to be a lady unknown to us, and not Mrs. Jones. She walked directly up to Mrs. Unwin, and never drew back till their noses were almost in contact. It seemed as if she meant to salute her. An uncommon degree of familiarity, accompanied with an air of most extraordinary gravity, made me think her a little crazy. I was alarmed, and so was Mrs. Unwin. She had a bundle in her hand—a silk handkerchief tied up at the four corners. When I found she was not mad, I

took her for a smuggler, and made no doubt but she had brought samples of contraband goods. But our surprise, considering the lady's appearance and deportment, was tenfold what it had been, when we found that it was Mary Philips's daughter, who had brought us a few apples by way of a specimen of a quantity she had for sale."

The letters addressed to Mr. Newton may be searched long enough before we shall find in them such a passage as the following. Poor Cowper, with all his tenderness of heart, never forgot what was due to that gentleman—or rather what was expected by him. The passage is part of a letter to his old friend Mr. Hill, and refers to some one whom he has introduced to Cowper.

"I have seen him but for half an hour, yet, without boasting of much discernment, I see that he is polite, easy, cheerful, and sensible. An old man thus qualified, cannot fail to charm the lady in question. As to his religion, I leave it—I am neither his bishop nor his confessor. A man of his character, and recommended by you, would be welcome here, were he a Gentoo, or a Mahometan."

We cannot resist the temptation of contrasting this with another passage of a very different character. Cowper has been describing the brilliant career of a man of family and fortune, who, after passing his youth abroad in folly and extravagance, returns, and "again makes a splendid figure at home—shines in the senate—governs his country as its minister—is admired for his abilities—and, if successful, adored, at least by a party;" and this imaginary person he contrasts with one of the poor but pious cottagers at Olney. He adds—"Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman *was one whom his Maker had in abhorrence*, and the wretch last mentioned dear to him as the apple of his eye?"—(Vol. i. 230.)—Who, indeed!—We need not say to whom *this* is addressed.

Having already found that our limits will not permit us to say all that we wish to say, on the painful part of our subject to which this last extract belongs, we had abandoned our intention of making any farther allusions to it on the present occasion. But the above passages, written within a very short period of each other, offered, to *our* thinking, so striking an illustration of the real state of the case, that we could not refuse to pick them up in passing, and lay them before the reader, who may draw what inference from them he pleases. Once for all, however, we entirely acquit Mr. Hayley of all blame in suppressing such passages as the last that we have given; for they are no more to be attributed to his amiable and gentle-hearted friend, than the foul and blasphemous ravings of the youthful priestess of some Indian idolatry are to be considered as proceeding from the gentle form through which they do but pass. Neither do we, on the other hand, attach any thing like censure to the gentleman who has now given these passages, and a variety of similar ones, to the world. Whatever may have been his motive for so doing, (and we cannot conceive it to have been other than a justifiable one, as it respects himself and his deceased relative,) we, the Public,—who desire to know *all* that can be known about every one of whom we are interested in knowing *any thing*,—are obviously indebted to him: though we cannot but suspect that he little anticipated the use to which the information he has furnished us with is capable of being applied.

But pass we on to the more agreeable part of our task. Nothing can be more picturesque than the first portion of the following extract, nor more amiably easy than the second.

"At seven o'clock this evening, being the seventh of December, I imagine I see you in your box at the coffee-house. No doubt the waiter, as ingenious and adroit as his predecessors were before him, raises the tea-pot to the ceiling with his right hand, while in his left the tea-cup descending almost to the floor, receives a limpid stream; limpid in its descent, but no sooner has it reached its destination, than frothing and foaming to the view, it becomes a roaring syllabub. This is the nineteenth winter since I saw you in this situation; and if nineteen more pass over me before I die, I shall still remember a circumstance we have often laughed at.

"How different is the complexion of your evenings and mine! yours, spent amid the ceaseless hum that proceeds from the inside of fifty noisy and busy periwigs; mine, by a domestic fire-side, in a retreat as silent as retirement can make it; where no noise is made but what we make for our own amusement. For instance, here are two rustics, and your humble servant in company. One of the ladies has been playing on the harpsichord, while I, with the other, have been playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A little dog, in the mean time, howling under the chair of the former, performed, in the vocal way, to admiration. This entertainment over, I began my letter, and having nothing more important to communicate, have given you an account of it. I know you love dearly to be idle, when you can find an opportunity to be so; but as such opportunities are rare with you, I thought it possible that a short description of the idleness I enjoy might give you pleasure. The happiness we cannot call our own, we yet seem to possess, while we sympathize with our friends who can."

We hold this to be the perfection of letter-writing. What follows is equally good in its way. It is, in fact, one of the best specimens of cool, contemptuous irony that we are anywhere acquainted with.

"I give you joy of the restoration of that sincere and firm friendship between the Kings of England and France, that has been so long interrupted. It is a great pity, when hearts so cordially united are divided by trifles. Thirteen pitiful colonies, which the King of England chose to keep, and the King of France to obtain, if he could, have disturbed that harmony which would else, no doubt, have subsisted between those illustrious personages to this moment. If the King of France, whose greatness of mind is only equalled by that of his Queen, had regarded them, unworthy of his notice as they were, with an eye of suitable indifference; or, had he thought it a matter deserving in any degree his princely attention, that they were, in reality, the property of his good friend the King of England; or, had the latter been less obstinately determined to hold fast his interest in them, and could he, with that civility and politeness in which monarchs are expected to excel, have entreated his Majesty of France to accept a bagatelle, for which he seemed to have conceived so strong a predilection, all this mischief had been prevented. But monarchs, alas! crowned and sceptred as they are, are yet but men; they fall out, and are reconciled, just like the meanest of their subjects. I cannot, however, sufficiently admire the moderation and magnanimity of the King of England. His dear friend on the other side of the Channel, has not indeed taken actual possession of the colonies in question, but he has effectually wrested them out of the hands of their original owner, who, nevertheless, letting fall the extinguisher of patience upon the flame of his resentment, and glowing with no other flame than that of the sincerest affection, embraces the King of France again, gives him Senegal and Goree in Africa, gives him the islands he had taken from him in the West, gives him his conquered territories in the East, gives him a fishery upon the banks of Newfoundland; and, as if all this were too little, merely because he knows that Louis has a partiality for the King of Spain, gives to the latter an island in the Mediterra-

neau, which thousands of English had purchased with their lives; and, in America, all that he wanted, at least all that he could ask. No doubt there will be great cordiality between this royal trio for the future: and though wars may perhaps be kindled between their posterity, some ages hence, the present generation shall never be witnesses of such a calamity again. I expect soon to hear that the Queen of France, who, just before this rupture happened, made the Queen of England a present of a watch, has, in acknowledgment of all these acts of kindness, sent her also a seal wherewith to ratify the treaty. Surely she can do no less"

Here is an exceedingly droll description, written in Cowper's own genuine and exquisitely humorous manner:—

"He had stolen some iron-work, the property of Griggs, the butcher. Being convicted, he was ordered to be whipt; which operation he underwent at the cart's tail, from the stone-house to the high arch, and back again. He seemed to shew great fortitude, but it was all an imposition upon the public. The beadle, who performed it, had filled his left hand with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of his whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by Mr. Constable H———, who followed the beadle, he applied his cane, without any such management or precaution, to the shoulders of the too merciful executioner. The scene immediately became more interesting. The beadle could by no means be prevailed upon to strike hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder; and this double flogging continued, till a lass of Silver-end, pitying the pitiful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pitiless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the latter, seized him by his capillary club, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapt his face with a most Amazonian fury. This concatenation of events has taken up more of my paper than I intended it should; but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle threshed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person concerned who suffered nothing."

We shall conclude our extracts from the first volume, with a charmingly light and lively passage, on the manner in which time escapes from us in these short postdiluvian days:—

"It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short; and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats'-milk, and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow; and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chace, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far

spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is; and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so."

It seems almost superfluous for us to say, that a work, from which such extracts as these four last can be culled in the space of a few pages, recommends itself to general attention, as a source of the most agreeable amusement.

The second volume of these letters is not so light and miscellaneous in its character as the first; but to many readers it will prove even more deeply interesting, on account of its admitting us more fully into the melancholy places of Cowper's mind. Leaving the reader, however, to make this part of the investigation for himself, we can only afford space for a slight reference to that portion of the present collection which has now, for the first time, been submitted to the selecting hand of editorship. These are the series of letters addressed to Mrs. King, the wife of Dr. King, Rector of Kimbolton; and we may safely pronounce them to be, generally speaking, and in proportion to their extent, of equal value and interest with any of the writer's that have hitherto been submitted to public notice. It seems that the lady, on the appearance of Cowper's poems, had commenced a correspondence with him, on the score of an ancient intimacy with his brother. This led to an interchange of civilities, which ended in a strict and intimate friendship; and the letters now published as part of this work, are a selection from the results of that intimacy. These letters are for the most part of a light, lively, and cheerful description; containing reminiscences of the happy part of the poet's past life, notices of the progress of his works, sketches of the manner in which he spends his time, &c. &c. And all this nearly unmingled with any melancholy or despondence; and the whole written with that delightful ease of manner, and graceful propriety of expression, in which Cowper has never been surpassed. In fact, to those readers who search these volumes for mere amusement, the portion of it to which we are now referring will form its chief attraction; and the rather, that, as we before hinted, it has never passed through any *selecting* hands. Our limits preclude us from giving any farther extracts; but we refer the general reader to the following letters, as especially proving what we have now stated: the letter at page 117, giving a rapid sketch of the writer's past life; that at page 150, where he draws an imaginary portrait of his correspondent, whom he has not yet seen; the charming one at page 162, where he describes to her his mode of passing his time before he took to writing poetry; and one at page 218, where he describes his manner of writing his translation of Homer, out in the fields, on scraps of *her* letters. In short,

the whole of these letters to Mrs. King are a most valuable addition to Cowper's general correspondence;—of this new portion of which we now take leave, by sincerely thanking, on more accounts than one, the relative through whose intervention we owe the public appearance of it.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER, A BALLAD.

"Memini, nec unquam obliviscar, illius noctis."—CICERO.

I SLEPT one night (how *could* I sleep?)
  Within a chamber lone and drear,
Where ghosts might well their vigils keep,
  And ghostly people quake and fear.

My bed was tall; and, dim with age,
  Its yellowish curtains circled round;
The counterpane was wrought, I 'd 'gage,
  By hands long moulder'd in the ground.

Three carved oak-chairs, of ponderous weight,
  Relieved the wainscot's dismal length;
A moonbeam, through the window's grate,
  Shone sickly o'er their limbs of strength.

The dust of years lay damp and thick
  On all that met my musing eye:
My lamp was low; its drooping wick
  Sustain'd a flame that soon must die.

The mantlepiece, antique and broken,
  In stain'd and chilling marble stood;
And near the hearth-stone glared a token—
  Oh, God! it is the hue of blood!

Above, in colour's radiance, hung
  A mother and her infant child:
I look'd—her face was bright and young—
  And, as I look'd, methought she smiled.

Her dark and lightning eyes confess'd
  The fulness of maternal joy,
While pillowing on her snow-white breast
  The soft cheek of her blooming boy.

And lo, her consort!—Curtain'd o'er
  By half a century's dusty veil—
Suspended 'twixt the gothic door
  And princely couch—a chief in mail!

How fine the expression! all the fire
  That ever lit the Italian eye
Burns in those orbs—distinct from ire—
  Just like the lightnings of the sky.

His cheeks are colourless—yet warm—
  As tinged in Oriental clime:
His brow is mark'd; perchance the storm
  Of passion mark'd it—'twas not Time.

Perhaps, thought I, in days of old,
  This warrior and his lady bright
In this dim chamber loved to hold
  Sweet converse—rested here at night.

Perchance those lips, whereon I gaze,
Full oft were to each other prest,—
While that dear babe's angelic face
Lay, like a rose, on the white breast!

Now they are nothing:—what their fate?
Does no romantic legend tell?
They were most lovely—were they great?
Where did that child of beauty dwell?

Thus, lost in reverie, I stood
Riveted there,—until a blast,
Which shook the window-frames, subdued
The spells that o'er my soul were cast!

I started back—'twas still as death.
I eyed the tapestry o'er and o'er;
I listen'd, and I held my breath—
But all was silent as before.

The legend-tales of fear, that threw
Enchantment o'er that *haunted* room,
Rose to my mind, in dread review,
Like sheeted spectres from the tomb.

I raised the expiring lamp on high,
And dizzily scann'd the portrait old.
Out went the light!—and inwardly
Sank my crush'd heart! 'Twas bitter cold.

I heard the wainscot near me creak—
I saw the elm's huge branches wave
Black through the casement—and a shriek
Rang in my ears as from the grave!

* * * * * *

What *could* it be?—I knew no more
Than you who are my story reading!
Perhaps it was some grating door—
Perhaps some peacock—serenading.

* * * * * *

I stripp'd i' the dark, and went to bed,
And my o'erwearied eyelids closed,
And, though I 'd goblins in my head,
Soon in the arms of sleep reposed.

Whether, while Somnus held me bound,
The ghosts and goblins frisk'd in play
About the apartment, round and round
My bed, is—what I cannot say.

Spectres might join their pale hands o'er
My slumbering head, for what I know,
And with their ghostly optics pore
Upon my face:—(I hope not, though.)

The lovely lady might step out
From her rich frame, and kiss my face—
Taking me for her spouse, no doubt,
As I lay sleeping in his place.

'Tis all surmise. But on that head
I 'll own, if any ghost, for fun,
Presumed to glide about my bed,
I hope 'twas she—that rose-lipp'd one.

LIVING FRENCH POETS.—NO. III.

Casimir Delavigne.

This author, at the moment in which I write, (for the dignity of the personal plural must on this occasion be discarded,) has reached the summit of popularity; and while I take up the pen to trace a notice of him as man and poet, the enthusiastic plaudits of hundreds, shouting his name as with a single voice, are still ringing in my ears. I have, in fact, just returned from the first representation of his comedy "L'Ecole des Vieillards;" and, before the freshness of the animating display fades from my mind, I am willing to commence an article upon the general character of the author and his works, which has been hitherto delayed to allow some mention of this touchstone of his fame.

Nothing for a considerable time past has excited so much movement in the literary circles of Paris as the expectation of this play. Delavigne is certainly, De Bérenger excepted, the most popular writer of the day;—with the public from his patriotism and the versatility of his talents, with men of letters from his genius and modesty, with his friends from the almost unrivalled amiability of his disposition, and with his party from the firmness of his principles. So many elements of popularity have been seldom combined; and the only cement required to form them into a solid construction was furnished lately in the *destitution* of this distinguished individual from a trifling situation, by which he became marked as an object of government persecution, and therefore of public sympathy. I shall have occasion to revert to this point hereafter, and only mention it now as one of those causes which, independent of the author's celebrity, tended to excite so strong an interest for the representation of his last work. In the present state of the English stage, little notion can be formed with us of the anxiety with which a genuine comedy is watched for in Paris. The lighter inspirations of Thalia seem to have quite abandoned our original authors; for while those among them who attempt dramatic writing give their real devotion to the sombre influence of her sister muse, Comedy, if it can be so called, has fallen into the hands of a few writers, who appear quite content to exercise their ingenuity in adaptations from the French, or the arrangements of some popular romance. The irresistible talent for caricature possessed by two or three of our actors exercises also a most unfortunate influence upon true comedy, which seems gradually losing all its pretension to what was distinguished by the now rather unfashionable word "genteel," and sinking deeper and deeper into the amusing but extravagant buffooneries of broad farce, forming with us a parallel, but not precisely a similar, degradation to that of Italian comedy so bitterly complained of by Addison in his time. In reference to this subject I may be allowed a passing remark upon the complaints made indiscriminatingly against authors who write for particular performers. I think it extremely unjust to make this matter of blame on all occasions. Nothing seems more natural than that a poet, composing his tragedy, should find in the warmth of his conceptions an association with the particular powers of the actor who is to give them utterance. Who could avoid indulging the anticipation of the palpable touch of Fame, conducted, as it were, through

the medium of the performer; or hesitate in giving scope for the respective merits of Siddons or Kean, or Duchesnois or Talma? It appears to me, that such a feeling must at all times have influenced, and happily influenced, those authors, from Æschylus to Delavigne, who wrote with the inspiring hope of seeing their pieces performed; and that very much of the merit of plays has arisen from this influence, involuntarily exercised by the player. The danger or the degradation does not consist in writing up to genius, but in writing down to grimace.

But, returning from this point to the one from which it branches, we must allow that, as regards pure comedy, "they manage these matters better in France;" and however justly we may despise the vapid recitations which they call tragedy, we must allow that, in the other department of theatrical art, they offer us a good example, by which we do not benefit. The nice shades of classification into which they divide their dramatic productions is certainly advantageous to particular branches, however it may deteriorate from the effect of the whole. The divisions of Italian poetry into epic, narrative, and romantic, are not more accurately defined or more scrupulously observed than the tragic, tragi-comic, melo-dramatic, comic, and farcical compartments of the French stage. This affords, of course, a very limited field for those strong contrasts which we consider the essence of dramatic merit; and it would appear an additional proof of the inconsistency which seems the very *vis animæ* of this people, that while those nicely-marked distinctions are preserved to the letter in their plays, it is the great boast of their society (of which those representations are presumed reflections) to merge all distinctions, and bring manners to one level. But the fact is, that the French do not look for general pictures of life upon the stage. They do not seek a display of what might be called the historic pictures of dramatic art. They require individual figures, from the observation of which they are not likely to be attracted by broad and general delineations; and if their scenic *portraiture* be suffered to extend itself into a group, the group must be a family one, where nothing out of keeping is allowed. Destructive as this taste is to the bolder efforts of dramatic talent, and hopeless as it renders any effort to shew the striking features of every-day life, it is by no means prohibitory, as is commonly supposed, of representations of nature. On the contrary, it seems to allow of a minuteness of detail as to particular traits of character, of a drawing out and developement, that a more crowded and involuted display would in a great measure preclude. It is this, more than any peculiar tact attributed to French writers, which enables them to shew such minuteness and finesse in the scanty characters of their pieces, and in their narrowness of incident and plot; and in proof of this I can have no more appropriate illustration than "L'Ecole des Vieillards."

The characters of this piece are M. Danville, his wife, her grandmother, a Duc D'Elmar his patron, M. Bonnard his friend, and an old male servant. The representation passes in a *salon* in Paris; the time occupied is about twenty-four hours; and the plot is simply as follows. Danville, a man of sixty years of age, arrives from the country after two months' absence; he finds his young wife and her grandmother indulging the utmost extravagance of a Parisian life, the former being closely besieged by the tender assiduities of the Duke, who is nephew to a minister of state. Danville, dissatisfied at this career, jealous of

the Duke, yet tenderly attached to his wife, opposes her pursuits; and, after a vain effort to dissuade her, at last consents to her going that evening to a ball given by the minister. She, in her turn, becomes generous, and voluntarily abandons her resolution to go. Danville, quite happy, goes out to transact a necessary formality for his appointment to a lucrative place, and soon returns to sup with his wife and his expected friend Bonnard; but she in the mean while, yielding to the persuasion of her grandmother and the Duke, has set off to the ball, and left a note for her husband, announcing this change of resolution. Distracted at the confirmation of his jealous fears, he dresses hastily, and follows to the minister's, where he was also invited: but while he vainly searches for his truant spouse, she returns dissatisfied with herself and all she had seen; and as she sits in expectation of her husband's appearance, she hears a carriage approach, flies to the door, and is surprised and shocked by the presence of the Duke, who, taking this favourable opportunity, first presents her with her husband's commission, signed that evening by the minister, and follows this up by a declaration of love. The indignant wife repels him with disdain; but, terrified by the noise of Danville's approach, she puts him into a closet, assumes tranquillity, and Danville enters. He, having ascertained that the Duke was with his wife, questions her with severity, and is convinced by her confusion that the object of his jealousy is hidden in the closet. He retires to his cabinet; she flies to her own chamber, leaving the doors open for the Duke's escape; but Danville instantly returns, opens the closet, and peremptorily orders the Duke to come out. The Duke does so; and, after an animated scene, a meeting is fixed for daybreak, and the fourth act ends. The fifth opens with Danville's return from the field, where he has been disarmed by his adversary. Worried by the congratulations of his friend and his wife's grandmother, he is almost driven to frenzy when the wife herself comes in. He is all at once tranquillized by her regret and her innocent explanations; and the play ends by her reading a letter which she had written to the Duke, repelling his daring offers; and by her making a request, to which the husband gladly consents, that he would remove her from Paris *instanter*.

Such is the construction of this piece: and such, without underplot, incident, invention, or involution beyond what I have related, or change of scene or decoration, has been received by one of the most crowded and select Parisian audiences with bursts of rapturous applause.* Much of this was no doubt owing to the inimitable acting of Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, in the husband and wife; but much more to the gracefulness of style, the piquancy of some passages, the smooth flow of the verse; and, above all, to the keeping and natural tone of the characters; or to that prompt *sentiment de convenance*, which is Voltaire's definition of *esprit*. How such a play would have been received in England is a question, perhaps, not very difficult to decide; but it is a fact, that it is pronounced by many competent judges to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of an author otherwise highly distinguished. It has had the additional merit of fixing an epoch in the annals of the French stage, for

* Since this article has been written, the play continues to run a course of continued prosperity.

the character of Danville was Talma's first appearance in comedy in Paris. He has in "Misanthropie et Repentir," "Falkland," and "Shakspeare Amoureux," occasionally verged on the borders of this sacred domain; but, what with the nicely-defined boundaries of melodrame on the one hand, and those of farce on the other, he has never till now taken his unquestionable station as the hero of genteel and legitimate comedy.

It is not within my limits, nor my intention, to criticise this play minutely. Its plan affords no evidence of great originality of invention, and its leading characters will call to the English reader's mind Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, Lord and Lady Townley; and, more particularly still, Moody and Peggy. M. Delavigne has, I know, both read and warmly admired "The School for Scandal," to which he no doubt owes the subject of this piece: but of its still more striking coincidence with the "Country Girl" he was quite ignorant, never having heard of that play till the eve of the representation of his own.

Having devoted so much space to the subject of M. Delavigne's most recent work, I must be restricted to limits too narrow to give a detailed notice of the many productions of his versatile talents. He is the author of one other comedy, "Les Comédiens;" and two tragedies, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" and "Le Paria;" besides those still more popular poems, "Les Messéniennes," on which his chief claim to celebrity may, after all, be considered to rest. The general distinctive character of the author is an extreme flexibility of talent; and his style possesses, in a great measure, the suppleness and variety which distinguish his conceptions. Less energetic and profound than Delamartine, he is more elegant and correct. Yet there is no timidity in his style, nor a servile following of Racine, of whom we may easily recognise him to be a disciple. He overcomes with singular felicity many obstacles arising from the difficulties of versification, which the French alone consider beauties, but which the rest of the world thinks deformities. In all the varieties of style peculiar to tragedy, comedy, elegy, and ode, that facility has communicated to him the secret of introducing those images and expressions which properly belong to each; and he succeeds in throwing into verses that may be weak in thought, a suavity of expression which steals upon the heart in tones as harmonious as can be drawn from the harsh instrument of French versification. He is, indeed, particularly attentive to the exactness of rhyme, paying strict regard to those graces to which so much of the celebrity of his great master is due. His chief faults are an occasional want of point; proceeding, perhaps, from a premature abandonment to the impulse of ideas not perfectly defined to himself; and casual passages of redundancy, when the too ardent love of elegance leads, as it generally does, to weakness.

Casimir Delavigne is the second of three brothers, the eldest of whom has also displayed considerable dramatic talents, and is the author of several popular pieces. The subject of this notice was born at Havre de Grace in the year 1794. At the age of seventeen, while yet at college, he published a copy of verses on the birth of the King of Rome; but, after that boyish proof of his poetical turn, he prudently abstained from appearing before the public until 1816, when he gave to the world his first series of political poems, entitled "Messéniennes." The novelty of the idea, and the brilliancy of the execution of these

pieces, suiting so well with the tone of public feeling at that period, ensured them prompt success. But the strong sentiments of liberalism which they displayed, mixed with their exaggerations, particularly where England was the subject of the poet's dispraise, stamped them as the effusions of a young and heated mind, and placed the author, as a party man, in the foremost ranks of opposition. It is easy to be believed that he became, from that moment, a marked object for royalist enmity, affording one of the many proofs, that no public man, however amiable or talented, can venture to identify himself with the political feelings of one party, without instantly incurring the deadly hatred of the other. Such has been the state of public feeling for several years past; nor is it at all subsiding. The consolidation of royalist power, and the defeat of liberal hope, seem only to have widened the breach; and it is lamentable to see literature and its professors clinging to the worst example held out by politics. It is easy to comprehend the fatal effect this must produce upon literature in most of its departments; but it is probably less injurious to poetry than to the others. Poetry is a great generalizer; and, even when it is political, poetry is so much woven with imagination, that its realities attract but a comparatively small share of hostility: and though one could not hope to meet in the same salon two authors of opposite *couleurs*, a popular tragedy may attract general applause, let it come from the right side or the left, from Soumet or Arnault—while Marchangy, the Ultra Avocat-general, and Le Brun, the poet of Napoleon, sit cheek-by-jowl together in the same box, as I saw them at the first representation of "L'Ecole des Vieillards."

It would be perhaps unjust to give a decisive opinion as to the bent of Delavigne's genius. He has tried many walks in his art, and has trod every one of them with gracefulness and success. But his powers have not yet found their level. He is but thirty years of age; and we have the dictum of the most acute of French critics, that he has not lived long enough to have acquired sufficient knowledge of life and the human heart for surmounting the difficulties of dramatic writing. If a judgment, not premature, might be formed from what he has already done, we should be perhaps inclined to say that Voltaire's decision is applicable to his case; for, in none of the four pieces which he has given to the stage are to be found those bold and masterly delineations of the heart and the mind, that stamp an author as a first-rate dramatic genius. There is, however, enough of power as well as pathos in the tragedies, and brilliancy in the comedies, to give a sure promise of still greater excellence. We must, moreover, recollect that the great staple of success in *French* dramatic writing, power of versification, is possessed by Delavigne in an eminent degree; and that neither Racine nor Molière were as successful in their first essays as he has been in his.

But, as I have before said, his chief distinction is probably not so much founded on these laborious efforts for the stage, as on the lighter and less difficult pieces called "Messéniennes." These have procured for him, not only the fame and emolument naturally attached to a successful production, but also the nomination, by the late *garde-de-sceaux* M. Pasquier, of librarian of the *Chancellerie*, and the not less marked honour of an unmerited *destitution* at the hands of that minis-

ter's successor, M. de Peronneyt. On this occasion the Duke of Orleans, with a promptness at once liberal and princely, placed himself before this first attempt at persecution, and appointed the poet his librarian; a situation not subject to the shiftings of ministerial, or even monarchical caprice.

M. Délavigne's four theatrical pieces have appeared during the space of so many years. The most popular of the three which have, up to this moment, passed the ordeal of criticism is "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." It has been, by the legalised and inscrutable despotism of the censorship, lately prohibited from representation. The "Messéniennes" to the number of eight, with some smaller pieces, have appeared at intervals. Of the last three of these a notice was given, soon after their appearance, in a former number of this work*; and it may therefore be unnecessary to swell out this rather desultory article by any comment upon them or their fellows. Another series is, it is said, receiving the last preparatory touches for publication from the author's elegant pen; and if an ardent wish might be expressed in homely phrase, I would utter a hope that the pen may not be nibbed too finely, but that the author may give, as he did in "Parthénope et l'Etrangère," an intrepid and vigorous specimen of genius, wielding the only weapon, now that swords are sheathed, which may be used by hands devoted to the cause of freedom.

I had nearly omitted to mention that, at the last vacancy in the Academy, Casimir Delavigne was put in nomination; but rejected to make way for the Abbé Freyssinous! It is fitting that a politico-religious candidate should meet with preference before a poet, in an institution formed by a Cardinal Richelieu, and in which Molière never found a seat. This recollection may console Delavigne, as he talks over his failure in the domestic circle of which he is so truly an ornament.

G.

SONNET.

The New-made Grave.

THERE was a new-made grave, on which the sun
His western beams was flinging as in scorn
Of those in sable garb, that, sorrow-worn,
Approach'd with him whose earthly course was run.
I then remember'd it was dug for one
Who should have wedded on the very morn
Of this sad eve, on which I saw him borne
To the abode of those whose days are done.
And she in widow's weeds, who thought to wear
The bride's gay trappings, stood all pale and cold,
Grasping the pall with the unconscious hold
Of one too frozen in her own despair
To feel its depth, or have a tear to shed
O'er the loved relics of the happier dead.

A. S.

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* Vol. V. pp. 385 and 497.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XV.

When any thing provoking occurs in Great Britain, it is, by a vulgar adage, said that "flesh and blood can't bear it." The phrase, if it proceeded from a disembodied mouth like mine, would constitute what is here called a bull. I shall therefore content myself with remarking, that the treatment which one Mr. *William Tittup*, commonly called *Tittup the Civilian*, has received and is receiving from the other sex, has excited my high displeasure. To shew the origin and extent of his injuries, I must enter rather at large into his history.

Mr. William Tittup was born, it is supposed—for he carefully conceals the date,—somewhere between the years 1776 and 1780. He was an only son: there I pity him, for I sincerely believe it was no fault of his. That circumstance qualified him to take a part in a trio of dementation; inasmuch as, according to another English adage, a man, his wife, and one child, are three fools. His parents, determining not to fly in the face of the proverb, educated him at home. Mr. George Tittup, his father, had been formerly a Blackwell-hall factor in Aldermanbury, and at one period thought himself a rich man. Meeting, however, with a knavish partner, who had drawn or accepted—I never could ascertain which—certain bills of exchange in the name of the firm, without the cognizance of his senior partner, the latter took fright, dissolved partnership, and, as he expressed it, "backed out of the concern" with about ten thousand pounds. Having snatched this brand out of the fire, Mr. Tittup, like the pious Æneas, walked off with his wife and his little Ascanius to Twickenham, a village on the banks of the Thames, where he took the lease of a house in Montpelier-row. When little Billy, as the son was always called, notwithstanding his increase of stature, had attained his ninth year, Mr. John Austin, his maternal uncle, a thriving salesman in Houndsditch, suggested to the parents that it was high time that Bill should be sent to some public school, adding a benevolent hint that he would not mind being at half the expense. The proposition was naturally referred by the father to the mother. "I wish my brother would mind his own business," exclaimed this grateful and prudential mamma, "and not interfere with our plans about William."—"Our plans, my dear!" said Mr. Tittup: "I was not aware that we had any."—"Oh yes, we have: at least I have."—"May I inquire what they are?"—"That he shall be educated at home: it is decidedly the best arrangement for a youth with Billy's expectations." Mr. Tittup slightly wrinkled his forehead at the word "expectations;" but it passed off, and his wife continued—"Only look at my brother's eldest boy Tom; he's at Eton: did you ever see such a savage? Never well dressed; and so excessively rude! The last time he was here, he knocked his trap-ball over our garden-wall into Mrs. Simms's summer-house; and when that lady brought it back in her own muff, neatly wrapped in a sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, he merely said 'Thank ye,' and never thought of making a bow! So much for Eton! That comes of public education!"—William Tittup was, of course, educated at home.

It would be disingenuous if I were to omit to mention one advantage

derived by the youth from his apron-string tether—an advantage which he never could have obtained at Eton or Harrow. Nothing came to his mother from the Richmond circulating library without his co-perusal. Before he was thirteen, he had read Lady Julia Mandeville, the Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy, Buchan's Family Medicine, Hayley's Essay on Old Maids, and Mrs. Gunning's Appeal to the Public against the General her Husband. At fourteen he had mastered the Secret History of the Green-Room, Anthony Pasquin's Life of the then late Earl of Barrymore, the Quarrel between Anne Kearsley the Bristol Milkwoman and Hannah More the Bristol Rhapsodian, and Mrs. Steele's Memoirs of Mrs. Baddeley. But it was not until his intellect had attained the vigour of fifteen, that he was entrusted with the perusal of Mrs. Robinson's Vancenza. I forbear to mention Moll Flanders, and the third volume of the Newgate Calendar, as these were lent to him, by Alice the cook, under a promise of secrecy.

The same battery of argument, which had knocked down every idea of sending her son to school, was now played off by Mrs. Tittup against establishing him in any trade or profession. The Church, Mrs. Tittup admitted, might do well enough, provided he could get the living of Petersham, or even of Kingston, for then he would be near his parents: but the present incumbents—she rather felt disposed to call them incubuses—seemed as if they never would move off. Her great objection to the Law was the necessity of travelling the circuits. "You may remember, my dear," addressing her husband, "when you had that cause to try with Sir Timothy Take-in, at Maidstone, about the sorrel mare. Mr. Serjeant Doze, who then led the circuit, was positively obliged to put up with a paltry sitting-room and bed-chamber over a crockery-ware shop, without any private entrance: his clerk's office was the Serjeant's bed-room; and as we went up-stairs to the consultation, you may recollect I actually saw seven briefs lying upon the counterpane. Thank Heaven, our Billy is not reduced to that!"—This objection disposed of the Law; and the then revolutionary French war as rapidly disposed of the Army and Navy. "In short, my dear," concluded Mr. Tittup, "you mean Billy to be a gentleman."—"Certainly," added his wife: "and why not? Will he not have the family estate when you and I are dead and gone?"—William Tittup was, of course, a gentleman.

Fraught with the accomplishments above enumerated, with the addition of such French as the usher at Kingston Academy could afford to instil into him on half-holidays, provided it did not rain, William Tittup commenced *doing the civil* among the old ladies in the Row. At their whist-parties he snuffed the candles and threw on the coals; he handed round the tea-cups, and ran across the room like a lamp-lighter to carry back the vacant china: if he had occasion to drive away the sleeping cat from the hearth-rug, in order to get at the hot water, he regularly reinstated the dappled animal when that ceremony was over. His attentions at the Chapel, in the Row, were positively pestering. No man looked out a text so quickly, or pushed the page under the eye of his female neighbour so rapidly, he was inimitable at poking out a hassock, but candour forces me to own that in

following a psalm he was apt to issue notes upon the wrong firm; for while the clerk was chaunting Sternhold and Hopkins, Billy was sadly addicted to singing Tate and Brady. The nickname of Tittup the Civilian was bestowed upon him by Captain Clavering, whose regiment was then quartered at Richmond. "Pray, Captain," inquired old Mrs. Simms—(who had never forgotten the opposite behaviour of the two boys, when she carried home the trap-ball in a sheet of gilt-edged paper)—"why do you call Mr. William Tittup, Tittup the Civilian?"—"Not from any allusion to Doctors' Commons, Madam," answered the Captain: "I can venture to prophesy that the young gentleman will never go there for a wife of his own, or be carried there for making free with any other man's." Mrs. Simms was silenced, if not satisfied.

Years drawled on in this unprofitable kind of handywork, during which the Civilian seldom extended his visits beyond the Row. He once, indeed, made an attempt to ascertain the flavour of the Souchong in Maid-of-Honour Row, on Richmond-green: but the wind, as he crossed the bridge homeward, gave him a swelled face, and his mamma again drew in her tape tether, so as to confine her young donkey to his previous pasture. A retired Blackwell-hall factor can never stand the country long: Old Tittup had not amused himself many years in gazing at Mr. Cambridge's tall trees in front of his mansion, before he sickened and died: his widow was too dutiful to continue his relict long; and Tittup the Civilian, the lease being expired, quitted the vicinage of the tall trees aforesaid, to enter "the forest of chimneys" in the great Metropolis. On looking into his pecuniary affairs, he found that his property did not quite ascend to four hundred pounds per annum. "Something must be done," sighed he to himself. The god Apollo, when similarly circumstanced, according to O'Hara, exclaimed, "A lucky thought—turn shepherd!" So ejaculated Tittup; that is to say, he resolved to be a swain—an adorer of the ladies. "I'll make my fortune by marriage," said the young man as he posted forth from his new lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's, to order a new suit of clothes. His *ci-devant* bustling attention was straitway converted into an air of romantic tenderness when he addressed a woman, especially if he believed her to have any dealings in Threadneedle-street: he cast lavender-water upon his cambric handkerchief, and he took to singing, "When you tell me your heart is another's:" occasionally, too, he howled forth his sufferings through the aperture of a German-flute. Yet still, somehow, it did not do. With all his attentions, the women endured rather than admired him: he made fifteen offers of marriage which were rejected in favour of fifteen other men, who paid the sex no attention at all. How was this to be accounted for? His cousin Tom Austin let him one day into the secret. "William," said the latter during a friendly *tête-à-tête*, "I see what your plan is: take my word for it, it will never answer."—"My plan, cousin Thomas?"—"Come, come, you want to marry a woman of fortune: you have not a single requisite for that object."—"You flatter."—"By no means: you are all wrong, and I'll tell you why."—"I am all attention."—"Why, in the first place, I would advise you totally to discard your present manners, and trust to nature for a new set. You are very well if you would

but leave yourself alone. When there is nobody but myself and my mother present, I have known you to be natural and rather agreeable; but no sooner does any other woman make her appearance, than you are all in a screw: every limb is disjointed: you lisp and you smile; and you put on such a look of wonder about nothing at all, that you really worry every body to death."—"Have you done?"—"Almost, but not quite. Last Monday se'nnight, at The Grange, you were at your old tricks, never leaving the women a moment to themselves. After breakfast, Jack Talbot, Smithers, Jellicoe, and myself, took ourselves to our own several pursuits. One went to look after his gun, another adjourned to the library, and so forth: but what did you do?"—"I really don't recollect."—"No! why, then, I'll refresh your memory. There sat you from ten o'clock to four in the breakfast-room, with your two hands stuck up, like a double culprit at the Old Bailey; and your thumbs starting off at right angles, helping Nancy Meadows to wind silk upon a card. What was the consequence? You sat down to dinner at six, without a fresh idea in your head—with body and mind equally unrefreshed by exercise. The great secret of attracting women, William, or of attracting any body, is to shew that you *can* do without them. Doctor Baillie's dictum for the welfare of the stomach is, Leave off dinner with an appetite. Never lean upon the world. Take my word for it, if you do, the world will jump aside and you will get a tumble. We had a trick at Eton—"—"Ay, you had a great many sad tricks at Eton! Thank Heaven, I was brought up at home!"—"We had a trick at Eton, I tell you, which will exemplify what I am saying. A fellow would lay his hand flat upon the desk, palm downward, and then say to another fellow, 'Now, dig your knuckles into the back of my hand as hard as you can, you cannot hurt me.' Well, the other fellow would do so: upon which the first fellow, after crying, 'Lean harder, harder!' would suddenly draw away his hand, and bounce would come the knuckles of the second fellow upon the hard desk. That, William, is precisely your predicament."

This advice was received as advice usually is. The Civilian, nothing daunted, sallied forth on the following day "to sow his dinner-seed," as he humorously (for the ninety-ninth time) called leaving his cards at the doors of his acquaintances. This seed is, for the most part, cast upon rock. Tittup upon these occasions is the source of frequent discord between husbands and wives. Not upon the score of jealousy: quite the reverse. "My dear," will the wife say in getting up a dinner-party, "we *really must* ask Mr. Tittup. We have had him to tea and turn-out till I am really ashamed!"—"Oh the devil, no!" is upon these occasions the pretty uniform answer of the husband. The result is, that our Civilian handles as many tea-spoons, and as few knives and forks, as any private gentleman within the bills of mortality. A few years ago an incident occurred at the Opera-house which had nearly proved fatal to him. Captain Clavering saw him in the pit, bowing and smirking and grinning to all the ladies whom he knew, in utter contempt of the majestic Grassini, and determined to play him a trick. The celebrated Mrs. Sebright was, at the conclusion of the entertainment, walking off alone to her carriage; whereupon Clavering, in the lobby, muttered as though to himself, while meaning to be overheard

by Tittup, "Bless me! if there is not Lady Larkin unattended!" The train instantly took fire: Tittup tripped forward upon his toe, protruded his hand, and exclaimed, "Will your ladyship give me leave?" The courtesan smiled and assented; and Tittup led off his prize through the lobby, holding the lady's hand at arm's length as if he were dancing a minuet, and bowing and smiling to all the correct females around with whom he had the slightest acquaintance. The fatal fact did not long escape undiscovered: he handed his prize into a glass-coach at the corner of Pall-Mall, in which three of the co-sisterhood had been previously deposited. "What the devil made you so late?" vociferated the three damsels: and Tittup, wild with horror, rushed back to the lobby to explain the mistake. The attempt only added fuel to the flame. "Was it not enough, Sir," said old Mrs. Vicars, "to escort such a creature in public; but must you at the very moment be inflicting your nods and winks upon us women of character?" Tittup took to his bed in a high fever.

Tittup's present lioness is Mrs. Lum of Berwick-street, who gives readings. He overtook that lady walking a few days ago in Oxford-street, and, with his usual fidgety perseverance, fastened himself upon her. He of course feels it a part of gallantry to be nearest the kennel. I shall never forget his start of horror, and his look round, when he discovered that, having crossed over the way, he had actually allowed Mrs. Lum to walk twenty-three paces on the outside of the pavement. I really thought he had trodden upon a rattlesnake. Mrs. Lum's readings are irresistibly attractive. You enter and behold that lady seated at a small mahogany table, with two-wax lights, a tumbler of spring-water, one big book, and three little ones. Her last entertainment of this sort occurred last Thursday. Lord Robert Ranter and Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant were there: so was the Civilian. "There's one thing here I don't quite approve of," said Lord Robert to the Baronet. "The sofas are continuous all round the room—nothing to lean against in case one should be overtaken." She read the story of Le Fevre; the Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius; Sir Bertrand, a fragment; and Theodosius and Constantia, unfortunately no fragment. The company were then cheered up with a little lemonade; and Mrs. Lum, feeling rather fatigued, beckoned to Tittup to go on with the entertainment. The Civilian, nothing loth, walked on tiptoe across the carpet for fear of awakening Lord Robert and Sir Hans Dabs, who by this time were mutually propped, back to back, like two cherubs crowned with a cenotaph, and were already as fast as two churches. The portion of literature which devolved upon Tittup was Crabbe's Borough, letter the third. With a bow and a smile, and a perfumed pocket handkerchief, he pursued his task till he came to the following passage:—

> Ye lilies male, think, as your tea you sip,
> While the town small-talk flows from lip to lip,
> If the vast world may not some scene produce,
> Some state, where your small talents might have use.
> Within Seraglios you might harmless move,
> Mid ranks of beauty and in haunts of love:
> There from too daring man the treasure guard,
> An easy duty, and its own reward;

Nature's soft substitutes you there might save
From crime the tyrant, and from wrong the slave.

Lady Lum looked hard at Mrs. Vicars, and Miss Templeton touched the elbow of Mrs. Sharp; but the Civilian read on in placid unconsciousness.

It is thus that Tittup the Civilian has walked, smirking, cringing, and tea-drinking, through two-thirds of the probable extent of his existence. He is now rapidly thinning off; insomuch, that the calf of his leg is hardly bigger than that of a tom-tit. Still the labourer is worthy of his hire: and if some woman with a fortune of 7500*l*., or at least 5000*l*., does not soon walk with him into the Temple of Hymen, I must repeat my opening asseveration—Tittup the Civilian is an ill-used man. Should he die in his vocation, let a subscription forthwith issue for a statue to be erected to his memory in the centre of Cadogan-place, the chief scene of his Bohea beverages. Certain it is, that, in *his* calling, he has been to the full as industrious as Lord Erskine or Mr. Charles Grant.

POETICAL SCENES.—NO. I.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

[SCENE.—*The Study of Michael Angelo at Rome.*]

MICHAEL ANGELO AND PUPILS.

Mich. So, 'tis well done, Battista; ably drawn.
Do thus, and thou wilt need no marble fame.
1st Pup. Look, Michael!
Mich. Ah! tis bad. These colours sleep
Like death upon thy figures: touch them thus.
This flesh is like a cardinal, red and dull:
Thought should lie pale upon the scholar's cheek;
Thus,—thus.—And now, my young friend, Cosimo,
Give me thy sketch; nay do not fear me: So—
Why thou hast overwrought this shape, my child,
Cheating (fie on 't!) air-travelling Ganymede
Of his boy-beauty. See,—'tis thus: that eye—
Lash 't with dark fringe: touch the lip tenderly;
And hide his forehead all in cloudy gold.
See, let him lie thus,—helpless; thus, my child;
And clasp the eagle's talon round his arm.
There,—it is done. What think'st thou?
2d Pup. Oh! 'tis brave,
'Tis brave. Thy eagle is the king of eagles,
As thou art king of painters.
Mich. Idle child!
2d Pup. Shall I win fame?
Mich. Fame is a bounteous tree:
Upon its branches hang bubbles and gold.
Which wilt thou have?
2d Pup. Both, Michael.
Mich. Art so greedy?
Thou 'lt scarcely prosper. Wilt thou be the dog
Who grasp'd at flesh and shadow, and lost all?—

Bring me that head of Faunus, Giacomo:
That—big as a giant, with snaky locks,
And the wild eyes, and nostrils stretch'd and blown.
Ha! this is right.

3d Pup. 'Tis like a Titan, Michael.
None but thyself can master these great shapes.

Mich. Ha, ha!—There, give it me, good Giacomo.
Why, how thou fix'st thine eye upon its eye:
Wouldst thou wage battle with it, Giacomo?

3d Pup. Shall I not copy it?

Mich. Surely: but take heed:—
Mar not the thought which thou dost gaze upon,
Translating it in blind obedience;
But steal the *spirit*, as old Prometheus won
From Phœbus' fiery wheels the living light.
It is not dainty shadows, nor harlot hues,
(Though flush'd with sunset, like Vecelli's gawds,)
Will make a painter. Take great heed the *mind*
Live in the eye, and the wild appetite
Breathe through the bosom and the sinewy shape.
Come near me. Mark! do not thou miss that turn.

[Raffaelle *enters.*]

Raff. Good morrow, Michael. How thrive thy designs
For the Pope's chapel?

A Pup. Buonarotti!

Mich. Ha!
Who speaks?

Raff. Thy pupil. Come I in good time?

Mich. Look and decide. *(Shews the picture.)*

Raff. 'Tis grand and beautiful.

Mich. This visage came upon me while I slept.

Raff. O the rich sleep! Couldst thou not cozen her
To quit her poppies, and aye toil for thee?

Mich. Methought I lived three thousand years ago,
Somewhere in Egypt, near a pyramid,
And in my dream I heard black Memnon playing:
He stood twelve cubits high, and, with a voice
Like thunder when it breaks on hollow shores,
Call'd on the sky, which answer'd. Then he awoke
His marble music, and with desert sounds
Inchanted from her chamber the coy Dawn.
He sang, too—O such songs! Silence, who lay
Torpid upon those wastes of level sand,
Stirr'd and grew human: from its shuddering reeds
Stole forth the crocodile, and birds of blood
Hung listening in the rich and burning air.

Raff. Didst dream all this?

Mich. Ay, Raffaelle; and so gazed
On Theban Memnon, that his image sunk
Fix'd in my brain. Lo! this is he thou look'st on.

Raff. 'Tis Faunus, is it not? That wreath of leaves,
The crook, the panther skin, the laughing eyes,
And the round cheek—or Bacchus? Ah! 'tis *he*.

Mich. No; 'tis the wood-god Faunus.

Raff. A brave god.
Stay!—let me gaze upon it. Thus—ay thus—

You drove your pencil round, and thus :—and thus :—
I never stood before a face so fine.

Mich. 'Tis a free sketch ; I know it.

Raff. Thou shouldst paint
Gods, my good Michael, and leave earth to me.

Mich. The children and the women thou *wilt* have :
What need to ask what thou hast won already.

Raff. Hark ! there are footsteps coming.

Mich. 'Tis the Pope.

[POPE JULIUS II. *enters, with attendants.*]

Pope. We come to visit thee, good Buonarotti.

Mich. Your holiness is welcome.

Pope. What hast done ?

Mich. Since yesterday ?—but little, save design :
This head, and that.

Pope. This takes my fancy much.

Raff. Your holiness is right.

Pope. So, who art thou ?

Mich. 'Tis Raffaelle Sanzio.

Pope. Ha ! and who is he?

Mich A painter, holy father ; and a good one.—

Pope. What else ?

Mich. Some drawings, which your holiness
Will prize but little. I 've been plotting lately.

Pope. Thine is a tedious art : is 't not so, Michael ?

Mich. 'Tis hard to compass.

Pope. Ay, and slow to live.

Mich. True ;—but it lives for ever.

Raff. Like Renown,
Which clothes with sun and life the deeds of men,
Building on earth a world which may outlast
Its strong foundation. Give *me* Fame—on earth ;
And, when I leave sweet earth, a finer sphere,
Where Beauty breaketh like a summer morn.
Let me have voices, too, heart-wakening words,
All touch'd like pictures with the soul of thought :
So will I dream over Elysian flowers,
And listen to music, and quaff nectar-dew,
And lie in the light of love, and paint for ever—

Pope. Peace ! peace ! what 's this ?

Mich. He *hath* a liberal fancy.

Pope. He fills his horn fuller than Fortune's.

Mich. Now I would rather lie on some vast plain,
And hear the wolves upbraiding the cold moon,
Or on a rock when the blown thunder comes
Booming along the wind. *My* dreams are nought,
Unless with gentler figures fierce ones mix,—
Giants with Angels, Death with Life, Despair
With Joy :—even the Great One comes in terror
To *me*, apparell'd like the fiery storm.

Raff. Thy fancy was begat i' the clouds.

Mich. My soul
Finds best communion with both ill and good.
Some spirits there are, all earth, which only thrive
In wine or laughter. So my nature breathes
Darkness and Night, Power or the death of Power ;—

A mountain riven—a palace sack'd—a town
Rent by an earthquake (such as once uptore
Catania from its roots, and sent it down
To the centre, split in fragments)—Famine,—Plague—
Earth running red with blood, or deluge-drown'd.
These are *my* dreams:—and sometimes, when my brain
Is calm, I lie awake and think of God.

Pope. Michael!

Mich. A vision comes which has no shape;
None, though I strain my sight, and strive to draw
Some mighty fashion on the trembling dark,—
'Tis gone:—again I draw, again 'tis flown,
And so I toil in vain.

Pope. But thou must dream
Again for me, good Michael. We must shew
A dream that shall outlast the walls of Rome.

Mich. I'll do my best; but thought is as a root
That strikes which way it will through the dark brain:
I cannot force 't.

Raff. What wilt thou paint,—*a World?*

Mich. Ay—its Creation.

Raff. Make it fresh and fair:
Breathe all thy soul upon it, until it glow
Like day. Clasp it all round with Paradise,
Colour, and light, green bowers—

Mich. I'll make it bare.
Like man when he comes forth, a naked wretch,
So shall his dwelling be,—the barren soil.

Pope. This must not be. It is not writ i' The Book.

Mich. Pardon me: I must chase my own poor thought,
Which way soever it turn.

Raff. Still earth should bloom?

Mich. It should be like the time. I will not paint
Antediluvian Adam when first he sprang
From dust,—strong, active, like the autumnal stag;
But * with limbs *dawning* into sinewy strength.
Nor will I plant the full-blown intellect
On his bright eye, but therein gently unfold
Young Adoration—

Raff. Right! 'Twill grow and blossom.
Now for thine Eve.

Mich. Um! Must there be a woman?

Raff. "Must!"—Thou wouldst paint a barren world indeed.
Thou never lovedst.

Mich. I have: nay, I love still.

Raff. Whom? what?

Mich. MINE ART.

Raff. Why, so do I:—yet I love women too.
Thy humour feeds one sense and starves the rest.

Pope. A poor economy. The youth speaks well.

Mich. Perhaps: yet, the first man was born *alone*,
Companionless, a prodigy, like Light.
Birds and the desert brutes awaited him:
Nought else. A world there was (fair if thou wilt);
Yet Eden grew not before Adam rose.

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* See his picture. "Dominus Deus formavit hominem ex solo terræ."

After his birth, indeed, we may have wrought
That pleasant garden, wherein the Devil stole
And tempted Raffaelle's goddess soon to sin.

Raff. Stop there, stop there! The man—

Mich. Alas! he fell.
He ate perdition from the woman's hand.
Death for himself—(he was not *born* to die,
But live, the lord of this eternal star)—
Death for himself and race, despair and toil,
Peril, and passion which no joy can quench,
Grief here, and Hell hereafter,—these he earn'd.
Shall I paint all this truly?

Raff. Why not?—yes.

Pope. Do as thou wilt. Man's life is full of troubles.

Mich. It is a pillar writ on every side
With fiery figures. Shall we shew them all?

Pope. No: the first fall,—no more.

Mich. Yes, the fierce moral.
That let me do; for I have sketch'd already
Dark phantasies, and broke up graves, and blown,
In thought, the heart-piercing trumpet, whose loud cry
Shall blast the dreams of millions.

Pope. What is this?

Raff. The Judgement.

Mich. Ay, the Judgement.
Look!—In the middle, near the top, shall stand
Jesus, the Saviour: by his side mild crowds
Of followers, and Apostles hovering near.
Here shall be seen the bless'd, and there the damn'd,—
Sinners, whom diabolic strength shall hurl
Down to perdition. Insolent visages,
Born in the sleep of Sin, shall flesh their fangs;
Dwarfs, devils, and hideous things, and brute abortions;
Some who make sick the moon, and some who hide
Their monstrous foreheads in a reptile's mask:
Pale Palsy, and crook'd Spasm, and bloated Plague,
And Fear, made manifest, shall fill the wind
With Hell,—for Hell is horror, link'd to pain.—

Pope. No more. Thou dost bewitch my flesh to ice.

Raff. No more, good Buonarotti. Now farewell!

Mich. Farewell!

Raff. Thy figures haunt me, like Disease.
I must go hear some Roman melody,
Accomplish'd music, and sweet human words,
And bask beneath the smiles which thou dost scorn.
When I am disenchanted——

Mich. Come again.

Raff. I will: farewell! Father, thy holy blessing.

Pope. My blessing on thee, son! Michael, farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. VIII.

Serjeant Goold.

The French Revolution had scarcely burst upon the world, and its portentous incidents were still the daily subject of universal astonishment or dismay, when there arose in the metropolis of Ireland a young gentleman, who, feeling jealous of the unrivalled importance which the Continental phenomenon was enjoying, resolved to start in his own person as an opposition-wonder. He had some of the qualifications and all the ambitious self-dependence befitting so arduous a project. Nature and fortune had been extremely kind to him. He was of a respectable and wealthy family. His face was handsome; his person small, but symmetrical and elastic, and peculiarly adapted to the performance of certain bodily feats which he subsequently achieved. As to his general endowments, he was, upon his own showing, a fac-simile of the admirable Crichton. He announced himself as an adept in every known department of human learning, from the prophetic revelations of judicial astrology, and the more obsolete mysteries of magic lore, up to the lightest productions of the amatory muse of France. He professed to speak every living language (except the Irish) as fluently and correctly as if he had been a native-born. He played, sung, danced, fenced, and rode with more skill and spirit than the masters of those respective arts who had presumed to teach him. He had a deep sense of the value of so many combined perfections, and acted under the persuasion that he was called upon to amaze the world. His friends, who had perceived that beneath his incomprehensible aspirations there lurked the elements of a clever man, recommended the Bar as a profession in which with industry, and his 10,000*l*., for he inherited about as much, and a rising religion, for he was a Protestant, he might fairly hope to gratify their ambition, if not his own. He assented; and submitted to pass through the preliminary forms—rather, however, under the idea, that at some future period it might suit his views to accept the chancellorship of Ireland, than with any immediate intention of squandering his youthful energies upon so inglorious a vocation. He felt that he was destined for higher things, and proceeded to assert his claims. He never appeared abroad but in a costly suit of the most persuasive cut, and glowing with bright and various tints. He set up an imposing phaëton, in which with Kitty Cut-a-dash, of fascinating memory, and then the reigning illegitimate belle of Dublin, by his side, he scoured through streets and squares with the brilliancy and rapidity of an optical illusion. He entertained his friends, the choicest spirits about town, with dinners, such as bachelor never gave before—dishes so satisfying and scientific, as to fill not only the stomach, but the mind—claret, such as few even of the Irish bishops could procure, and champaigne of vivacity exampled only by his own. He furnished his stable with a stud of racers; and if I am rightly informed, he still, half-laughing, half-wondering at his former self, recalls the times when mounted upon a favourite thorough-bred, and flaming in a pink-satin jockey-dress, he distanced every competitor, and bore away the Curragh cup. I have spoken of his dancing. Tradition asserts that it was not confined to ball-rooms. I am told

that at the private theatre in Fishamble-street, a place in those days of much fashionable resort, he was known to slide in between the acts, in the costume of a Savoy peasant, and throw off a *pas seul* in a style of original dexterity and grace, which to use an Irish descriptive phrase, "elicited explosions of applause from the men, and ecstatic ebullitions of admiration from the ladies." He was equally remarkable for his excellence in the other manly exercises. He thought nothing of vaulting over four horses standing abreast. He was paramount at foot-ball; and astonished and won wagers from the Bishop of Derry himself (the noted Lord Bristol), who was supposed to be the keenest judge in Ireland of what the toe of man could achieve. Before assuming the forensic robe, our aspirant for renown set out upon a Continental tour; and according to his subsequent report, although he travelled in strict *incognito*, gathered fresh glory at every post-town through which he was whirled along. After a considerable stay at Paris, where, however, he arrived too late to stop the revolutionary torrent, he passed on and visited several of the German courts—gave "travelling opinions" upon the course of policy to be respectively pursued by them at that critical juncture, and afterwards satisfied himself that the most important events that followed were mainly influenced by his timely interposition. He left Germany with some precipitation. The rumour ran that there were state-reasons for his departure. The subject was too delicate to be revealed in all its circumstances, but upon his return to Ireland his friends heard in broken sentences of a certain Palatine princess—the dogged jealousy of royal husbands—the incorrigible babbling of maids of honour—muttered threats of incarceration—and a confidential remonstrance on the part of a very sensible man, a member of the Aulic council, respecting the confusion that might hereafter ensue, should it come to be suspected that the stream of reputed legitimacy had been reinforced by a tributary rill of Munster blood.

Upon his reappearance in Ireland, our prodigy, exulting in the fame of his Continental exploits, was about to commence a new course of wonders in his native land, when an unforeseen occurrence in the form of a dishonoured check upon his banker came to

> ——repress his noble rage
> And freeze the genial current of his soul.

He discovered that he was a ruined man. The patrimonial ten thousand pounds which had given an *eclat* to all he did, had vanished. The road to glory still lay before him, but he was without a guinea in his pocket to pay the travelling expenses. In this emergency there were three courses open to him—to cut his throat—to sell his soul to the Protestant ascendancy—or to be honest and industrious, and ply at his profession. He chose the last—and (the most wonderous thing in his wonderful career) it came to pass, that notwithstanding the many apparent disqualifications under which he started, he rose, and not slowly, to an eminence which no one but himself would have ventured to predict. He is now "quantum mutatus ab illo," a very able and distinguished person at the Irish Bar, Mr. Serjeant Goold. And if I have ushered in my notice of this gentleman with an allusion to the freaks of his youth, of which after all I may have received an exaggerated

account, it is because I consider it to be infinitely to his praise that he should have so manfully surmounted his early pretensions and disappointments, as the progress of his professional history has evinced. The study of "four-day rules," and "notices to quit," demands no extraordinary reach of intellect; but the transition from the airy speculations of a sanguine and ambitious disposition to these unimaginative details is one of the most abrupt and mortifying that ever tried the elasticity and patience of the mental powers. Mr. Goold, notwithstanding the friskiness and levity of his external deportment, had the inward energy to face and surmount the repelling task. He plunged with a hardy and exploring spirit into the wilderness of law—burst through its perplexities, drank freely, and made no wry faces, from its bitter springs; and by a perseverance in patient and solitary labour, entitled himself to more substantial returns than that applause which he had once prized above every earthly compensation.

Some time after Mr. Goold had formed this meritorious resolution, an incident befell him, of which it is difficult to say whether it was most calculated to quicken or to damp his new-born ardour for laborious occupation. When Burke's celebrated Reflections on the French Revolution appeared, the author and the book, as all my readers know, were vigorously assailed. Mr. Goold, considering the subject not unworthy of his powers, had thrown himself into the controversy. He was at the time in a frame of mind befitting a sturdy partisan. He had recently returned from Paris, where, during a residence of some time, he had been an eye-witness of the disgusting clamour and excesses of the period. He was also still smarting from the recollection of certain rude *accolades* that had been forcibly imposed upon himself by sundry haggard Naiads of the *Halle*—a perversion of the authentic rights of men and of women, against which, when he came to record the fact, he did not fail to protest with genuine antigallic indignation. His pamphlet was entitled, characteristically enough, a Defence of Mr. Burke's work "against *all* his opponents." The number that had already declared themselves in print amounted to ten—two anonymous ladies, and eight gentlemen—among whom were Doctors Towers, Price, and Priestley. The defender of Burke took each of them in detail. The gentlewomen he despatched with a good deal of gallant forbearance; but for the doctors and their male auxiliaries he had no mercy. He belaboured them with unsparing logic and more relentless rhetoric, until every sign of sense and argument was beaten out of them, and proclaimed his victory by a final flourish of trumpets to the renown of Burke. "I never, says he, saw Mr. Burke but once. I saw him from the gallery of the House of Commons. I know no man that knows him. I probably shall know no man that knows him. In a few weeks I leave this country, perhaps never to return. I expect but little from any man. I shall never ask any thing. In whatever country I may live, in whatever situation I may be placed, I shall look down on grandeur, I shall look up to greatness. Nor wealth, nor rank, nor power, nor influence shall bend my stubborn neck. I am prostrate before talents; I am prostrate before worth;—my admiration of Mr. Burke amounts almost to enthusiasm," &c. This was pretty strong incense, and there was more of the same kind; but I am quite certain that it was offered

without the remotest expectation of any return either in praise or profit; and as to the writer's professions of independence, though very hazardous in so young an Irishman, they have been amply justified by his subsequent life. The pamphlet, however, taken altogether, attracted the notice and excited the gratitude of Burke. The fact is rather curious, as illustrating the predicament of feeling in which that eminent person's new theories and new connexions had involved him. He had just quarrelled with his old political associates for adhering to the spirit of the principles he himself had taught them. Still professing the tenets of "an exalted freedom," he was pouring forth curses and derision upon one of the most provoked and necessary acts of freedom which the world had ever witnessed; and such is the sophistry with which a favourite passion can practise upon the strongest intellect, he would fain persuade himself that he was consistent to the last, and that doctrines which were hailed with joy in every despotic *coterie* of Europe, were the only genuine and unadulterated maxims of a British Whig. But though bold even to overbearing in his public assertions of his personal consistency, it is not unreasonable to surmise that in his private hours his heart was ill at ease. He must have felt that his fame, if not his conscience, was in want of external support. Certain however it is, that he grasped at the voluntary offer with something like the sign of a sinking spirit. The tributes of ardent admiration and respect so profusely scattered through his young countryman's pamphlet touched the veteran's feelings, and lived in his memory upon the first occasion that offered of marking his sense of the obligation.

The opportunity seemed to present itself upon the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795 to the government of Ireland. One evening Mr. Goold was sitting alone in his lodging, and indulging (if it can be called an indulgence) in those depressing reflections upon his future prospects with which the stoutest-hearted junior barrister is occasionally visited, when an English letter was put into his hand. It was from Edmund Burke. It imported "that he had not forgotten Mr. G.'s admirable pamphlet, and that he was most desirous to advance, as far as it in his power lay, the author's fortunes. An occasion appeared to offer. The new viceroy of Ireland was coming, preparatory to his departure for that country, to pass some days at Beaconsfield; and if the demolisher of the ten opponents could contrive without loss of time to cross the Channel, and meet his lordship at Mr. Burke's, the happiest results might be anticipated." None but those who know the briskness of Mr. Goold's temperature, even at the present day, can well conceive the delicious perturbation of spirit that must have ensued. The lustre of the invitation itself—the expected glory of being present at conferences where the approaching redress of Irish wrongs was to be freely canvassed—the elevating prospect of being himself officially selected to contribute the aid of his attainments to the labours of a patriotic administration—these and many other bright concomitants had just arranged themselves into a picture almost too dazzling for mortal eye, when one miserable reality intervened like an angry cloud, and the gorgeous imagery faded away into melancholy dimness. He was under a financial incapacity of complying with the generous proposal of Mr. Burke. He was pondering over this mortifying obstacle, when

one of his friends, the late Sir Charles Ormsby, entered the room. "Was there ever such an unlucky fellow?" said he, handing the letter to Sir Charles. "See there what an opportunity of making my fortune presents itself, and yet, for want of about a hundred pounds to go over and make a proper appearance at Beaconsfield, I must let it slip." Sir Charles was not in those days as rich as he subsequently became, but his father was a wealthy and good-natured man. "Go to my father," said he, "shew him the letter, state your situation, and I undertake to say that he'll accommodate you." The experiment succeeded. Mr. Goold flew to Beaconsfield; was too late to catch the viceroy, who had already set out for Ireland; passed some days with Burke; reposted to Dublin, the bearer of a powerful introduction to the favour of Lord Fitzwilliam; was graciously received, and would in all likelihood have been included in the political arrangements then in progress; but the Beresfords were at work on the other side of the water—their fatal counsels prevailed—the patriotic viceroy was recalled—the doom of Ireland was sealed, and the subject of the present sketch reconsigned to the hard destiny of a legal drudge. Fortunately, however, and honourably for himself, his spirit was too buoyant to sink beneath the disappointment. He betook himself with unabated ardour to his former pursuits. His professional acquirements and efficiency became known; clients poured in upon him; in a few years he was invested with a silk gown; and had not his political integrity interfered, he would, if current report be true, have before this been seated on the bench.

Serjeant Goold's practice has been and still is principally in the Nisi Prius courts. I have not much to say of his distinctive qualities as a lawyer. He is evidently quite at home in all the points that come into daily question, and he puts them forward boldly and promptly. Here indeed, as elsewhere, he affects a little too much of omniscience; but unquestionable it is, that he knows a great deal. There is not, I apprehend, a single member of his profession less liable to be taken by surprise upon any unexpected point of evidence, or practice, or pleading, the three great departments of our law to which his attention has been chiefly directed. But there is no want of originality in his appearance and manner. His person is below the middle size, and, notwithstanding the wear and tear of sixty years, continues compact, elastic, and airy. His face, though he sometimes gives a desponding hint that it is not what it was, still attests the credibility of his German adventures. The features are small and regular, and keen without being angular. His manner is all his own. His quick blue eye is in perpetual motion. It does not look upon an object; it pounces upon it. So of the other external signs of character. His body, like his mind, moves at double-quick time. He darts into court to argue a question of costs with the precipitation of a man rushing to save a beloved child from the flames. This is not trick in him, for among the collateral arts of attracting notice at the Irish Bar is that of scouring with breathless speed from court to court, upsetting attornies' clerks, making panting apologies, with similar manifestations of the counsel's inability to keep pace with the importunate calls of his multitudinous clients. Serjeant Goold stands too high, and is, I am certain, too

proud to think of resorting to these locomotive devices. His impetuosity is pure temperament. In the despatch of business, more especially in the chorus-scenes, where half-a-dozen learned throats are at once clamouring for precedence, he acquits himself with a physical energy that puts him almost upon a par in this respect with that great "lord of misrule" O'Connell himself. He is to the full as restless, confident, and vociferative, but he is not equally indomitable; and I have some doubts whether with all his bustle and vehemence, he ever ascends to the true sublime of tumult which inspires his learned and unemancipated friend. The latter, who is in himself an ambulatory riot, dashes into a legal affray with the spirit of a bludgeoned hero of a fair, determined to knock down every friend or foe he meets "for the honour of old Ireland." He has the secret glory too of displaying his athletic capabilities before an audience, by many of whom he knows that he is feared and hated. Serjeant Goold, who has not the same personal incentive, is more measured and courtly in his uproar, and will often, long before his lungs are spent, as if his dignity had taken a sudden fright, declare off abruptly, and invoke the talismanic intercession of the Bench. Let not the unlearned reader imagine that I am affecting a tone of idle levity. These forensic rants are of daily recurrence; and to have nerves to withstand them is a matter of no little moment to barristers and clients. It is within the sanctuaries of justice that much of the rough work of human concerns is transacted; and the subjects, to be handled well, must be roughly handled. The knave must be vehemently arraigned; the injured clamorously vindicated; the factious and dishonest witness tortured and stunned until his soul surrenders the hidden truth. The man who can do this is of value in his calling; but should his taste recoil from the rude collision, he may still attain to legal distinction by other and less rugged paths—but as he values his interest and fame, let him resign all hope of making a figure in a Nisi Prius court.

Serjeant Goold passes in the Irish courts for an eloquent advocate. In one sense of the word he is so; for though far from being a pleasing speaker, and having manifold defects of delivery and action, he still contrives to make a very strong impression upon a jury, where feeling is to be excited, or the understanding forcibly impelled in a particular direction. His faults of manner are angularity, abruptness, and violence. His articulation is rapid and unmusical. His diction has no equability of flow,—it bursts out in irregular spirts. But he has a clear head, much experience of human character and passion, and infinite reliance upon himself. His tones, however faulty, are fervid and sincere. His sentiments, though often extravagantly delivered, are bold and natural, and reach the heart. I would describe his ordinary style of addressing a jury by saying, not that it deeply moves them, for that would imply a more regular and finished order of speaking, but that it "stirs them up." In a word, he bustles through an appeal to the intellect or passions with great ability. He commits many faults of taste, but no essential breach of skill. The jury are often startled by his detonations, and often join in the general smile that follows those little personal episodes into which the learned Serjeant occasionally diverges; but after all, they see that they have before them a man who knows

well what he is about. They listen to him with attention and respect; never suspect that he has the slightest design to puzzle them; and when they retire to cool their fancies in the jury-room, feel extremely disposed to agree that the views he had thrown up to them were founded in the justice and good sense of the case.

Mr. Goold sat in the last Session of the Irish Parliament. The occasion of his presence there is much to his honour. I have not heard by what particular influence he was returned. It is sufficient to state, that he had already earned a character for talent and public integrity, which pointed him out as a fit person to co-operate in defending the last pass of the Irish Constitution against the meditated surrender by its perfidious guardians.

The secret history of the Union has not yet transpired in all its ignominious details. A work professing to perform such an act of historical vengeance, and emanating from an eye-witness, was undertaken about eighteen years ago. A kind of prefatory volume taking up the subject at an ominous distance, was published as a specimen. The continuation, or, more strictly speaking, the commencement, was anxiously expected. I have no authority for asserting that there was any tampering with the writer's indignation; but it may be mentioned as a curious coincidence, that the suspension of his design was coeval with his appointment to be judge of the Court of Admiralty in Dublin, over which, if there be any truth in the old maxim, "Major è longinquo reverentia," he must be allowed to have presided in a style of the most imposing dignity. He has for many years been a resident of France; sometimes, no doubt, sojourning in the Isle of Oleron, where our sea-laws were originally compiled and promulgated by Richard the First, and latterly in the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where his marine meditations must be greatly assisted by the visible aspect of "things *flotsam, jetsam*, and *ligan*," to say nothing of the cheering influence of an occasional wreck, in reminding him of the convenience of judicial functions that can be performed by deputy. Had Sir Jonah Barrington persevered in his design, he would have had some strange things to tell of the honourable gentlemen who sold their country. There was much, however, that could not be concealed. The measure, smoothed and varnished as it might be to meet the public eye, retained all the coarse and disgusting outlines of an Irish job. It was proposed in 1799, and rejected. The following year, the proposition was renewed and carried. In the interval wonders had been done in the way of an amicable arrangement. The predatory rights of an Irish representative were duly considered and admitted. A vote and its concomitant privileges were not now to be estimated at the old market-price of seven years purchase but, being to be bought up in perpetuity, a just and commensurate equivalent was allowed to meet the increased cost of a majority, all kinds of compensation in possession and reversion were forthcoming.* Peerages were given

* Numerous anecdotes of the legislative higgling on this occasion are current in Ireland,—some of them sufficiently dramatic. One member, for example, tendered his terms. They were accepted, and a verbal promise given that the contract

down. The Bench was mortgaged. The earnest of a pension was advanced to soothe the impatience of the reversionary placeman. Boroughs were declared to be private property, and so excellent and certain a provision for the patron's younger children, that it would be a violation of all justice to exact their gratuitous surrender. Their pecuniary value was ascertained, and the public faith solemnly pledged to treat a customary breach of the constitution (a title to property of which Blackstone never dreamt) as one that by "the courtesy of Ireland" gave the prescriptive offender an equitable interest in its continuance.* These are but a few specimens of the means resorted to in order to precipitate a measure that was announced in all the pomp of prophetic assertion, as the sure and only means of conferring prosperity and repose upon the Irish nation; and were it not for certain counteracting circumstances, such as—the nightly incursions of Captain Rock; the periodical eclipses of the Constitution by the intervention of the Insurrection Act—a pretty general insecurity of life and property; the decay of public spirit; the growth of faction,—a weekly list of insolvencies, murders, conflagrations, and letters from Sir Harcourt Lees, unprecedented in the annals of a happy country; but for these, and similar visitations, all originating in the comprehensive and inscrutable efforts of the prophets themselves to falsify their prediction, the Union, notwithstanding the demerits of its supporters, might long since have ceased to be a standing topic of popular execration. The disasters that, in point of fact, have followed, were pretty accurately foreseen by the men who opposed this much vaunted measure. They failed; but they did their duty fearlessly and well, and not one of them, it is but just to say, in a spirit of more entire self-oblivion, and more earnest sensibility to his public duties, than the person whose name is prefixed to the present article. His manly and upright conduct, as usual in Ireland, excited deep and lasting resentment. He was stigmatised as an honest Irishman, and, disdaining to atone by after-compliances for his original offence, had to encounter all those impediments to professional advancement which systematically followed so obnoxious a disqualification.

Here I had intended to close my observations upon Serjeant Goold; but it occurs to me that there remains one topic, not indeed connected

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should be faithfully observed. He insisted upon a written guarantee. This was refused, and the treaty broken off. The member went down to the house, and vented a virtuous harangue against the proposed measure. As soon as he sat down, the written security was handed to him. He put it in his pocket, voted against his speech, and was in due season appointed to a lucrative office which he still enjoys, defying the historian and laughing at the notion of posthumous fame.

* By the Act of Union, eighty-four boroughs were disfranchised. Remuneration, to the amount of 15,000*l.* each, was voted to the patrons. In the debate on the latter point, one of Lord Castlereagh's arguments was that the patrons could not have been brought to enter upon "a cool examination," of the general question, had not their fears for their personal interests been set at rest by a certainty of compensation. The injustice of annihilating provisions in family settlements resting upon the security of boroughs was also insisted on. I like better the stern logic of Mr. Saurin;—"There can be no injustice in denying property to be acquired by acts which the law declares to be a crime. As well might the highwayman, upon a public road being stopt up, exclaim against the disturbance of his right to plunder the passengers."

with his professional life, but of so much notoriety, and to this day so often canvassed, that a total silence upon it might be misconstrued—I allude to the evidence which he gave in the year 1818 at the Bar of the House of Commons upon the enquiry into the conduct of Mr. Wyndham Quin. An imputation was cast upon his character at the time; and though stifled as far as it could be, by the vote of an immense majority of the House, it has not wanted external support in that uncharitable spirit which is ever ready to pronounce a summary verdict of conviction upon no other foundation than the fact of a charge having been made. I have now before me the report of the debates, and the minutes of the evidence in question. The latter are so voluminous that it would be altogether unjust to the party concerned to propose repelling the accusation by any analysis and comments that could be condensed into my present limits. I can merely state the general conclusion to which I have come upon a minute examination and comparison of the several parts of the evidence; and that is my full and unhesitating conviction that Mr. Goold was as incapable as the most high-minded of his accusers, of intentionally withholding or misrepresenting a single fact which he was called upon to disclose. He was, I admit, what is technically called "a bad witness"—barristers are proverbially so (instead of an answer they give a speech). Mr. Goold, from his habits and temperament, is peculiarly so. Upon every matter, great and small, he is hot and hasty; and announces his views with the tone and temper of a partisan. It is a part of the constitution of his mind to have an undue confidence in the infallibility of his faculties and the importance of his personal concerns. All this broke out, as it does every where else, at the Bar of the House of Commons: he could no more repress it than he could the movement of his arteries; and the effect upon the minds of strangers to his peculiarities may naturally enough have been unfavourable; but when the question arisen, is a denial of a collateral and unessential matter of fact, a lapse of memory, or a meditated suppression, surely every one, who would not wantonly shake the stability of character, should feel bound to put the tenor of a long and honourable life against a most improbable supposition. This was the view taken by those who knew him best: among the rest by the late Mr. Grattan, whose friendship alone formed high evidence of a spotless reputation. For thirty years Mr. Grattan had been his intimate friend, and had seen him pass through the ordeal of times, which tried, as far as any earthly process can try, the worth and honour of a man; and what was his impassioned exclamation? "Mr. Goold is thoroughly known to me. I would stake my existence upon his integrity, as I would upon my own. If he is not to be trusted, I know not who is to be trusted!" To this attestation, and its inference, I cannot but cordially subscribe.

THE THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

Three sightless inmates of the sky,
  Whose names were Justice—Fortune—Cupid,
Finding their public life on high
  Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
Resolved one morning to unite
  Their powers in an Alliance Holy,
And purify the Earth, whose plight
  They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—Of the world below
  I doubtless have the best idea,
Since in the Golden Age, you know,
  I ruled it jointly with Astræa;
While, therefore, we on earth abide,
  For fear our forces should be parted,
Let *me* be your perpetual guide:—
  Agreed, *nem. con.* and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,
  Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
When Cupid cries—This flight, my friends,
  Has made my throttle somewhat arid:
Beneath each wing, before our trip,
  I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,
And I for one should like a sip,
  What says our worshipful director?

The proposition, 'twas decreed,
  Redounded to the mover's glory,
So down they sate upon the mead,
  And plied the flagon *con amore*;
But not reflecting that the draught
  With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,
Before the second vase was quaff'd,
  They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
  Each loudly backing his opinion,
And 'stead of letting Justice lead,
  All struggle fiercely for dominion:
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
  And throws it in her scales with fury,
Maintaining that the rightful cause
  Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune, purloining Cupid's darts,
  Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,
Making sad havoc in the hearts
  Of matrimonial computers;
While Love on Fortune's wheel apace
  Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
Gives flying glimpses of his face,
  Then presto! pass!—away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles day by day
  Gave censurers a better handle,
Till Jove impatient of their stay,
  And anxious to arrest the scandal,
Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return;
  But to atone for their miscarriage,
Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
  He sent them down Luck, Law, and Marriage. H.

THE MONTHS.—NO. II.

February.

Some one has said of the Scotch novels, that that is the best which we happen to have perused last. It is thus that I estimate the relative value and virtue of my betrothed mistresses, The Months. The one which happens to be present with me is sure to be that one which I happen to like better than any of the others. I lately insisted on the supremacy of January on various accounts. Now I have a similar claim to put in, in favour of the next in succession. And it shall go hard but I will prove, to the entire satisfaction of all whom it may concern, that each in her turn is beyond comparison the "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." Indeed I doubt whether, on consideration, any one, but a Scotch philosopher, will be inclined to dispute the truth of this, even as a logical proposition, much less as a sentiment. The time present is the best of all possible times, *because* it is present—because it *is*—because it is something;—whereas all other times are nothing. The time present, therefore, is essentially better than any other time, in the proportion of something to nothing! I hope this is logic; or metaphysics at the least. If the reader determine otherwise, "he may kill the next Percy himself!" In the mean time—(and *that*, by the bye, is the best time, next to the present, in virtue of its skill in connecting together two refractory periods)—in the mean time, let us search for another and a better reason why every one of the months is in its turn the best. The cleverest Scotch philosopher that ever lived has said, in a memoir of his own life, that a man had better be born with a disposition to look on the bright side of things, than to an estate of ten thousand a year. He might have gone farther, and said that the disposition to which he alludes is worth almost as much to a man as being compelled and able to earn an honest livelihood by the sweat of his brow! Nay, he might almost have asserted, that, with such a disposition, a man may chance to be happy, even though he be born to an estate of *twenty* thousand a year! But I, not being, thank my stars! a Scotch or any other philosopher, will venture to go still farther, and say, that to be able to look at things *as they are*, is best of all. To him who can do this, all is as it should be—all things work together for good—whatever is, is right. To him who can do this, the present time is all-sufficient—or rather it is all in all; for if he cannot enjoy any other, it is because no other is susceptible of being enjoyed, except through the medium of the present. But

————"Ye gods, I prate
While the most noble month of all the year
Stands unsaluted by!"

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Consequently, from the ridiculous to the sublime must be about the same distance. In other words, the transition from metaphysics to love is easy—as Mr. Coleridge's writings can amply testify.—Hail! then, February! month and mother of Love! Not that Love which requires the sun of Midsummer to foster it into life; and is so restless and fugitive that nothing can hold it but bands made of bright eyebeams; and so dainty that it must be fed on rose-leaves; and so proud and fantastical that bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle are not good enough for it to dwell in, or

the green turf soft enough for its feet to press, but it must sit beneath silken canopies, and tread on Turkey carpets, and breathe the breath of pastiles; and so chilly that it must pass all its nights within a gentle bosom, or it dies. Not *this* Love; but its infant cousin, that starts into life on cold Saint Valentine's morning, and sits by the fire rocking its own cradle, and listening all day long for the "sweet thunder" of the twopenny postman's knock!—Hail! February!—virgin mother of this love of all loves—which dies almost the day that it is born, and yet leaves the odour of its sweetness upon the whole after-life of those who were not too wise to admit it for a moment to their embraces!

The sage reader must not begrudge me these innocent little rhapsodies. He must remember that all are not so wise and staid as he; and as in January he permitted me to be, for a moment, a ranting school-boy,—so in February he must not object to my reminding him that there are such persons in the world as young ladies who have not yet finished their education! he must not insist, that, "because *he* is virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale" Besides, to say the truth, I do not see that it is quite fair to complain of us anonymous writers, even if we do occasionally insinuate into our lucubrations a few lines that are directed to our own exclusive satisfaction. Far be it from me to hint aught against the liberality of the worthy proprietors of this immaculate miscellany, the New Monthly Magazine. But I must think that no pecuniary pay would be equivalent to the privilege of writing nonsense now and then; and editors as well as readers may rest assured that if once they enter into a conspiracy to cut us wholly off from this sweetest source of our emolument, we shall very soon *strike*:—for if a man is always to write sense and reason, he might as well be an *author* at once—which, we of the New Monthly flatter ourselves that none of us are. I put it to the candour of Mr. Colburn himself, whether, if I were to insist on placing my name in the corner of each of these egregious portraits of The Months—*so and so pinxit* 1824—he would not offer me double price to refrain from so unperiodical a proceeding? Then let him use his interest with the Editor to allow me but half a page of nonsense in each number, and I am content to leave posterity in the lurch, and live only till I die. I have now expended *my* portion of this paper, and shall henceforth willingly "keep bounds" till the next month—to which end, however, I must be permitted to call in the aid of my able suggestive, Now.

Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than *black* in the home-loving eyes of little school-boys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but strait before them; and sobs are heard and sorrowful faces are seen to issue from sundry post-chaises that carry sixteen inside, including cakes and boxes; and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *éclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether, if it move at all."—*En revanche.*—Now newspaper editors begin to think of disporting themselves; for the great national school for "children of a larger growth" is met in Saint Stephen's Chapel, "for the *dispatch* of business" and of time, and consequently newspapers have become a nonentity, and those

writers who sign themselves "constant readers" find their occupation gone. Now, the stones of Bond-street dance for joy, while they "prate of the whereabout" of innumerable wheels; which latter are so happy to meet again after a long absence, that they rush into each other's embraces—"wheel within wheel"—and there 's no getting them asunder. Now, the Italian opera is open, and the house is full; but if asked on the subject, you may safely say that "nobody was there;"—for the opera-hats that you meet with in the pit evidently indicate that the wearers appertain to certain counters and counting-houses in the city, or serve those that do—having "received orders" for the opera in the way of their business.—Now, a sudden thaw after a week's frost puts the pedestrians of Cheapside into a pretty pickle.—Now, the *trottoir* of Saint James's-street begins to know itself again; the steps of Raggett's are proud of being pressed by right-honourable feet; and *the dandies' watch-tower* is once more peopled with playful peers peering after beautiful frailties in furred pelisses.—Now, on fine Sundays, the citizens and their wives begin to hie them to Hyde Park, and having attained Wellington-walk, fancy that there is not more than two pins to choose between them and their betters on the other side the rail; while these latter,—having come abroad to take the air (of the insides of their carriages) and kill the time and cure the vapours,—permit inquisitive equestrians to gaze at them through plate-glass, and fancy, not without reason, that they look like flowers seen through flowing water: Lady O——, for example, like an overblown rose; Lady H—— like a painted lady-pea; the Countess of B—— like a newly opened apple-blossom; and her demure-looking little sister beside her like a *primrose*.—Now, Winter being on the wane, and Spring only on the approach, Fashion, for once in the year, begins to feel herself in a state of interregnum, and her ministers, the milliners and tailors, don't know what to think; Mrs. Bean shakes her head like Lord Burleigh, and declines to determine as to what may be the fate of future waists; and Mr. Stultz is equally cautious of committing himself in the affair of collars; and both agree in coming to the same conclusion with the statesman in Tom Thumb—that, "as near as they can guess, they cannot tell!"—Now, therefore, the fashionable shops are shorn of their beams, and none can show wares that are strictly in season, except the stationer's. But *his*, which for all the rest of the year is dullest of the dull, is now, for the first fourteen days, gayest of the gay—for here the poetry of love and the love of poetry are displayed under all possible and impossible forms and metaphors,—from little cupids creeping out of cabbage roses, to large overgrown hearts stuffed with double-headed arrows, and uttering piteous complaints in verse while they fry in their own flames. And this brings us safe back to the point from which we somewhat prematurely set out;—for Now, on good Saint Valentine's eve, all the rising generation of this metropolis who feel that they have reached the age of *in*discretion, think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins,

> "And those *rhyme* now who never rhymed before,
> And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more;"

to the utter dismay of the newly-appointed twopenny postman the next

morning; who curses Saint Valentine almost as bitterly as does in her secret heart yonder sulky sempstress, who has not been called upon for a single twopence out of all the two hundred thousand* extra ones that have been drawn from willing pockets, and dropped into canvass bags, on this eventful day. She may take my word for it that the said sulkiness, which has some show of reason in it to-day, is in the habit of visiting her pretty face oftener than it is called for: if it were not so, she would not have had cause for it now.

But good Bishop Valentine is a pluralist, and holds another see besides that of London.

> "All the air is his diocese,
> And all the chirping choristers
> And other birds are his parishioners;
> He marries every year
> The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove;
> The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
> The household bird with the red stomacher;
> He makes the blackbird speed as soon
> As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon."

Let us be off to the country without more ado;—for who can stay in London in the face of such epithets as these—that seem to compel us, with their sweet magic, to go in search of the sounds and sights that they characterise?—"The *lyric* lark!"—Why a modern poet might live for a whole season on that one epithet!—Nay, there be those that *have* lived on it for a longer time—perhaps without knowing that it did not belong to them! "The sparrow—*that neglects his life for love!*" "The *household* bird, *with the red stomacher!*"—That a poet who could write in this manner, for pages together, should be almost entirely unknown to modern *readers*, (except to those of a late number of the Retrospective Review,) would be somewhat astonishing, if it were not for the consideration that he is so well known to modern *writers!* It would be doing both parties justice if some one would point out a few of the *coincidences* that occur between them. In the mean time, *we* shall be doing better in looking abroad for ourselves into that Nature to which *he* looked, and seeing what she offers worthy of particular observation in the course of this last month of Winter in the country, though it is the first in London. Our "*now*" in regard to the latter place finished on Saint Valentine's Day. Let it here begin on that day: for the first half offers nothing that can expressly distinguish it from its sister January.

Now, then, about the middle of the month, a strange commotion may be seen and heard among the winged creatures—portending momentous matters. The lark is high up in the cold air before day-light, seeking for the unrisen sun; and his chosen mistress is listening to him down among the dank grass, with the dew still upon her unshaken wing. The bird "with the red stomacher" has left off, for a brief season, his low plaintive piping,—which, it must be confessed, was poured forth for his own exclusive satisfaction,—and, reckoning on his spruce looks and sparkling eyes, issues his quick peremptory love-call,

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* This was the number of letters that passed through the twopenny post-office on the 14th of February, 1821, in addition to the usual daily average.—See the Official Returns.

in a most ungallant and husband-like manner. The sparrows, who have lately been sulking silently about from tree to tree, with ruffled plumes and drooping wings, now spruce themselves up till they do not look half their former size; and if it were not pairing-time, one might fancy that there was more of war than of love in their noisy squabblings. But the crouching forms, quivering wings, and murmuring bills, of yonder pair that have quitted for a moment the clamorous cabal, can indicate the movements of but *one* passion. Among the choristers, the only one, except the lark, who now finds leisure to practise his spring notes, is the thrush; and he not till towards the end of the month—nor then unless the season is mild and forward. The yellow-hammer and the chaffinch may indeed occasionally be heard towards the latter end; but their short interrupted notes, pleasant as they are, can scarcely as yet be called singing, but rather the talking of it:—for

> "I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
> If birds confabulate, or no;"

but shall determine at once that they do—at least if any dependence may be placed on eyes and ears. But let us leave the birds to themselves now:

> "Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is."

We shall have enough opportunities of observing all their other pretty ways hereafter.

For the great general face of nature, we shall find *that* much in the same apparent state as we left it last month. And we must look into its individual features very minutely if we would discover any change even in them. The trees are still utterly bare—the skies are cold and grey—the paths and ways are for the most part dank and miry—and the air is either damp and clinging, or bitter, eager, and shrewd. But then what days of soft air, and sunshine, and unbroken blue sky do now and then intervene, and transport us into the very heart of May, and make us look about and wonder what is become of the green leaves and the flowers! Now hard frosts, if they come at all, are followed by sudden thaws; and now, if ever, the mysterious old song of our school-days stands a chance of being verified, which sings of

> "Three children sliding on the ice
> All on a *summer's* day,
> It so fell out they all fell in,
> The rest they ran away!"

Now the labour of the husbandman recommences; and it is pleasant to watch from your library window, the plough-team moving almost imperceptibly along, upon the distant upland that the bare trees have disclosed to you. And now, by the way, if you are wise, you will get acquainted with all the little spots that are thus, by the bareness of the trees, laid open to you.

But we must not neglect the garden; for though "Nature's journeymen," the gardeners, are undergoing an ignoble leisure this month, it is not so with Nature herself. She is as busy as ever—if not openly and obviously—secretly, and in the hearts of her sweet subjects, the flowers—stirring them up to that rich rivalry of beauty, which is to greet the first footsteps of Spring, and teaching them to prepare them-

selves for her advent, as young maidens prepare, months beforehand, for the marriage festival of some dear friend. If the flowers think and feel—and he who dares to say that they do not, is either a fool or a philosopher—(let him choose between the imputations!)—if the flowers think and feel, what a commotion must be working within their silent hearts, when the pinions of winter begin to grow, and indicate that he is at least meditating his flight! Then do *they* too begin to meditate on May day, and think on the delight with which they shall once more breathe the fresh air, when they have leave to escape from their subterranean prisons; for now, towards the latter end of this month, they are all of them at least awake from their winter slumbers, and most are busily working at their gay toilets, and weaving their fantastic robes, and shaping their trim forms, and distilling their rich essences, and in short getting ready in all things, that they may be duly prepared to join the bright procession of beauty that is to greet and glorify the annual coming-on of their sovereign lady, the Spring!—It is true none of all this can be seen. But what a race should we be, if we knew and cared to know of nothing but what we can see and prove!

> "Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
> He is a slave—the meanest you can meet."

But there is much going on in the garden now, that may be seen by "the naked eye" of those who carefully look for it. The bloom buds of the shrubs and fruit trees are obviously swelling; and the leaves of the lilac are ready to burst forth at the first favourable call. The laurestinus still braves the winds and the frosts, and blooms in blithe defiance of them. So does the China rose; but meekly, and like a maiden who *will* not droop though her lover *be* away,—because she knows that he is true to her, and will soon return.—Now, too, the visible heralds of spring appear; but they have not yet put on their gorgeous tabards or surcoats of many colours. The chief of these are, the tulips; who are now just showing themselves, shrouded closely in their sheltering alcoves of dull green. The hyacinths too have sent up their trim fences of green, and are just peeping up from the midst of them in their green veils—the cheek of each flower-bud pressed and clustering against that of its fellow, like a host of little heads peeping out from the porch of an ivy-bound cottage, as the London coach passes. Now, too, those pretty orphans, the crocuses and snowdrops—those foundlings, that belong neither to Winter nor Spring—that are neither lingering remnants of the one, nor early heralds of the other—show their modest faces scarcely an inch above the dark earth, as if they were afraid to rise from it, lest a stray "March wind" should whistle them away.

Pardon me this rhapsody, gentle reader, and I promise to be as "sober-suited" as the editor of an encyclopedia, for this two months to come.—Nothing—not even the nightingale's song in the last week in April—shall move me from my "propriety." But I will candidly confess that the effects of May-day morning are more than I can venture to answer for. Even the chimney-sweepers are allowed to disport themselves then; so that when that arrives, there is no knowing what may happen.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

We arrived at Pera near Constantinople, after a very good passage of eighteen days from Marseilles, without much incident. The worst part of it was a calm of four days, that came on as we lost sight of Sardinia: during which the utter want of interest and variety brought a most wearying vacuity upon the mind; sitting upon the deck, sick, gazing only on the sea and sky, and the waste of waters heaving around. On the fifth day a beautiful breeze sprang up, and sickness and weariness fled away. The Morea came in sight, and we gazed with interest on its lofty coast; then the islands of Cerigo and Milo. The appearance of the sky in the Mediterranean is not of the clear fine blue of a summer's day in England; it is a kind of French gray, growing very light towards the horizon: and never yet had we seen a sunset equal to some I have seen in England. But one lovely evening, the island of Zea was on one side, and a very pretty Greek town of white houses with flat roofs on its declivity, and a church at the bottom, with its town, just like one of our country village churches: the high and romantic land of Greece, very barren, was on the other side; over which the sun sunk gradually with indescribable splendour. But the twilight here is much shorter than with us; nor do the hues of sunset, though more delicate and soft, linger so long in the sky. The range of Grecian country terminating in the capes Colonna and Negropont was extremely lofty, and the hills finely wooded; and far in the back-ground were mountains covered with snow. The islands of Mitylene, Ipsera, and at last Tenedos came in sight, with the land of Troy. But the land of the East, to which we were fast approaching, now became the great object of interest; and the entrance of the Dardanelles at last opened; a vessel or two preceding us, when a gun from the fort told us that all was not peace. We were ordered, from a Turkish frigate, into a position near the shore. The captain concealed his money. Two boats boarded us on both sides with soldiers and several officers; but they only came to know if we had any design to assist the Greeks with stores or ammunition, and they at last gave us permission to depart.

After some hours' stay we proceeded up the Dardanelles, Europe on one side and Asia on the other; and soon Turkey opened on us with its loveliest scenery. I do not know if I can convey a proper idea of it, it is so different from that of Europe. What gives a peculiar beauty to the Turkish towns and villages, is their being so embosomed in trees. You always see these of the liveliest verdure, hanging over and shading the greatest part of the houses. The habitations are rather low, and built generally of wood, with gently sloping roofs; they are either of a red, white, or lead colour, with windows of framework of wood. The neat white minaret of the mosque rises eminent amidst every village. The country was rich in many parts with corn, which had been already cut; and a cool kiosque was seen, shaded with its luxuriance of wood. But all this only whetted my impatience to behold Stamboul, as the Turks call it; and night came down again to augment it. For the last few days the sky had become more beautiful, of a most delicate blue, bounded near the horizon by a ridge of white clouds; and the last day of our voyage was particularly fine, when a gentle breeze

brought us towards the capital of the East. The first view rather disappoints you; the surrounding shores are not striking, and you are inclined to ask, where is the magnificence of Constantinople? But when you enter the canal, and turn the point where stands the seraglio, and the site of the city, being built on declivities, rises higher, so that houses appear to range on houses—and Pera and Galata, with the immense dark grove of cypress on the place of graves that crowns the hill, open to your view—you are struck with admiration. The houses of wood, of which the city is chiefly built, have indeed nothing grand in their appearance; three-fourths of the fronts are taken up with windows. But it is the novel and beautiful blending of trees and verdure with every part; the innumerable minarets, some with gilded tops that glitter in the sun; and the superior mosques, of a nobler appearance, and towering above all other buildings,—which impress the mind of a stranger with feelings unknown at the sight of any other European city.

Our vessel being bound for Odessa, proceeded up the river to the village of Buyukderé, a few miles distant, celebrated for its beauty. This afforded an excellent opportunity to view the scenery; and few who have once done this can ever forget it. Each side of the river—a noble stream, of a mile, or sometimes half that in width—was thickly covered with habitations. In one part was a mosque of the purest white marble, most richly ornamented and gilded, and the dark cypress around it. On the left, a summer seraglio of the Sultan, with its small pleasure-ground, stretched along the shore. The hills on the European side, descending nearly close to the river, and prettily wooded, yet so small that they looked in miniature; and the little Turkish houses, standing in the river, or hanging in parapets over it, or thrown back in a retiring wood,—put you in mind of what you had imagined of Chinese scenery and dwellings. My view often wandered with delight over the Asiatic side, as the scene of future pleasures. At last, I said to myself,—My long cherished hopes are accomplished; it is all oriental that I see: but my expectations are surpassed. After casting anchor at Buyukderé, the captain procured a boat to carry us back to Constantinople. One Turkish rower only had to pull against a strong wind for some miles; it was most laborious work for him, though well paid: it was the fast of Ramadan; and the poor fellow pointed to his stomach very expressively, to signify he had eaten nothing all day. It was evening as we entered the basin of Constantinople; and it was like a scene of enchantment. The seraglio, in part a range of white buildings, beautifully figured in front, with hanging roofs of a lead colour, but without any magnificence of architecture, stood close to the water's edge; behind was a rich and moveless mass of cypress, varied by the vast domains of the palace, which occasionally glittered through or rose over it. On the left was Scutari, one of the suburbs on the Asiatic side, with its white mosques: and as we drew nearer the landing-place, large boats, with Turks of all ranks and dresses, passed rapidly by.

We were not aware of the tumults and massacres of which Constantinople had been the scene. It was not safe for a European to pass through Pera and Galata without a janizary. On landing at the latter suburb, we entered a coffee-house: but the Turks, with impressive ges-

tures, warned us away. Not only the soldiers, but all the populace, bore arms: the very boys had their pistols and ataghan, and had learned to dip their hands in blood. Almost every day some dreadful atrocity was acted. There was no mercy for the Greek, wherever discovered: no home could shelter him, save the palaces of the ambassadors. The windows of the lofty apartment where we lodged looked down on a cemetery, with its cypress-grove. As soon as evening set in, the firing of musquets and pistols commenced around it, and was kept up at intervals through the night: this rendered it very unsafe to walk there after sunset. Of the Greek boyars, or noblemen, scarcely one now remains. Those who were not slain in the tumults have fled from their homes, and left their families and possessions at the mercy of the Turks. The village of Therapia on the Bosphorus was celebrated alike for the beauty of its women and the uncommon loveliness of its situation. It was a luxury to a stranger in the cool of evening to see the Greek ladies and princesses walking there, with their raven hair scarcely confined, and the rich veil turned aside; their classic features and fine forms harmonizing well with the exquisite scenery around. But now every path is silent there, and their palaces are deserted.

As I sat one afternoon beneath the portico of the Palace of the Janizaries in Constantinople, two Greeks, of a superior class, were brought in under a guard. It was impossible not to be moved at such a scene. They were both elderly men; and as they walked with a firm step, their looks were placid and resigned. Their fate was inevitable; their retreat had been discovered, and they were torn from their families to die. Indeed it was singular to observe the resignation, approaching to apathy, with which the Greeks in general met their fate. One unfortunate man had made his escape; but so strong was his desire after a few weeks to see his family again, that he ventured back. The very evening of his return he was discovered in Galata, and dragged forth. The Greek knelt down, folded his arms on his breast tranquilly, without any change of feature, and was instantly shot. I passed by the body of this man twice afterwards: the Turks, as was their frequent practice after beheading, had fixed the head between the knees in an upright position, so that its ghastly aspect was sure to meet the passenger. The Musulmen certainly excel all other people in their dexterity in taking off the head at one blow. Afterwards, at Smyrna, I went early one morning to the execution of twenty-three Greeks, who were put to death in this way without pain. But the scene was closed before I arrived at the spot, where the bodies were then lying in a heap. It was truly shocking to see how cheap human life was held. The women were better off in this respect: but woe to those who had any beauty! they always found their way to the harems of the Turks, to become their slaves and mistresses; while the plain ones were cared nothing about. A young and very lovely Greek was offered for sale by an Armenian merchant at Constantinople for twenty thousand piastres (about six hundred pounds). One of the pashas owed him that sum, and sent him this lady, who had become his captive, as payment, with directions that he must sell her for the full amount. The sex were, indeed, sadly degraded at this period. At the storming of Hivaly, a Greek town on the coast of Asia Minor, the Turks having put all the men to the sword, and secured the few

beauties for their seraglios, sold the rest of the women for fifty piastres, or thirty shillings, a-piece. In *several of the warehouses* of the English merchants at Smyrna, the ladies were crowded together, of all kinds, ranks, ages, and charms, too happy to escape the hands of the true believers, never daring to quit their retreat, and supplied with food by the generosity of their protectors.—But to return to Stamboul. How entire a change from the freedom and gaiety of France, which we had so lately left! The women you meet have a most repulsive appearance: a huge cloak hangs down to their feet, and a thick white veil covers the upper part of the face;—the pallid hue of the small part exposed, with the dark eyes peering earnestly over the veil, gives them just the appearance of corpses.

The various costumes of the Turks have much interest for a stranger. They are certainly, in personal appearance, the finest people in Europe, and their figures are much set off by their magnificent dress. During the feast of Beiram, when every man, from the prince to the peasant, puts on his best apparel, nothing could be more striking than the infinite variety and splendour of their dresses. The beauty of the Turks is peculiar; the features have a general bluntness, without "points or angles." The thick and heavy eyebrow covers a full, round, and dark eye; the nose straight, and the chin round, with a very handsome mouth. They walk extremely erect; and their large limbs, their slow pace, and flowing garments, give them a very majestic air. They will sit on benches spread with soft carpets, in the open air, a great part of the day; and you see some of them reclining so moveless, with their head and noble white beard resting on their bosoms, and clothed in a light pink or white drapery, that they bring to mind the scene of the ancient Roman senators, when the Goths first rushed into the Forum and took their tranquil forms for statues. But nothing can exceed their indolence: they hold a string of beads in their hands of different colours, to play with like children, from mere inanity of thought, during the intervals of smoking.

From the extreme tranquillity and regularity of their lives, and their freedom from strong passions, derangement is a very rare circumstance with this people. We one day visited the house for lunatics, the only one in the city. It possessed a spacious court, with a fountain and trees in the middle; and the cells were ranged around. The persons confined were very few; and the madness of each one was quiet and meditative, if such an expression is allowable. There was no violence or strong emotion of any kind manifested. One old man was happy to play his guitar and sing to any visitor.

Love can have little power on the mind, with a people among whom the free association of the sexes, or the knowledge of each other, is forbid by custom. For ambition, or the restless desire to rise in the world, whether to riches or fame, the Turk certainly cares less than any other being. The pride of family, or the trouble of sustaining it, affects him little, there being no orders of nobility amongst them. Give him his Arab horses, his splendid arms, his pipe and coffee, his seat in the shade, and the Turk is in general contented with the state which Alla has assigned him. The pleasures of the table have few charms for him, for no other nation can equal his temperance at table. But his idol, his ruling passion, is beauty: for this he will pay any

price. He will procure this from every nation: when the first wife of his fancy begins to lose the freshness of her charms, he will seek another more seductive; no matter whether Persian, Circassian, Greek, or Armenian. How admirably the prophet has adapted his paradise to the passions of his countrymen!—"The banks of roses on which the true believer sinks down, the palm, the orange, and the trees of perfume waving their eternal shadows over him, the fountains which gush away with a sound as of melody—all would be tame and unavailing, but for the maids of immortal beauty who await him there."

The feast of Beiram having commenced, we went to see the celebrated game of the jerrid, or hurling the blunt javelin; forming a party of six gentlemen, and attended by three janizaries The coffee-houses in the suburbs of the city are often beautifully situated and shaded: near one of these were a number of little cars, very gaudily painted and canopied, with carpets in them; where the Turk reclined at his ease, and was drawn by the hand, by means of a long pole affixed. The weather was very hot; and our path was through the immense burial-ground on the summit of the hill, covered with its dark mass of noble cypress-trees. The tomb-stones were narrow, four or five feet high, with a turban of stone carved on the top, and adorned with various inscriptions, many of which, as well as the monument, were richly gilded.

You could not help contrasting this Eastern cemetery with that most interesting one at Paris of Père La Chaise. There all was taste, elegance, and tenderness. The beds of flowers and garlands that adorned the neat mausoleums of white marble, on which the sun shone—or the darker monuments which stood apart, shrouded by the cypress—all kept so clean and sacred, that a survivor might delight to retire there to mourn. Here there was a deep and impenetrable gloom, and a stillness well suited to it. You saw only here and there a female figure sitting on the earth, and mourning at the tomb of her husband or son: but her grief had no voice; and her face then partly unshrouded, with its pallid hue, looked as little enchanting as death itself. On emerging from this vast cemetery, we descended the hill, and entered a small wood, where groups of Turks were seated in the shade, or beneath awnings, smoking and conversing, or amused with a buffoon. The field of action presented a scene truly interesting and oriental. It formed a kind of amphitheatre, the steep declivity of which was covered with innumerable spectators, who sat in rows on the ground, their turbaned heads, of all the colours of the rainbow, rising in ridges one over the other to the summit. Above these, on the brow of the hill, were pitched a number of tents; and beside them stood several open carriages, filled with Turkish ladies, yet veiled. The Sultan was in a kiosque that overlooked the field, before which were ranged his guards, uncommonly fine men, all in white dresses. A number of beautiful Arabian coursers, richly caparisoned and held by grooms, stood around, and gave a variety to the scene. In the small valley below were the combatants with the jerrid. The wild Turkish music struck up, and the game was warmly engaged in. The dexterity of the players was admirable; starting at full speed in all directions, they threw the jerrid with infinite skill, and warded off their antagonist's, or caught it as it flew.

Though there are no carriages here, yet the Turkish boats, in which you are borne rapidly to any part of the shores of the Bosphorus, are an exceeding luxury. They are very light, and finely carved within, and often gilded. You are pestered, the moment you arrive at the water's edge, with innumerable applications. The boatmen are admirable rowers: so many of them have the privilege of being the prophet's cousins, that the green turban is quite common among them. We embarked one fine morning to visit the islands of Chalcé, Prinkipo, and others, seven miles from the city. The scenery they contain is really exquisite. There is a convent in each: a recluse could never wish for a lovelier retirement. A party of the natives were seated in the shade of a large tree, smoking and sipping coffee. It would be worth while to know how far a Turk is sensible of the picturesque; he certainly has the range of the finest parts of the world. But it is quite amusing sometimes to see him seated beneath the portico of a coffee-house, that overlooks scenes which have no equal: with his little cup of coffee or sherbet, which he sips at intervals, musing between, or eating sweetmeats with childish fondness; while his deep external solemnity, his formidable weapons, and lofty demeanour, afford a singular contrast. On landing at Prinkipo we were surrounded by a number of unfortunate Greeks, who were truly objects of sympathy and pity. They had not taken any part in the revolution; but, being not wholly free from suspicion, were sent here by the Turkish government to await their doom. What this would be they knew not: they put the most eager questions to us: the deep dejection of their countenances, for most of them looked pale and wretched, shewed how bitter was the state of suspense in which they were held; and it was not in our power to give them any consolation.

We set out very early one morning, a party of six, to make the tour of the walls of Constantinople. It was a very sultry and cloudless day; but any fatigue would have been repaid by such a promenade. The country in the immediate neighbourhood it is vain to attempt to describe. These ancient walls have a most noble and venerable appearance; they are about forty feet high in many parts, with their towers quite shrouded with ivy. But it was in vain we attempted to discover the place of the breach by which the Turks entered. The whole circuit of the walls is eighteen miles; but the line towards the sea is not so lofty. About a mile off, on the plain, is the lofty mound, where Mahmoud planted his standard, and first beheld the city; and, transported with its beauty, swore by the prophet never to stir thence till it was his own. It is directly opposite the gate of Tophcani, whence the unfortunate Constantine made his last sally, and, being mortally wounded, was borne to a shaded spot near by, where he expired. There was an Armenian coffee-house at this place, outside the wall: we entered it, and soon felt the reality of Oriental luxury. When exhausted by heat and fatigue, to recline on soft cushions by the side of a fountain, to drink Arabian coffee or sherbet, and take the Argillée, where the smoke, after passing through a vase of water, comes cooled through a soft and curling tube to the mouth; all this acts on the senses with a powerful charm. We afterwards came to the ruins of a small Greek church lately destroyed, that had been held in peculiar veneration, on account of some sacred fish preserved there in a pool

with infinite care. At the storming of the city by Mahmoud, the wall near which this church stood was considered impregnable. One of the Greek priests was frying some fish, secure in his situation. On a messenger entering with the news that the Turks were forcing their way in, "I would as soon believe," exclaimed the priest, "that these fish would leap out of the pan, and swim about the room, as such an impossible event." Strange to say, the thing actually happened; and these sacred fish were preserved till lately inviolable, but they too have fallen, with their masters, before the sacrilegious Turks. While we were there, two poor Greeks drew nigh, with marks of the deepest reverence; and one of them shed tears at sight of the ruins. We then took a boat and landed not far from the Atmeidan, or chief square of the city: here stands the splendid mosque of Sultan Mahmoud; but no European at that time was allowed to enter the mosques, and we could only gaze on the outside of Saint Sophia. On passing by one of the gates of the seraglio, it stood open and afforded a glimpse at the rich gardens within: but this was forbidden ground. At the foot of the gate lay a number of heads of the wretched Greeks, and the boys were tumbling them about like footballs. Near this was a large fountain of a strikingly rich and elegant appearance, carved and gilded on the four sides, with several streams of water gushing out. The care shown by this people to provide the luxury of water for the traveller cannot be too highly praised, and prevails all over the East. At intervals along the roads and within the city are erected neat stone fountains, placed, if possible, in the shade of trees; with a tin vessel suspended by a chain, to drink out of. We entered next the great bazaar, called the Bezestein. The bazaars are places of high interest to lounge in. Each trade has its own street and department. The circular roof, by which also the light enters, screens them from the heat. It is a great treat to sit beside one of the merchants on his elevated seat, and observe the variety of people of various ranks and costumes who pass before you. The Persian, the Armenian, the Nubian, and the Tartar merchants, arrived with caravans from the most distant parts of Asia; pilgrims from Mecca, with their green turbans, and toil-worn yet haughty features—for each devotee holds his head higher after that enterprise. Dervishes, who traverse all parts of the empire, some half naked, others decked in various ornaments. The Turkish merchant comes here at an early hour, mounts into his little shop, sits in his soft slippers, with his pipe in his hand, and is supplied with coffee at intervals from the seller close by: he never asks for custom, but waits tranquilly till applied to. Thus he remains till sunset.

We spent a few days very delightfully at Therapia, at the house of Mr. L.; where a very singular adventure befel us. After sunset we set out on a long walk with Mr. and Mrs. L. and ascended the hill above the village. After enjoying a good while the wide and exquisite scenery which the path commanded—the whole channel of the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, and the seven-hilled city in the distance—we proposed to return direct home; but the lady preferred descending to the water-side, and to return by a more agreeable and circuitous path. The tents of the Turkish soldiers, wild and irregular troops lately arrived from Asia Minor, were scattered on the declivities around; and it was certainly not prudent to be walking at so late an hour, and with-

out a guard. We had nearly gained the foot of the hill when we were challenged by a sentinel from a bank above: several others soon came up, and arrested our progress. They conducted us to the tent of their chief, in the midst of which he was reclining on a carpet; but the entire ignorance of each other's language rendered the interview useless. The scene was very striking. The group of tents stood on a lofty bank at the water's edge, and the watch-fires at the entrance of each threw a vivid glare around: the whole was overspread by a noble group of trees, through the massy foliage of which the moonlight scarcely penetrated. We were then ordered to a spot outside the tent, where the ropes crossing formed a sort of barrier. They most probably took us for Greeks; for soon after leaving Therapia a party of soldiers came there in search of two Greek gentlemen and a lady; and our companion's dress, in a light blue turban and black veil, favoured this idea. The chief at last allowed us to enter his tent, where he again endeavoured to examine us. He was a bold-looking man, with a handsome black beard and very graceful gesture: his tent was dimly lighted by a large lamp, made of fine oiled cotton; and many of his soldiers, wild-looking fellows, and variously armed, formed a circle round. At last they brought coffee and pipes, the pledges of peace, helping the lady last, as an inferior being in their eyes, who throughout had shown great coolness and presence of mind. We had no prospect now but of spending the night here; and the idea was any thing but pleasant. Mr. L. at last thought of sending a message to Georgi, a French servant in Therapia, who spoke Turkish. The chief in the mean time grew more friendly; he drew from beneath his pillow his beautiful Damascus sabre, two-edged for about half the blade, and inscribed with characters from the Koran. After a long delay Georgi at last arrived, and soon explained who we were: but the bey insisted on sending us under a guard before the Pasha, who with his army was encamped in the beautiful valley of Buyukderé, about two miles distant. Four soldiers attended us; and as we drew near the camp, it presented a scene truly interesting. The white tents in one part were ranged close to the edge of an inlet of the Bosphorus; and the light of their watch-fires, spread over the waters, mingled with the most soft and cloudless moonlight. As we advanced into the wood, large groups of soldiers were seated smoking beneath the trees, and almost shrouded by their deep shade. Farther on in the valley, this camp of seven thousand troops was lighted by numerous lines of fires; or the blaze of the pine-torch suspended from the trees. We reached at last the tent of the Pasha, who was absent from the camp; but his chief officer, the Kiaia Bey, was there, with two more officers of rank. The tent was lined with crimson silk, and floored with a rich Persian carpet. The chief behaved in a very polite manner; apologized for his people having arrested us; but advised us never to walk out late again without a guard, in such disturbed times, as he could not be answerable for the behaviour of the irregular troops. Delicious Arabian coffee was then introduced in small china cups, placed in another cup of chased silver, according to the eastern custom. The spectacle around was truly barbaric; some large pine-torches, hung from the trees, were fiercely burning before the tent, and their light was thrown over the various-coloured and splendid dresses of a number of soldiers ranged around; while at a short distance, amongst the trees, the wild

yet sweet Turkish music was played, accompanied with singing. The general ordered a guard of six soldiers to accompany us back to Therapia, where we arrived at a late hour.

The mosque of the whirling dervishes afforded a singular exhibition during the feast of Beiram. Taking off our shoes at the entrance, we mingled among the assemblage of Turks that was seated on the floor. There was a great deal of simplicity and elegance in the building: a large circular space in the middle was enclosed by a railing, within which were near twenty dervishes. Above was a gallery, with a front of gilt lattice-work, which held a great number of spectators as well as the musicians. The devotions, if so they may be called, began with the chanting some parts of the Koran, by a dervise in the gallery, whose voice gradually became louder, and the dervishes below began to walk round in a circle, slowly, with their arms folded. At last the music struck up a lively strain; and one of them, advancing into the middle of the circle, began to spin round like a top. They all threw off the outer garment, and in their white vest set to spinning, with their arms extended in a line with the top of their head, and their eyes closed. It is really incredible how they could endure such an incessant motion for such a length of time, it being continued for more than an hour, with two or three intervals of rest of a few minutes each. Though so many in a small space, and their vest flung out like a parachute, they did not come in contact with each other.

The same day we had the pleasure of seeing the Sultan go in procession to the mosque. He landed from his splendid barge at the entrance of the fort, and advanced slowly on a most beautiful charger, surrounded by his guards and chief officers on foot. First came the janizaries in red; then the soldiers, who wore magnificent plumes of white feathers, in the form of a crescent, fixed on their gilded helmets: these carried battle-axes richly adorned. Immediately around the Sultan were his body-guards, uncommonly fine men, their turban and whole dress of the purest white. He is a very handsome man, with a mild and melancholy aspect, about forty years of age.

THE TWO SWANS. A FAIRY TALE.

Immortal Imogen, crown'd queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prison'd and long twin'd
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mock'd by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seem'd a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep,—
And, whatsoe'er was prison'd in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden:—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep
Blackest amid black shadows to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crown'd:

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,
Making the pale moon paler with affright;
And with his ruby eye out-threaten'd Mars—
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—
Nor slept, nor wink'd, but with a steadfast spite
Watch'd their wan looks and tremblings in the skies;
And that he might not slumber in the night,
The curtain-lids were pluck'd from his large eyes,
So he might never drowze, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,
Or company their grief with heavy tears:—
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing
Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring
Freedom's sweet key-note and commission word
Learn'd of a fairy's lips, for pity stirr'd—
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest!
Watch'd by that cruel snake and darkly heard,
He leave a widow on her lonely nest,
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark
That bear that serpent-image on their face.
And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base,
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win
His captive lady from the strict embrace
Of that foul serpent, clasping her within
His sable folds—like Eve enthrall'd by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply,
Nor Love, intrench'd in his strong steely coat:
No little speck—no sail—no helper nigh,
No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat:—
The distant shores show dimly and remote,
Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,—
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees:
There lilies be—and fairer than all these,
A solitary Swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight like an elfin thing,
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing

Goes with her in the shade, still worshiping
Her dainty plumage :—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring ;
And all behind, a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay,
Redeem'd from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,
By old ordainment :—silent as she lay,
Touch'd by a moonlight wand I saw her wake,
And cut her leafy slough, and so forsake
The verdant prison of her lily peers,
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake—
A breathing shape—restored to human fears,
And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,
And near that lonely isle begins to glide
Pale as her fears, and ofttimes with a start
Turns her impatient head from side to side
In universal terrors—all too wide
To watch ; and often to that marble keep
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied
Some foe, and crouches in the shadow's steep
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound ;
Alas ! for what rare prize, with many a ring
Girding the marble casket round and round ?
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base ;
But on the top his monstrous head is crown'd
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas ! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling though she dies !

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake,
Fainting again into a lifeless flower ;
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake
Her spirit from its death, and with new power
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—
That wins the shady summit of that tower,
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo ! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drown'd :—
So on the turret-top that watchful snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charm'd into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake !

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,
To drink that dainty flood of music down—
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—
And whilst his hollow ear entranced lies,
His looks for envy of the charmed sense
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,
Stung into pain by their own impotence,
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entomb'd,
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew
Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed?

And now the winged song has scaled the height
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,
And soon a little casement flashing bright
Widens self-open'd into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there
And soothe the captive in his stony cage;
For there is nought of grief, or painful care,
But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,
A creature, like the fair son of a king,
Draws to the lattice in his jewell'd coat
Against the silver moonlight glistening,
And leans upon his white hand listening
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone!

And while he listens, the mysterious song,
Woven with timid particles of speech,
Twines into passionate words that grieve along
The melancholy notes, and softly teach
The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun
He missions-like replies, and each to each
Their silver voices mingle into one,
Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

"Ah! Love, my hope is swooning in my heart,—
Ay, sweet, my cage is strong and hung full high—
Alas! our lips are held so far apart,
Thy words come faint, they have so far to fly!—

If I may only shun that serpent-eye,—
Ah, me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep;—
Then, nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!—
Alas, alas! that word has made me weep!
For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!

My marble keep! it is my marble tomb—
Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath—
Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom;—
But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath;—
Nay, I will find a path from these despairs.
Ah, needs then thou must tread the back of death,
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.—
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!"

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,
But numb'd to dulness by the fairy skill
Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill
For intense fear) that charm'd him as he lay—
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,
Then down, down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight,
Eclipsed and cover'd by the envious wall;
Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall;
Now dark and shelter'd by a kindly pall
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe;
Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small,
Watch'd by the gentle Swan that sings below,
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil.

The song is hush'd, the charm is all complete,
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake:
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell
The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,
Hiss horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare
The waters into blood—his eager breath
Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair!
She drops her ring into the waves, and there
It widens all around, a fairy ring
Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake,
Against the pallid East, wherein light play'd
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake
Circled them round continually, and bay'd
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade
The sanctuary ring—his sable mail
Roll'd darkly through the flood, and writhed and made
A shining track over the waters pale,
Lash'd into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sail'd into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklets—follow'd by the spite
Of that huge serpent, that with wild affright
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,
Till on the grassy marge I saw them light,
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,
Lock'd in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes
Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers
The Oriental sun began to rise,
Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;
Wherewith that sable Serpent far away
Fled, like a part of night—delicious sighs
From waking blossoms purified the day,
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.

SNEEZING.

Mr. Editor,—All the world has heard of St. Kilda, though all the world has not been in St. Kilda; and all the world has read Martin, except that part of the world which has only heard of Martin. Therefore all the world knows that whenever a stranger lands in St. Kilda, St. Kilda catches a cold and falls a-sneezing. I do not mean St. Kilda himself, because he has been dead and buried thirteen hundred and sixty-three years; nor the island, because though it has a Ness, or nose, that nose is made of granite, and consequently not subject to what is called the catarrhal inflammation. No, Sir, the philosophical fact is, that all the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, amounting to one hundred and ten individuals at this present writing, catch one hundred and ten colds, and perform one hundred and ten sneezes, multiplied by a given number of times, at the advent of any stranger who may land on this favoured island of the western main.

Considering the wide scale of age, from one week to seventy years, and the consequent variation in the nasal organs, the external forms ranging from pugs almost invisible to protuberances which might parallel Mr. Braden's, and the frontal and maxillary sinuses varying from the size of a nutshell to that of a porter pot, I shall leave you to imagine the harmony which results from this sympathetic consent of the noses of St. Kilda, because it is likely that you will never hear the symphony itself.

If you doubt me and Martin, you may consult Macaulay; and if you choose to doubt him, you may read Buchan. If you are so provokingly

incredulous that you will believe none of us, read Dr. Johnson: and if that will not do, read Boswell; or go yourself, or send a deputation of the commissioners of the New Monthly. To ascertain but one philosophical truth, in this age when truths are become so scarce, is an affair worthy even of that learned body.

I hope, however, that they will have better luck than I. Did I not land in St. Kilda on the twenty-ninth of last August, was I not a stranger, were not all things fitting, and yet not a sneeze consented to rouse St. Kilda's echoes, and "none did cry God bless him?" I thought at least to see the crystal drop pendent from each nose; but I looked in vain. Was it possible that this universal catch-cold could have been concealed in the very scanty allowance of pocket-handkerchiefs which St. Kilda contained? Alas! not even the finger and thumb gave notice that a stranger was on their shores; and even the babe unborn seemed unconscious of the catarrh-provoking visit.

But what have facts to do with belief? what has belief to do with evidence? Martin believed, Macaulay believed, Buchan believed, Dr. Johnson believed, Boswell believed—I would have believed if I could, for all St. Kilda believed. I asked the question, I put the question, I pushed the question, *ordinaire* and *extraordinaire;* and the whole island joined in one indignant shout of assent. It was so, it had always been so, it must be so. Where was it now? Every one looked at every other's nose; yet no drop distilled, no sound was heard, no echo reverberated the tale from rock to rock. I applied to the higher powers, to the constituted authorities. It was part of the law of the land. The minister vowed it was canon law. It had been so from the foundation of the monarchy,—of the church. St. Kilda himself had sneezed at each visitation,—it must be so. It was not so. But what on earth has evidence to do with belief? Ask a jury; ask the law. All St. Kilda believed in its own belief; and whenever those villanous strides which philosophy is making across the world shall cause it to set one foot on St. Kilda, why then St. Kilda will wonder what has become of the catch-cold; and this catarrh will follow to the limbo of forgotten creeds, all the ghosts, and goblins, and second-sights, and brownies, and fairies, and Lhamdeargs, and Bhodach glases that have been the terror and the amusement of us and our ancestors for the last sixteen centuries and three quarters.

But as there is a reason for every thing, it is our business to find it out. Martin says, that they sneeze with most particular vehemence and sound when the steward arrives to collect the rents. Some one else says, that they pretend to have a cold that they may claim an exemption. Macaulay and Buchan say nothing to the purpose; and Boswell and Johnson say less than nothing. The philosophers, who have a reason for every thing, say, that they sneeze because it is always an east wind when strangers land:—which is an unlucky reason; because it is impossible to land in an east wind. But your true philosopher is known by the abundance of his reasons. He would rather account for every thing than know any thing; because the real business of philosophy is not to be wise, but to appear so. Of which should there be any doubt, I refer you to the Précieuses and the Sçavantes, who wear their acquirements in chemistry and criticism just where they carry the flounces which Madame Triaud applies to the same superficies.

The truth is, that this is an old, an ancient superstition; and the Kildenses have remembered what the rest of their Highland neighbours have forgotten. On some of these coming days, Mr. Editor, if you approve, I will show you into these antique superstitions of our Highland neighbours a little deeper: in the mean time, if you please to blow your nose, you shall see how this matter has arisen.

In the days of yore sneezing was ominous, and much more. It was also the All-hail; probably, because the vocal nose stood in lieu of a trumpet or a horn, "ere horns and trumpets were invented." If St. Kilda sneezes now on the arrival of a stranger, it is because Egypt and Greece did the same before; and if, you ask me what Egypt and Greece have to do with St. Kilda, I must tell you some other day, as it would make rather too long a note, and as notes are not the fashion in your fashionable journal. The Greek and Roman poets say of a beauty, that the Loves and Graces sneezed a welcome at her birth. Therefore, St. Kilda sneezes a welcome on a stranger's arrival; or imagines it, which is the same thing. The opinion remains when the practice is forgotten, just as he who falls asleep on its highest mountain awakes a poet, because Hesiod did the same before on Parnassus; or because—but I must not quote Latin; and, therefore, the learned may consult the first Satire of Persius. The other learned, who do not care for Persius, may consult Scoockius or Strada, or the Dissertation of Mons. Morin, if they wish to be still more learned in the matter of sneezing. But lest they should not like that trouble, I must even drain a few drops of ink on the subject, as neither Strada nor Scoockius is just now any more within my reach than theirs. As to Clement of Alexandria, I shall pass him by, as he knew nothing about the matter. He talks like an apothecary on the subject; and when did ever an apothecary talk to any purpose? The Greeks and Romans thought better of this business; and more like the philosophers, which they have always shown themselves. *Salve*, said the old Roman to his sneezing neighbour; Ζηθι, said the Greek. Because sneezing was dangerous, says the apothecary. *Point du tout*; it was the excuse for a compliment. "Sternutamentis salutamur," says Pliny; it is a duty in well-bred society. The Emperor Tiberius insisted on this compliment from all his courtiers, even on a journey, and in the country: which is a proof that it was a court etiquette, dispensed with on occasions of familiar intercourse. As we must not read Apuleius or Petronius, it is sufficient to say, that in the latter, Eumolpus "salvere Gitona jubet," as Monsieur Giton happened to sneeze under the bed; and that, in the former, a similar compliment is paid to the baker's wife in a parallel case of malapropos. So much for compliments. But the compliment is borrowed from the omen, says Clement of Alexandria. He has borrowed, himself, from the Rabbins. It was an omen of death, say the Rabbins from the creation. Jacob prayed that it might be altered. It was altered; and hence the custom of saying Tobim Chaüm, Long life, when a man sneezed. You may consult Buxtorf if you want the Hebrew characters for Tobim Chaüm. As to what Mr. Charles Sigonius says, that this compliment originated in the time of Pope Gregory, in consequence of a mortal pestilence attended by sneezing, it only proves that he had never read his classics, and was equally unlearned in Rabbinical knowledge. This story has been told

by all the old women, and is told still, because it was told in the Gentleman's Magazine some years ago. Let us hope that the New Monthly will put the old women right. Pope Gregory lived in 750; and Jacob,—all the world knows how long before that he lived.

To return to our compliments. When the Emperor of Monomotapa sneezes, the whole city is in an uproar. As he did not borrow from Pope Gregory, I suppose we must go back to Jacob at least for the origin of this outcry. Doubtless, our friends of St. Kilda have it from the same source: because Jacob's stone was brought from the plains of Luz to Spain, thence to Ireland, whence it was transferred by Fergus I. to Dunstaffnage, whence Kenneth carried it to Scone, to be forcibly abducted by Edward to Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen for one shilling and ninepence—thanks to the liberality of the Church!

But when the Lama sneezes, then, indeed, all Asia feels it to her utmost verge and limit: the sound travelling from nose to nose till it is reverberated from the great wall of China. The French consider it boisterous to say "God bless you" on these occasions; so much does France differ from Tartary. It is only permitted, in the *Code de Politesse*, to pull off your hat and make a silent bow.

Aristotle, heaven bless him, is rather dull on this point, considering that he was a natural philosopher, and somewhat more. Sneezing, saith the Stagyrite, proceeds from the brain, and is a mark of vigour. The brain expels offensive or superfluous ideas through the nose, says he. It were to be desired that this were the usage still; as now-a-days they are apt to find vent through the mouth, to the vast annoyance of liege subjects. And, therefore, we salute the brain when it sneezes its energetic tokens of evacuated folly and incumbrance. Enough of the Aristotelian philosophy; and as to what Polydore Virgil says, it is as little to the purpose as the predication of Clement of Alexandria.

If they make sneezing a state concern in Monomotapa and Tartary, so they do also in Mesopotamia (or did), and in Siam. When the latter potentate sneezed, a general rejoicing took place in all that triangle which intervenes between the Euphrates and the Tigris; so that the whole nation was in a perpetual uproar whenever his Majesty chanced to have a cold. Hence it was not allowed to take snuff, lest the whole business of the state should fall into disorder. In that district of Pluto's dominions, which is set apart for the Siamese, the judge keeps a ledger of his prospective subjects. Occasionally he consults his tablets, impatient for the arrival of the next comer; and thus on whosesoever name he fixes his fiery eye, the fated individual's nose responds in sympathetic sneeze. Hence it is, that the men of Siam bless each other from the foul fiend, whose influence is marked in impending omens on the echoing nose.

But enough of nasal compliments. If St. Kilda's hundred and ten noses do not sneeze a hundred and ten compliments to the stranger, why then they sneeze a hundred and ten omens of dire mishaps, from expected rents to be raised, and further evils to ensue.

In Old Egypt, the nose was a familiar demon—a walking oracle: a minchin Malicho, meaning mischief when the moon was in Taurus, and a blessed token when it was in Libra, Capricorn, or Pisces.

From morning to midnight it was a bad prognostic, but it was a happy one from midnight to morning. It was an evil sign to sneeze in rising from table or in getting out of bed; and the only remedy was to go to bed again and sleep, or to sit down again to dinner, or to take a cup of bouza to defeat the demon of the nose. A double sneeze was double trouble. But of sneezes to the left and sneezes to the right—of sneezes at work and sneezes at play, what can I do better than refer you to the works of "Sanchoniatho, Manetho, and Berosus," or to Cicero, and Seneca, and Aristotle, where you will find as much as you will choose to read, and somewhat more. It is a great mistake of that great soldier the Duke of Wellington, that, though from the cut and figure of his nose it must make a noise equal to a thirteen inch mortar, he never consulted it in his campaigns. In the time of Cyrus, no general officer would have attacked a ravelin, or mounted a breach, against the advice of his nose. Whenever even a corporal sneezed in his Imperial Majesty's army, Mithra or Arimanes was invoked for directions how to proceed. Socrates, who was certainly not quite so good a soldier as his Grace, had similar respect for the prognostic of the nose; though his own, it must be confessed, was but an unhappy-looking specimen. *Habuit pro Dæmonio*, says some one. Sneezing was the omen of victory, says some one else. If you ask who all these somebodies were, Plutarch, Aristotle, and Aristophanes, are the men. Would you have better authorities?

If they consulted their own noses, so they complimented each his own proboscis, as well as those of their neighbours. Why else should Ammian have written an epigram on a man whose nose was so long, and consequently so far off, that he could not hear himself sneeze, in consequence of which he was unable to say, "Bless thee, snout!"

If Socrates was not much of a soldier, no one will deny that praise to Xenophon, particularly as he was a great foxhunter and knew as much as even Arrian about the rearing of young puppies. Like "Mr. Leach he made a speech" to his army on a particular occasion, as every schoolboy knows, which was answered by the responsive sneeze of a quartermaster of dragoons, on which all the army fell on their knees and worshipped Jupiter Sternutator.

The first thing which the Man of Prometheus did was to sneeze. I know not if Mr. Godwin's child, Master Frankenstein, made the same entry into the world of walking-gentlemen. Alexander Ross, whom nobody ever read over, notwithstanding what Hudibras says, asserts that this was the real origin of sneezing. But we need not mind him. As to Themistocles and Euphrantides, if they had done no more than sneeze, Xerxes would have had some other reasons to boast of his bridge over the Hellespont. And so I shall pass over what Hormanus and Pictorius and Del Rio, and Bartholinus, and Villaret, and Minutius Felix, and Sir Thomas Browne, and twenty more say about this matter; for if you are not tired, I am.

But lest your fair readers should be wearied of all these crabbed ancients, I must pass to the affair of love—love, the beginning and end of every thing, as it must be the end of my dissertation.

Sneezing is critical in matters of love. Not only does your nose itch to prognosticate what every one knows; not only does it sneeze good and evil omens, but the very loves and graces themselves watch

over the noses and sneezes of lovers. If you doubt, read Aristænetus. Does not Parthenis write a *billet-doux* to her lover, and does not she sneeze at the most tender passage? And when she sneezes, does not she know by the consciousness that belongs to true love, that, at the same instant, her lover's absent nose sneezes in amorous responsiveness, ominous of success as of sympathy.

I could say much more, but though I have just sneezed into this very paragraph, I connot hear yours in return. Let me still hope that you will not open this most learned essay without being moved, and that you will sneeze two sneezes to the right hand in token of approbation. I had some thought of dusting the ink with Irish blackguard to ensure a favourable omen; but trusting to the sterling worth of the matter itself, and confident that you will not crook your silent nose at me, shall subscribe myself, NASO.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.*

THE morning bright bathed in rosy light
  San Lucar's ample street,
When Gazul drest in a snow-white vest
  Mounted his courser fleet;
With purple and green and in golden sheen
  His trappings and harness shone,
Stately and loud and with champings proud
  Caracoll'd his brave steed on.

At a mansion high with a balcony,
  Where a form of beauty stood
Like an angel fair in the clear blue air
  On an errand of mortal good;
Gazul checks his rein, for the pride of Spain
  Was there in her matchless grace:
On his soul she gleams, as the sun's first beams
  O'er a soft cloud's silvery face.

He lights on the ground with a warrior's bound,
  And his knee to the earth is bent,
But his gaze is above at the maid of his love,
  From his heart's devotion sent:—
"To Gelves I go and the tourney's show,
  O vision of hope to me!
And thou art the charm that shall nerve my arm
  With the power of victory."

But with haughty scorn from the warrior-born
  Zelinda looks away;
His love she spurns, for her bosom burns
  In a hell of jealousy.—
"Go, haste to the tilt, or the maid, if thou wilt,
  Whom thou lovest far more than me!"
Not a moment is past and the casement is fast,
  While the lover is on his knee.

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* The Moorish Romance in Gines Pérez, beginning "Por la Plaça de San Lucar," is similar to the above in story.

He gazes around, then low to the ground
  Casts a thunder-stricken glance,
And in wild despair on the marble there
  Shivers his useless lance:
From the gallant *fête* and in downcast state
  He back t'ward Granada hies,
While the sorrow and pain that madden his brain
  Gush forth in his humid eyes.

But the fairest frame that may chill love's flame
  With the fear of a rival's art,
Will ofttimes see that, like ghaunt envy,
  She preys on her own torn heart.
Ere evening was near, after many a tear
  Paid by burning love to pride,
Zelinda once more from her chamber-door
  Calls her page to her couch's side.—

"My eyes overflow, haste, my dear page, go
  To Gazul the Moorish knight,
Say Zelinda will wait at her garden-gate
  At the hour of pale moonlight.—
Yet stay—oh, no!—yes, my good page, go."—
  Then she call'd him back as fast
As her pride prevail'd and love's impulse fail'd,
  But she sent him away at last.

The moon slept sweet on San Lucar's street,
  And the trembling stars were bright,
When the lover stole to the maid of his soul,
  Through the shades of that lovely night.
To the gate he is come where the page stands dumb
  With the wicket in his hand:
He has enter'd there to his mistress fair,
  The star of Granada's land.

Zelinda blush'd, but her voice was hush'd
  At the thought of her pride and scorn,
And the Moor look'd down as he fear'd a frown
  Might wither his hope new-born.
A moment they stood as all lovers would
  That had suffer'd a like annoy;
Then the knight in his arms lock'd his mistress' charms,
  In his bosom's speechless joy.

"By our prophet I swear, my Zelinda fair,
  (Said the knight when he silence broke)
That I'd sooner die by my enemy,
  Or suffer the Christian's yoke,
Than day by day drag my life away
  Unwarm'd by thy eyes' bright beam,
And the lists to me bring no victory
  But by spell of thy magic name.

"When I couch my lance, I see thee advance,
  And direct it to my foe;
When faint grows my stroke, I thy name invoke,
  And it nerves my falchion's blow;
No laurels I wear but for thee, my fair,
  No hopes in my bosom spring—
And I give no prayer where thou dost not share
  My heart's whole offering."

In the eloquence of her dark eyes' sense,
  On the knight the maiden gazed,
They told her tale more than words avail,
  And the flame that within her blazed :—
"Go, Gazul, go to the tourney's show,
  Thy turban I'll dress for thee,
Lest men should say that my fault to-day
  Robb'd thy arm of a victory."

On his barb he sprung, while the morning hung
  Like pearl in the eastern sky,
And rock, tower, and tree, lay tranquilly
  In their colourless nightly dye.—
To Gelves he went to the tournament,
  With his mistress' token and prayer—
Could he fear a blow from the boldest foe,
  When Love was his armour there?

REMARKS ON POETRY AS COMPARED WITH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The received opinion, that every well-described poem must also furnish a good subject for the artist in painting or sculpture, and that the representation of the two latter is the absolute criterion of the poet's merit, so far at least as the artist is able to follow the poet in all the features of the poem, requires some limitation, even when the sphere of both is considered *à priori*. For poetry must be considered to possess a much wider sphere than the fine arts, in the unlimited region of the fancy, and the immateriality of her figures, which may coexist in the greatest number and variety, without one covering, or injuring the other: whereas in the representation of the things themselves, or of their natural symbols, by the artist, it is confined within the limits of time and space. However, though the sphere of the fine arts cannot comprehend the greater one of poetry, yet it must be acknowledged that the former is always contained in the latter; that though it cannot be said that every subject on which the poet descants will produce the same good effect, when represented on canvass, or in marble, yet every pleasing representation from the artist must produce the same effect when described by the poet. For what we find beautiful in works of art does not prove to be so by its effect on the eye alone, but by its influence on our imagination through the medium of the senses; if, therefore, the same image could be raised in our minds by the arbitrary symbols of language as its representation by the painter, or sculptor, it would produce a similar effect on our imagination.

The identity of Poetry and Painting.

Poetry and Painting alike present to our minds absent objects as present—representing appearances as realities; both effect an illusion, and the illusions of both please. The pleasing nature of both has its origin in the same source, in the form of beauty. That conception of beauty which is formed in our imagination through the process of the mind in abstracting the variety of forms from material objects, is subject to general rules, and may be applied to actions, thoughts, and forms. But, notwithstanding this essential identity, it could not be said with correctness, that painting is but mute poetry, or that the

latter is a loud expression of the former; and it was justly observed, even by the ancient critics, that though the works of both produce a similar effect on our fancy, yet they are dissimilar both in their productions, and in their manner of imitating nature.

The limited nature of Painting and Sculpture compared with Poetry.

The boundaries which the ancients have fixed to the productions of art, are:—1. Beautiful objects, so as to exclude from its efforts the mere pleasure to be produced by a true imitation only, when the object represented is not pleasing on account of the beauty of its form. To this strict rule the Greek artists particularly adhered. They, moreover, condemned every effort to represent a likeness by exaggerating the ugly parts of the original; in other words, they condemned caricature. To represent beauty in all its forms was the chief rule of the Greek artists, with but few exceptions. The general characteristic in the painting and sculpture of the Greeks is, according to Mr. Winkelman, a graceful *naiveté* and a solemn grandeur, both in the attitude and expression of the objects represented. As the depth of the sea remains continually calm amidst the rage which reigns on its surface, in the same manner does the expression in the statues of the Greeks, under the dominion of the passions, exhibit a great and steady soul.

2. The distinguishing boundaries of art, in comparison with poetry, were, with the Greeks in particular,—never to represent the extreme expression of the various passions, but always to confine their imitations of them to some degrees lower, and to leave it to the imagination of the beholder to guess at the rest.—Those degrees of the various passions which manifest themselves by an awkward distortion of the face, and which cause the whole body to assume such a posture, that the beautiful lines, by which the human figure is circumscribed, are lost, were either not represented at all, or, at least, some fainter exhibition of the same passions were fixed upon by the Greek painter or sculptor. Rage and despair are never represented in their masterpieces; and it may be said, that they never depicted a fury. They lowered indignation to mere earnestness. According to their poets, it is the indignant Jupiter who slings the lightning, but their artists represent him as merely grave. Lamentation was softened into sorrow by these artists, and where this softening could not be effected, as in the picture of Timanthes, representing the sacrificing of Iphigenia, in which sorrow, in all its various degrees, is depicted in the faces of the bystanders, the countenance of the father, which must have expressed the highest degree of it, is, as has been well remarked, veiled, in order to hide the distorted face of Agamemnon, which must otherwise have been so represented. In a word, this covering of the father's face, far from considering it, as some have supposed it, a prudent step of the painter not to strive to represent the sorrow of a father on such an occasion, which must be above all representation, should be rather considered as a sacrifice on his part to the forms of beauty, in only depicting that in which beauty as well as dignity could be maintained; but that which he could not, in compliance with the rules of beauty, represent, he left to the imagination to guess.

However, modern artists have enlarged the aforesaid limits in their representations, and extended their efforts at imitation to all visible objects in nature, of which those which are beautiful form but a small part; and have conceived that as nature itself generally sacrifices beauty

to higher purposes, in like manner must the artist allow beauty of form to yield to expression and truth; and never follow beauty farther, but rest satisfied that in realizing the latter, he has made a deformed object of nature a handsome one of art. But even allowing these ideas to remain undisputed, still the artist must in some measure be restricted in representing the expressions of the mind, and never fix upon the highest degree of expression in any human action. The reason for this is as obvious as it is indisputable: for as the artist can imitate nature, which is ever changing, in one of her single moments only, and even that single moment can be represented by the painter only from one point of view; therefore, if both the sculptor and the painter wish their performances to be perceived not only at one time, but to be repeatedly contemplated, and to be reflected upon for a long interval of time, it must be obvious, that the single moment, and the single point of view of that single moment, in the imitation of the catastrophe, can never be chosen too prolific for the fancy of the observer, and that that image alone can be considered as such which leaves ample scope for the imagination. The more the beholder sees, the more he must be able to add to the parts of the object represented; the more he fancies, the more must he imagine to find in the work.

But in considering any effect whatever, in all its various degrees, we shall not find one single moment less favourable in effecting the former object, as when the utmost extreme of such an effect in nature is represented; for beyond that is nothing more, and to shew to the eye the uttermost is to clip the wings of the observer's fancy, and to force the imagination to occupy itself with weaker images beneath the representation, as it is impossible for it to overreach the impression produced on the senses by the representation, the perceivable plenitude of which the imagination dislikes. When the sculptor represents Laocoon as sighing, our imagination is able to hear him crying out; had he represented him as crying out, the imagination would not be able to advance a step higher, or to descend lower, without changing the whole into an uninteresting scene. Our fancy would then either hear him but sobbing, or perceive him already dead.

Further, as the single moment of the effect obtains by the representation of the artist an immutable durability, it is certain that the former ought not to express such as cannot be conceived by the mind, except as transitory. All those phenomena, to the nature of which we think it essential that they can only for one moment be what they appear to be, all such phenomena, whether they produce an agreeable or a horrible effect, obtain by the permanency which the artist gives them such an unnatural appearance, that with each repeated contemplation their impression becomes weaker, and we are at last either disgusted or shocked by the representation. La Metrie, who has been represented by the painter and engraver as a second Democritus, laughs at the first sight; but if we look at him often, the philosopher appears like a fool, and his laughter like a grin. It is the same with the representation of one crying out with pain, &c. The violent pain which forces a man to cry out, either subsides soon, or it destroys the suffering object. Although, therefore, the bravest man may sometimes cry out, yet he does not do so incessantly, and it was owing to the seeming continuity produced by the imitation of art, that the artist was prevented from representing Laocoon as crying out, although it might not in any

way have injured the beauty of the form, and it would be the same if it had been allowed to the artist to express a state of suffering without a beautiful form.

Among the ancient painters Timomachus seems to have best chosen the moment of the utmost effect in his representations. His raving Ajax, his infanticide Medea, were much admired paintings. He represented them so that the observer had to imagine the utmost, but not to behold it; he chose such moments as we do not necessarily connect with the idea of being of but transitory duration. He represents the Medea, not in that moment when she actually murders her children, but at some minutes previous to the murder—at a time when motherly love still struggles with jealousy. The artist makes us but anticipate the catastrophe that ensues, and our imagination outstretches every thing which the painter could have exhibited to us relating to that horrible moment. But so far from blaming the painter for representing Medea to us in a moment when the struggle is undecided, we rather wish it would have remained so in the real occurrence, that the combat of the passions had either remained undetermined, or at least had lasted sufficiently long for time to subdue her rage, and at length insure a victory to maternal feelings. As to his Ajax, Timomachus does not represent him when he is raging, but sitting down, exhausted after having performed his mad deeds, and forming the design to kill himself; and this is really the raging Ajax, not because we see him in a rage, but because we perceive that he has raged,—because we are forcibly struck with the magnitude of his previous rage, which we conjecture from his being now driven to despair by shame, of which he himself appears to be sensible; in like manner as we perceive the violence of a storm by the wrecks and corpses which are thrown on the shore.

As to Poetry and the extent of its efforts, without at present entering into an examination how far the poet can succeed in describing corporal beauty, this must be considered as indisputable, that the whole of the immense region of perfection is open to his imitation; that the imperceptible covering under which he makes an accomplished object to appear beautiful, is but one of his feeblest efforts to render his subjects interesting to us.

Beauty, so far from being a principal object with the poet, is often entirely neglected by him, assured that his hero, to gain our affections, must so much occupy our attention by his more noble qualities, that we shall not even think of his bodily form, or that they will so far prepossess us in his favour, as to lead him to suppose we shall imagine him handsome. Much less will the poet have regard to the perception of our senses in the delineation of those features which do not immediately belong to the face. When Virgil describes his Laocoon as crying out with pain, who when reading it will imagine, that, in order to a person's crying out, an enlargement of the mouth is necessary, and that such a mouth disfigures the face?—it is sufficient that the poet powerfully strikes the ear with "clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit," however faint the effect may be on the eye.

The next advantage the poet has over the artist is, that he is not obliged to concentrate his effects at one single moment; he assumes, at his pleasure, every action of the catastrophe, commencing at the origin, and following them through all their modifications to the end,

and thus unites them in one description; whereas the artist is obliged to divide them into so many different representations. Owing to this succession of moments in the event he describes, the poet is able to soften some of the less agreeable ones, either by some subsequent or antecedent effects, so that the whole will produce the best impression. When, for instance, we read in Virgil that Laocoon cries out when bitten by the serpents, although it may be considered unbecoming for a man to cry out in the agony of pain; yet as this Laocoon is the very person whom the poet has previously caused us to admire as a prudent patriot, and a tender father, we do not attribute his crying out to his mental weakness, but solely to his insupportable sufferings. If it has been proved to be just in the painter not to represent his Laocoon as crying out, still it should be considered justifiable in the poet so to describe him.

Another distinction between the poet and the artist is, that the artist ought not to represent his images as covered with garments; and to this rule we find that the ancients adhered. For instance, the poet describes his Laocoon as clothed with a pontifical dress, but the artist represents him as naked. The reason for this deviation in the latter is obvious: for though it may be considered as contrary to the rules of costume to represent the son of a king, who was also a priest, as undressed, yet no garment wrought by slavish hands can possess so much beauty as the work of eternal wisdom, expressed in an organized body. Necessity has given rise to dress, but what has the artist to do with that? Beauty is the highest object for the imitation of art; and although it be agreed that there is some beauty in dress, yet what is it when compared with the beauty of the human form? Should he who can accomplish the greater object satisfy himself with the less? It is not so with the poet; a garment with him is no garment, for it covers nothing: our imagination penetrates every thing. If the forehead of Laocoon, described by Virgil, is encircled with a priestly turban, so far from injuring, it strengthens the conception we have formed of the sufferer. But should the sculptor, in placing before us the group, represent the forehead of Laocoon as bound with a turban, he would considerably weaken the effect: for the forehead would be partially covered, and the forehead is the seat of expression.

THE SOULS OF THE JUST.

Souls of the just! whose truth and love,
Like light and warmth, once lived below,
Where have ye ta'en your flight above,
Leaving life's vale in wintry woe?
God hath withdrawn you near his throne,
Centre and source of brightness all,
As o'er yon hills the evening sun
Recalls his beams when shadows fall.

But there are wistful eyes that find
A loss in every parting ray;
And there are exiled souls behind
That long with you to fly away.
Oh! happy hour, when ev'ry germ
Of captive spirit shall be free,
And shine with you, all bright and warm,
Around one glorious Deity!

T. D.

ON KEEPING, OR COSTUME IN CHARACTER.

—————"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

I AM not going to write a dramatic essay, as the language of my motto, and the source whence it is drawn, might seem to indicate: so the reader, if he pleases, in translating my quotation may substitute the indicative for the subjunctive mood.

My business is with the actual existing drama of real life; and my office, not to prescribe, but to describe. A very general complaint is made respecting this said drama, of the want of consistency in most of its individual characters. But I shrewdly suspect that this complaint is unfounded, and that the inconsistency will be discovered to lie not in character, but in actions.

Our friend Flaccus asserts that men in general not only differ from each other, but that the same man cannot remain for two hours like himself. This may be very true, as far as actions are concerned. The motives of human conduct are frequently very complicated, and generally, as well as the circumstances in which they originate, are hidden from our view. From childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, the character remains essentially the same in every individual. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, in all the varieties of conduct, the character is still the same; and the most opposite actions, could we discover their secret springs, would afford no argument of inconsistency in the person who performed them.

Every man, even the weakest, possesses a portion of self-command, which he can use, when the motive is sufficiently urgent, to control his natural disposition, and conceal his real character. We sometimes see a man whose general conduct has been pusillanimous, act like a man of spirit. Do we conclude from this that he has changed his nature all of a sudden, and been transformed from a coward into a brave man? No! we naturally look into the circumstances of the case, to discover the cause of such singular discrepancy in his conduct, and to account for the unusual effort of volition. In like manner, when a man of approved courage behaves on one occasion like a coward, it is more philosophical, as well as more charitable, to attribute it to some peculiarity of predicament than to a change of character. Though, to be sure, the general cast of a man's conduct does not, in all instances, present us with the best criterion of his real character. Here a distinction is to be observed not very flattering to poor human nature:—though the actions are in general praiseworthy, still the solitary lapse may betray the real character, for the motives to habitual dissimulation may be powerfully and generally operative; but, on the other hand, where vice is predominant in the conduct, the solitary virtue proves little in favour of the disposition.

But I do not mean to enter deeply into this copious and important subject, which is well worthy of the powers of some one more profoundly versed in the philosophy of life. I shall confine myself to observing on the correspondencies that exist between the minute and apparently trivial particulars of conduct with the general and essential attributes of character. The harmony, the proportion, the keeping, as it were, that is found in the details of dress, manners, domestic habits,

&c. with the general intellectual and moral conformation of the individual. This is a department of the subject certainly not the least amusing, and, peradventure, not the least important and conclusive in its results.

Dress is much more essentially connected with character than is generally supposed. Putting dandyism entirely out of the question, there is scarcely any individual who does not exhibit some peculiarity in dress, more or less striking; and I venture to assert, that there is not one man in five hundred wholly inattentive to the subject. However remote a man may be from a coxcomb, or however near he may be to a sloven, he will have some choice in the cut, colour, or quality of his habiliments. A perfect indifference in these particulars is not always a proof of a mind superior to trifles; it as often argues a deficiency of taste, and a neutralized insipidity of character.

There are many coxcombs beside the unfortunate dandy "par excellence." Look at that young physician carefully habited in sables, with silken hose, or Hessian boots (the order of the day for those who would be very grave and very dressy), with his hair cropped shortish, curled, and mayhap powdered. Is he less a coxcomb than the young hussar, with his lace and his trappings, his spurs and his feathers? Is the smooth Quaker, with his fine broad-brimmed beaver, his superfine napped cloth, and his snow-white linen, less a dandy in his way than the most finished exquisite at Almack's? Look at the parson, with his nice regulation hat, cambric handkerchief (a powerful auxiliary in the pulpit), and general chasteness and decorous propriety of costume. There is nothing out of character here, all is graceful harmony. No part of the dress discovers the shape completely except the stockings. There is an orthodox width in the coat-flaps, an Athanasian laxity in the inexpressibles, the cravat is adjusted with ecclesiastical precision, and the very wig is redolent of Church establishment! This is what we expect; this is as it should be. But do not suppose for a moment that this reverend gentleman's toilet has cost him less pains than that of Lady Caroline when she goes to court, or General Furbelow when he attires for a field-day. Why does Mr. I——g wear such a profusion of hair? Is it that he has no time to have it cut, or that he is so absorbed in divine cogitation as never to bestow a thought on the subject? Or, do we not recognise in this particular, trivial as it may seem, that love of distinction which has raised him to popularity as a preacher, and something analogous to that unpruned luxuriance of imagination, which has overloaded his discourses with Asiatic pomp of diction and metaphorical redundancy?

When I see a young man studiously attired in accordance with his professional pursuits, I augur well of his future progress in the career of life which he has chosen. On the contrary, if he manifest any remarkable deviation in costume from the recognised standard of his profession, I conclude that he has made a mistake in the choice of his trade, or that somebody else has made one for him, and that he is not likely to experience much success in that particular line, whatever it may be; that he and his pursuit are unfit for each other, and the sooner they shake hands and part the better. A clergyman, for instance, with brass spurs, is monstrous. I knew one who always wore a frock coat buttoned to the throat, black stock, and cossack trowsers.

His actions have since proved to the world that he deserved to be unfrocked, but his frock coat proved it to me long before. A clerk in the Foreign Office was remarked for wearing mustachios. The head of his department remonstrated with him, to no purpose, for this unofficial demonstration: he obstinately resisted the razor, and resigned his place rather than shave his upper lip. This young gentleman afterwards entered the army, and developed no ordinary share of military talent; but he was evidently never cut out for a diplomatist.

There are a number of men in the world, mostly old ones, whom we call characters or quizzes. These humourists generally possess some oddity of temper or disposition that exposes them to ridicule. They are very far, however, from being fools. They are usually men of irritable tempers, shrewd and caustic in their remarks, blunt in their manners, and utterly regardless of ceremony. They are stiff in opinion, and obstinate in adhering to old prejudices. You will always find a correspondence between the dress of such men and their characters. They are quizzes all over, inside and outside, from top to toe. They are always distinguished by some marked difference from the reigning fashion in every particular, and by a pertinacious adhesion to one peculiar style of dressing which they never vary; and this is in perfect analogy with the general obstinacy of their characters. While I am on this subject, I cannot avoid remarking one fact, which I think decisive in favour of my theory of correspondencies. Swindlers, *chevaliers d'industrie*, who live by imposing on mankind, always bear some external mark of their propensities and habits. This I take to be one of the most curious phenomena of human character. These gentlemen are in general excessively fond of dressing in a singular and conspicuous style. They make a rash *sortie* beyond the extremest lines of fashion, and expose, by some tasteless and gaudy decoration, their persons to the observation of the enemy. An embroidered waistcoat, a hat of peculiar cock, a coat with a superabundance of braiding or of buttons, tremendous whiskers, or green spectacles,—some article of this sort they are sure to exhibit. One should imagine, that a person of so ticklish a profession would avoid every singularity of the kind, would try to conform his appearance as much as possible to the ordinary level of gentility, would studiously avoid every thing that had a tendency to render him a *marked* man. But no, the direct reverse is almost always a fact: whether it is that want of sense and want of taste are inseparably connected with want of principle, or that fate has decreed that those natural enemies of society should carry the "hunc caveto" on their foreheads, as a kindly compensation for the evil of their existence; just as the noise of the rattle-snake advertises its approach, and warns the traveller of his danger.

The fact indeed is, that the same perverseness of mind which leads a man out of the plain paths of honour and honesty, will also lead him into a thousand other absurdities. The "dim suffusion" of the intellectual eye that obscures the perception of moral relations, is equally prejudicial to the exercise of the discerning power on almost every other topic.

The genuine dandy, who loves dress for its own sake, will, I think, be always found to be a dandy in every other particular. Many men are set down as dandies very erroneously, merely from a contemplation

of their outsides. Persons may dress very elegantly, nay even coxcomically, from other motives than personal vanity, or the womanish love of ornament. But your dandy of the true breed shows *blood* in every thing. All about him is arranged in the nicest possible order; his toilet, dressing-case, desk, &c. every thing in short that he possesses is evidently selected with a view to show and outside, from the merest ornamental appendages of his person, down to the lowest articles of vulgar household utility. If he be fond of reading, for example, his books will be as complete dandies as himself, sporting their gay liveries of purple, green, or red embroidered with gold. If he write, he will have (like Rousseau when employed in the composition of Eloise) his portfolio tied with ribbons of rose-colour, his bronze inkstand, his superfine gilt-edged paper, and his gold sand. He can drink his wine out of nothing but the finest cut-glass, nor his tea but from the most costly china. He is a marvellous amateur of nickknacks. Carries the prettiest snuff-boxes, scent-bottles, tweezer-cases, penknives, gold tooth-picks, in the universe. He must always have the best ivory in his nail and tooth-brushes; he is not less critical in the choice of boot-hooks than of boots, of shoeing-horns than of slippers. Nor is it the eye alone that he is studious to gratify. He must "sweets to every sense disclose." He delights in bon-bons and comfits, perfumes and swansdown. Our great moralist has thus poetically described one of this character, whose rank and wealth enabled him to indulge his peculiar taste:—"The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps on the down of the cygnets of Ganges."—Be it observed, however, that it is not a taste for magnificence and splendour that characterises a man of this sort, so much as a fondness for all that is neat, effeminate, finical, and *nick-knackish*.

If the genuine dandy have a turn for literature, the same sort of taste will accompany him there that belongs to him in other matters. He may talk of Shakspeare or Milton, but he never reads them. But he is one of those who would have read Waller when it was the fashion to read that poet. He is caught with the tinsel of language, and cannot discriminate the sterling ore of thought. He prefers Thomson to Milton, and Darwin to Pope. The sentimentality of Zimmerman weighs more with him than could the manly sense and profound philosophy of Bacon. If he understood Latin, he would prefer Quintus Curtius and Florus to Tacitus and Livy, as he does the ambitious and ornamental style of Gibbon to the unaffected simplicity of Hume. But it is the French writers that enjoy the highest place in his affections and esteem. With the exception of some great names, the French literati may be pronounced a race of dandies, or of writers to please a dandy. Even some of their best authors are not wholly untinctured with this character. The flimsy philosophy of Helvetius, the elegant immorality of Marmontel, the *couleur de rose* style of Florian, the sentiment and tone of pretension in the highly-gifted, but affected "première femme du siècle," the dandy superficial religionism of Chateaubriand,—all are in perfect unison with such a taste as I have described. Dandyism is indeed the pervading character of the French nation. It is mixed up with their best and with their worst qualities. It is found in the court, in the senate, at the altar, and in the field; amid the gravest

acts and the most frivolous amusements. It was equally conspicuous in the heartless profligacy of the old "régime" and the ruffian atrocities of the Revolution. The French present a striking specimen of that sort of keeping in national character, which I have attempted to demonstrate in individuals. Neither the lapse of time, nor the changes of circumstance, have affected the essential attributes of the Gallic mind. The same appetite for novelty, the same lightmindedness, the same ferocity, which marked the Gaul and the Frank in the days of Cæsar or of Clovis, belong to the modern Frenchman under Napoleon or Louis.

Inherent delicacy of taste and feeling, when it forms the main feature of any character, shows itself in the merest trifles. A man of a naturally coarse mind will be perpetually doing or saying something offensive. He will act thus even though his disposition be naturally good. If he sit near you, for instance, you will always experience some annoyance from his approximation. A few pokes in the side, a kick or two on the shins, or some other tangible appeal to your physical sensibilities, will often serve to remind you of your neighbour's character. A man of this sort always leans very heavily on the arm of any one with whom he walks. He is in general utterly careless of how he wounds the feelings or infringes on the comfort of others; and when told that his conduct has produced such an effect, he cannot at all comprehend why it should have done so. Trace this man's character a little higher, follow him into matters of more importance, you find him the same. I venture to assert that he is a stranger to all the more refined feelings of love and friendship; that he has no real relish for the beauties of literature and art, and still less for those of nature; that he can have no sympathy with suffering virtue, self-devoted affection and generous magnanimity. He will be found too, if I err not, a thorough egotist, and eminently deficient in those qualities which constitute a true gentleman.

Let me observe here, as I have mentioned the term, that this character of gentleman consists wholly in the delicacy of feeling above alluded to. It is this characteristic which makes a man carefully shun every action which can tend to the annoyance of his friend or neighbour. When possessed in an eminent degree, it renders him positively incapable of any such action. It produces an instinctive sensitiveness through his whole frame, in respect to every motion that can possibly incommode another; his limbs seem of their own accord, without an act of the will, to assume the position best suited for the accommodation of those about him. It is this, too, which makes him anticipate every want, without officiousness, and without apparent effort, leaving his guests to enjoy the most perfect liberty, while he pays them a secret and unremitting attention.

It is almost needless to observe that the *soi-disant* gentleman of the day is totally the reverse of all this. That he attends to nobody's convenience but his own, and cares little how much he may annoy others. That in proportion as he is more rude, more selfish, more coarse in his feelings, and more offensive in their demonstration, so in his own estimation, and that of his stupid associates, is he more of a gentleman. But the term gentleman is not an arbitrary sign, like the letters in algebra, which may represent any quantity or any property; it is as

fixed and limited in its application as the figures of arithmetic, or the diagrams of geometry, and represents the sum of those qualities which give a certain moral value to the human character. It can be set down to signify a blackguard or a clown, with as little propriety as 2 can be made to stand for 4, or a square for a circle.

Some men are prone to indulge in gross and obscene conversation for its own sake, and such men are accordingly found to be deficient in refinement of taste and feeling in a thousand other ways. I am not very fastidious; and, where there is real wit and humour, can tolerate much that is not perhaps consistent with the strictest delicacy. When we discover a lump of sterling ore, we must not complain of the dross and clay about it. But filth by itself is a positive nuisance; and when we find any man taking a disinterested delight in obscenity, we may safely conclude him to be coarse and mindless in all other respects.

Hand-writing is said to be connected with character; and I believe this to be true, except when some peculiar style is affected for a given purpose. A small, neat, regular hand, shows a love of order, and perhaps, at times, a too minute attention to trifles. A large, firm, and regular hand, denotes decision and consistency. A bold, but irregular style of penmanship, bespeaks a careless temerity of disposition; while small, unsteady, and ill-formed writing, marks a feeble vacillating character. These remarks, however, must be understood to apply to those only who choose their own style of writing, and are not led by professional pursuits to follow implicitly any given model.

A love of order and method is the distinguishing characteristic of some persons, while others are equally noted for a disregard of every thing systematic. These opposite traits are perceptible in the minutest actions of such people. The man of order is methodical in every thing, from the management of his fortune down to the regulation of his wardrobe. He is, in general, economical; but even when otherwise, there is a systematic arrangement in his extravagance, a method in his madness and folly; he ruins himself by rule, and perishes on principle. But the careless fellow is alike disorderly in the conduct of his affairs, and the tying of his shoes. He never keeps a friend, nor an appointment; flings into the fire documents of the last importance; is ruinously prodigal without the least enjoyment; penuriously economical without the slightest profit. He is no richer at the year's end for all his meanness; for where he has saved many a penny he has spent many a pound.

I conclude, then, that the conduct in trifles leads to a discovery of the main attributes of individual character; and conversely, that an acquaintance with the main attributes will enable us to predict the conduct in trifles. Nothing is wanting to any theory, but this perfect coincidence in the results of analysis and synthesis, where the facts furnish the materials of the system, and the system, in turn, serves to explain the facts: nor do I apprehend that the phenomena of affectation form any exception to my theory of human character, or present any impediment to its application. Men affect nothing, but because it is conducive to their interest or consonant with their taste. The peculiar nature, then, of the affectation, will indicate the cause of its assumption; and from this, again, we may deduce the character of him who has assumed it.

H.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

It is the hour, the glorious hour,
When twilight's lingering mists grow dim,
And infant daybreak loves to shed
Her kindling rays on sea and shore,
And all is beautiful to him
Who muses upon splendour fled.
The very air is sweet—the breeze
That wantons o'er Campanian seas
Bears, on its pathway through the deep,
Memorials of a golden clime,
Where in their lonely glory sleep
The mightiest sons of olden time:
It tells of groves, whose deathless flowers
Twice blossom in the circling year;—
It breathes of those delicious hours
When Pæstum's second buds appear,
And, in the bay-tree's dusky shade,
The little nightingale is heard
Trilling its own autumnal notes—
A fond and solitary bird.

And now I gaze upon the strand
To which in infancy I turn'd,
When thoughts, as of some magic land,
Rush'd o'er my spirit, and it burn'd
In Fancy's fairy dream to trace
Faint image of a loftier race
Than this, which, dead to honour's claim,
Owns nought of Roman, save the name.
Yes! unto thee my kindling soul
In fervent hour its worship paid,
And feelings, that disdain'd control,
My youthful heart in thraldom laid.
For thou to me wert holy—thou,
Clime of the bard, the chief, the sage—
Couldst teach my thrilling breast to bow,
As, 'mid the sanctity of age,
'Reft of all aid, I saw thee stand,
A changed, and yet a lovely land.

Thy hoary temples speak; for they,
Like thee, are beauteous in decay,
As from the seagirt cliff afar
They beam upon the mariner
The beacons of his way.—
But their's is like a tale of dread—
The lonely legend of the dead,
That tells of glory vanished.

My bark is bounding on the sea,
That wafts me from Parthenope;
Yet would my fancy fondly view
Her opening heavens of spotless blue,
Her terraced heights, and swift canoe,
That lightly shoots through fields of foam,
Bearing the welcome fisher home.
Still seems to tinkle on mine ear
The boatsong of the Gondolier;
And beauty's lute, from castled steep,
Wakes music on the slumbering deep.

P.

THE BENCH AND THE PRESS.

It is impossible to consider some of our Law proceedings, and to escape being struck with the soreness of feeling which is displayed in them, by the dispensers of the justice of the country, towards whatever concerns the press. Its excesses, instead of being regarded as the overflowings of a pure and vivifying stream, bearing health and refreshment through the land—here and there perhaps causing a trifling mischief, but fertilizing and rendering productive the whole surface of the country—are used as arguments against the thing itself. There is a uniform tendency to say something injurious respecting it on the most trivial opportunity available for the purpose—and that something generally grounded on the most untenable reasoning—as if the press were the declared enemy of the profession and practice of Law. There seems a constant wish to master its free spirit, and to confine it to the most narrow and petty regulations. Could those who indulge in their vituperations against the press carry the matter in their own way, nothing would ever be allowed to appear in print but what was literally proveable on oath. The examination of public men and their measures, the pursuit of truth, the arraignment of evils too subtle for the coarser bonds of an act of parliament to restrain, must cease at the dictum of lawyers, and free discussion be chained to the formalities of the most narrowing and self-consequential of human pursuits. This disposition is partly generated by the opposite characters of the press and of the law. Lifted, after years of laborious practice, to the bench from a confined arena of quibble and set usage, of well-paid disputation on matters where the heart is never to be consulted, it is next to impossible that the common-place lawyer should have any congeniality of feeling with the "chartered libertine;" or appreciate any thing, the essence of which is freedom from constraint. They who are accustomed to subject thought and reason to the written institutes of others, cannot travel out of their own beaten track, and therefore labour to bring every thing within the stinted circumference of their own minds. They cannot judge largely and liberally: hence an accomplished lawyer neither cuts a figure in the senate, nor exhibits the grand views of the statesman. Law belongs more immediately to human action—to deed, and not to thought. The press belongs to mind and to imagination, and is not to be judged of as we judge of fact. It is within the empire of intellect, and its range cannot be defined by statute, nor its errors and mistakes rectified by human jurisprudence, though an excess of one particular character may. The errors of the press can only be subdued by the operation of reason and moral feeling. Law is a very limited empire as respects mind: that of the press is boundless. The lawyer is a mere expounder of the institutions of the legislator: he is his agent to effect certain limited objects. It is not his business to listen to nor act upon the suggestions of genius, nor always even of sound reason. Written laws confine him to the very letter of his duty. How can it be expected he should be otherwise than he is, when life is too short for him to penetrate through the cloud of involution and perplexity in which the study of his own profession has been laboriously enveloped? The power of the press is also an object of his envy. Its property of

influencing large bodies of men, of moving mankind *en masse*, is viewed with jealousy; and as it is one of the safeguards of liberty, it has a tendency to enlarge instead of restrain; a quality the very reverse of law. It can, therefore, hardly be wondered at, that some feeling of antipathy should be shown towards it, arising from the habits as well as ambition of lawyers. But it by no means follows that it is prudent to exhibit it on every occasion. We have always been pleased at the respect borne towards the dispensers of justice. On his circuit the judge is almost regarded as a sacred personage by the people; and his respectful reception by the gentry in the country, adds to the salutary impression made on their minds by the awful nature of his duties. While he confines himself to the impartial exercise of his functions, he will be regarded with veneration and respect. But let him be cautious of travelling out of the path of his professional duties. No human being can have less hope of displaying universality of knowledge than a member of the bench. It is ten chances to one, if he attempt to give the gentlemen of the grand jury a disquisition on finance, a lecture on political economy, or a chapter on politics, but he shows his ignorance on each subject, and many who hear him are inwardly smiling at his want of knowledge of their most simple details. Mr. Justice Park is said to have lately declared that he should not be governed in the performance of his duty by public opinion; we should hope not, if public opinion could run counter to it; but it never has, nor can do so. What is called the applause of a mob, is a very different thing from public opinion; which is the expression of society, of the wise and the considerate—not of the unthinking. It is the unerring testimony of the "multitude of counsellors" to the principles of right and wrong. It fixes the character of events, consecrates great actions, rewards public virtue, incites to emulation, never fails in making just discriminations, and is the terrible Simoom that blasts for ever the wrong-doer, let his pretensions be what they may. The gratuitous declaration of the learned judge we must therefore, in common charity, refer to the partial and temporary feeling of a mob; and not to the aggregate opinion of this mighty nation; or, in other words, to public opinion in the true sense of the term.

It is only of late that this censorious spirit toward the press has manifested itself so openly. The Recorder of London has come in too with his censures, and frowned from his official seat in judicial terrors at the press, as the diabolical cause of prize-fighting, and the mother of all mischief—*Et tu Brute!* this is the cruelest cut of all. The trial of an individual for killing his antagonist in one of those degrading exhibitions, the patronage of which is not confined to blackguards of the lower degrees, afforded an opportunity for an harangue upon the crimes of the press, in consequence of its appearing that the youthful gladiator had felt his ambition roused by reading an account of a prize-fight. Oxford, when Aristotle and moods and predicates were in their glory, could not have offered a finer example of logical display, which might be thus embodied:—Prize-fights exist, newspapers report prize-fights, people read newspapers; therefore the press encourages prize-fighting. Thus the Aldermen of London give rich dinners, newspapers report them, people read newspapers; therefore the press encourages gluttony. The felicitous reasoning of Mr. Knowlys,

by the same rule, demonstrates that the murders, rapes, and burglaries happening in this country are caused in the same manner as the sale of Warren's blacking—by reading about them. Take the hint, ye legislators of Great Britain! Ye may now repeal the Vagrant Act, that stain on English jurisprudence—ye may repeal all the statutes, and make the Old Bailey a desert,—simply by extinguishing the press, and arraigning our typographers for "causing printing to be used, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity," as Jack Cade has it. But I ought to apologise to the reader for treating this subject so lightly, were it not that, while it shows the *animus* of some persons respecting it, the unsoundness of their reasoning might be put in a true light.

But the press confers high benefits upon the justice of the land itself; it has contributed to effect a remarkable diminution of the more atrocious crimes, which the Report for inquiring into the state of our criminal laws vouches for. In the enlightened district of the metropolis murders have diminished in the proportion of three to one, in the very place where the press exerts most influence, and where it is the more immediate burthen of judicial censure.* Lawyers are advocates for a privity in law proceedings, or for what may properly be called inquisitions. They have high opinions of the integrity of the lowest members of their *caste*. Attorneys or coroners are always most honourable characters; else how, according to *law reasoning*, could they act as attorneys or coroners? But the press is a check on the conduct of officials even in law, and greatly contributes to preserve the purity of justice. This was manifest in the late attempt of a coroner to screen a murderer; which conduct would, it is probable, but for the press, have been unknown and unpunished at this moment. Not only is the publication of law evidence of service, but publicity is in all cases the very essence of justice itself. With a sophism common to legal argument, it has been urged that the publication of evidence creates a prejudice against a prisoner.—What, when the verdict of a coroner's jury has already stamped his guilt? It tends, moreover, to secure the veracity of witnesses, who would not fear falsehood in a private examination: it is a restraint on the conduct of judges, and a security to the reputation of the government, which secret tribunals have universally brought into disrepute, and in some cases have overturned. No state can possess any thing worthy the name of liberty where the press is not free in respect to all matters relative to justice. In the designs of the Governor of the world, for the advancement of man to more elevated degrees of knowledge and moral feeling, liberty appears to be the active agent; those states which are most free, being the most powerful, wise, and wealthy. In free states, spy systems, inquisitions, and a *gendarmerie*, could not exist; though they are necessary in despotic countries to regulate the most trivial matters, to apprehend offenders, and to preserve order. The press in free countries, by infusing a better moral feel-

* The committee for inquiring into the state of criminal laws have boldly and truly laid down, that "the practice of immediately publishing the circumstance of every atrocious crime, and of circulating in various forms an account of every stage of the proceedings which relates to it, is far more prevalent in England than in any other country; and in our times, than in any former age. It is, on the whole, of great utility, not only as a control on courts of judicature, but also as a means of rendering it extremely difficult for odious criminals to escape. In this country, no atrocious crimes remain secret!"

ing, recording public opinion, restraining folly, detecting and exposing offenders against the laws, and aiding their delivery to justice, acts more beneficially than a minister of police with an army of armed men, and an office of passports and licenses, inadmissible where a shade of freedom exists. Is a murder committed in London, for example, and has the murderer escaped—in twenty-four hours he is followed into every quarter of the land, into every village and house, where no knowledge of the fact could otherwise reach. He is pointed out to the public, and every man is made his enemy: he is marked, go where he may, and consigned to the retribution of the law;—a happy attribute of the press. The publication of all facts thus materially assists in the ends of justice. The stability of a government must, in free states, depend in a great measure upon the openness and ingenuousness of its acts, of which the press is the exhibitor. A state is a great family, which should have no mysteries among its members. In the dispensation of justice, our forefathers admitted this principle even in more arbitrary times. All courts must be open to the public; all England is present in them, according to our ancestors; yet lawyers oppose the printed publication of the proceedings, which our ancestors make it a rule that all England should hear—a strange deduction from a fundamental principle in their own profession, and, like too many other objections, mere senseless drivelling. That the publication of actual truth can injure a prisoner while it is confined to facts, either before trial or after, has in no instance been proved, while great good has often resulted from it. In the case of Thurtell and Hunt, which has been cited in example, there is no proof of their having sustained detriment, though many falsehoods were circulated respecting them. The class in life in which the culprits lived, the magistrates themselves by their conduct before and after committing them, rumours of mysteries unexplained, and tremendous precautions for their seclusion before trial, excited the public curiosity to a high pitch. Had the crime been committed in Middlesex, they would have been sent to Newgate with no fear of their rescue, and have remained with comparative little public notice until their trial. The denial of their solicitors seeing them, the moving the Court of King's Bench in their favour, the extra guards to the prison, while showing a want of knowledge of the human mind and of public feeling, made them subjects of more eager notice. What atrocious murderers, so steeped in blood, would an English mob rescue? Political rioters, or some offenders committed on charges vulgarly deemed venial, might have given just ground for alarm. But the keeper of Newgate would have known there could be no reason for fearful precautions there against rescuers. There were many collateral causes, therefore, to feed public curiosity, and to induce the press to satisfy it. Murders were heaped on murders, and all gamblers were implicated with them; as if a gambler, who is always a fool, must necessarily be an assassin. The supply is always in proportion to the demand. The press was eager to gratify its patrons: every rumour was printed and published unsparingly, the whole being an event out of the regular course of things. But what evil resulted? The truth remained on the day of trial, and the rumours were forgotten. Neither judge, nor jury, nor the bar, nor the audience, exhibited one instance of prejudice against the prisoners. The short time allowed them for their defence,

owing to the obstacles thrown in the way of preparing it by the magistrates, formed a sufficient ground for reasonable delay, without throwing it on the shoulders of the press; the excesses of which, while we do not mean to defend them—for what on earth is perfect? (take the law and its absurdities for example)—we boldly assert to bear no more proportion to the sum total of its benefits than time does to eternity.

That the censures of lawyers upon the press have of late years increased, when, among all just reasoners, among all profound observers of society, and those who are accustomed to study the tendency of the public mind, there is declared to be less ground for it than there ever was, may at first appear singular. This is not, however, so difficult to account for. The profession of the law must naturally remain stationary under one system, and always be *after* the age in ideas generated by increasing knowledge. A lawyer of fifty years ago, and one of the present day, would have the same duties to perform, and see professional things with nearly the same optics, though the younger of the two might have a few more statutes and cases to peruse. He must lay down the law as his predecessor did, he must address a jury in the same manner, he must see the same ends in his practice, and view the laws in the same light. He must pore over his books with similar intentions, his fictions and forms must (necessarily perhaps) be the same; even his dog-Latin, wig, and gown, are a *noli me tangere* to modern times—all is behind the present era. Lawyers are conscious of something of this stationary character themselves. The fact is, that the law has its limits; and the man who studies it must remain within them, as much as the mechanic who is advised *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. A free press is for all times, and for every people. Laws are but for one people, and then must be modified once every two or three centuries. Lawyers must not, therefore, expect to find the perpetually advancing mind of man stand still, that they may run the race together. They were not always thus severe on the press: Judge Ashurst, in an address to the jury at Warwick, on the trial of one Binns for libel, in 1797,* went so far as to allow that "it would not only be commendable, but the bounden duty of every man, to take arms and resist the attempts of the executive power, if it strove to wrest from the people the liberty of the press and the trial by jury:"—an acknowledgment, however true in itself, that no lawyer on the bench would make in the present day.

It is the middle class of the English people over which the press exercises the greatest control; the class that, except in fashion, the follower of the courtier, gives a tone to public feeling, and the united opinion of which is irresistible. The majority of the higher classes think very little—at all events, they reason but little; and with the lower it is much the same. Not but that there are splendid exceptions in the House of Lords, for example; but the majority of the very highest class is the servant of precedent and prejudice, and of the lower of passion and ignorance. The astonishing increase of literary publications,

* It was in the course of this trial that the late Mr. Perceval, on the part of the Crown, alluded to what he called a "false philosophy," or "the *monstrous doctrine* of men sacrificing their lives in the cause of posterity." It can easily be believed that Mr. Perceval was sincere in this remark: that which he had not a mind and habits formed to feel, he could not comprehend.

of late, shows how much the spirit of inquiry is enlarged; and this increase of demand for the productions of the press is accompanied by an amazingly productive revenue, flourishing manufactures, and a more harmonious state of feeling at home. The press lays open every corner of the earth, its productions and wants, for the direction of mercantile speculation, analyses every discovery in science, and endeavours to turn all to a useful account, nothing being lost; it enforces a habit of reflection that leads to improvement, and thus opens new sources of national wealth; it cherishes freedom, the very breath of honourable life; it exposes folly and crime without distinction of persons; it spreads the glory of England over the whole earth; it defends our privileges, and overawes our national foes, by displaying the front of public opinion, that wall of triple brass against external enemies; it controls the members of government, some of whom appear sensible of its value, if we may judge from the few instances of prosecution it has experienced recently from that quarter. I do not refer, in speaking of forbearance, to instances of prosecutions originating in societies owing their origin to the lust of lucre in one or two individuals, who contrive to make a profit of them, and that are a stain upon the country. It is not then becoming in lawyers to censure the press, even for what they may imagine a solitary evil, but which is perhaps in reality no evil at all, without looking far beyond the immediate cause of complaint, and, if they can take in such an extended view, recollecting that were they able to clip the wings of the mighty tenant of air, and confine him in their own narrow inclosure for a time, his pinions would again grow out and bear him aloft, into his former regions of splendour and liberty.

Thus it is much to be desired that the professors of the law could take just views of things out of their own professional pale, and they would see that to cramp the press is to destroy it. A few spots and blemishes which appeared on a brilliant surface, would never then be held as a reason for dimming the rich reflection which surrounded them. Let England and America, the only two nations where the press is free, be contrasted with the besotted governments of the Continent; with Spain and the dominion of the creature that governs it, with Austria or Prussia. Let the monarch of England be seen travelling long distances on the roads of his country, without guards, or more numerous attendants than would accompany the private gentleman, well known, yet as perfectly secure as if he were the humblest citizen; and let the lawyers say what Continental king can venture to copy such an example. It is not the sanguinary laws, nor the execution of criminals, nor the zeal of judges, that effects this; it is the characteristic of a free government—the high sense of what is due from man to man—the discriminating knowledge of the age, owing to a free press, that will not fawn on the one hand, while on the other it knows upon what shoulders to lay every thing, and convinces all that the monarch has the right of the citizen as well as his own, and that he should be equally secured in the enjoyment of it. The subjects of nations not having the liberty of the press, are indifferent as to their national integrity: armies must be kept up for overawing them. The citizen feels himself a party concerned in preserving peace at home, and in resisting foreign aggression, wherever there is a free

press. This national feeling is rendered doubly valuable, now the Holy Alliance is accustoming the people of the Continent to look at the occupation and government of their respective countries by foreigners with indifference. I need go no farther in detailing the blessings, next to the hope of immortality, of the noblest of the gifts of Heaven to man.

In respect to the publication of examinations of criminals before magistrates, or of coroners' inquests, great good is often induced; and witnesses come forward, and facts are disclosed, that would else remain unknown. The reporters for the public press might, on the score of courtesy, on the expression of a wish for a temporary suppression only of the appearance of any particular fact by an authority, comply with such delay. The public could not suffer, and the compliance would not be deemed a sacrifice of any moment. I should deprecate the question of right as to this matter coming before a court of lawyers, for many reasons; especially when I believe the majority of the profession to be friends neither to a free press nor free discussion. The question will be a new one, still there are musty precedents enough which an ingenious tortuousness may call in to assist in deciding the point; and it is not difficult to conjecture what the decision would be. Though every court is an open court, and all England is present, and hears the case, and rumour distorts facts and perverts evidence, and spreads falsehoods respecting it, this may continue to be the case; but the truth must not be written, lest all England may read it, and the assassin be prejudiced in his defence by the testimony against him being published—the midnight robber be unable to find an honest jury, and men become more in the dark as to a just state of facts the more they know of them! The statement being true (this must be understood as to sense and meaning at least,) the more the public are informed of the merits of a case, the better for all parties. A jury deciding on evidence drawn from the testimony of present witnesses, and from that alone, will decide on what it hears according to its oath. The prejudice of few men against those from whom they never individually received injury, will not overpower ocular and auricular testimony in presence of a court of justice. It is at best, therefore, exceedingly ill-judged to censure the press for every trivial aberration from what in strictness may be considered its correctest course. But how much more ill-judged is it to carp at those uses of it, which, so far from deserving censure, are entitled to be ranked among its greatest blessings! Neither the bench nor the profession of the law generally, can be benefited by an open contest with it. The combat would be that of a giant and a pigmy, of a Hercules and a common mortal; and the results would be decidedly injurious to law, because the latter is so open to attack in many quarters, so full of absurdities, and stands so much in need of purification by the legislature: it is better, therefore, that it should refrain from forcing an exposition of its weakness before the world, and thereby diminishing that respect in which it is held at present, and with which it should ever be surrounded. Y. I.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE CAP OF FORTUNATUS.

"He that within his bounds will keep
May baffle all disasters,
To fortune and fate commands he may give,
Which worldlings call their masters;
He may dance, he may laugh, he may sing, he may quaff,
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly;
He may walk without fear, he may sleep without care,
And a fig for the world and its folly." WIT RESTORED.

In the deep serenity of an autumnal evening, I placed myself upon the terrace of the chateau at Versailles to enjoy the setting sun, the rays of which enamelled the glassy surface of the waters before me with a golden bloom, burnished the bronze figures of the marble fountains by which I was surrounded, glistened like fire upon the windows of the great gallery, illuminated by reflections from the wall of mirrors within, and after flickering along the casements of the eastern wing threw a rosy tinge over the Bois de Satory where it is embosomed, the leaves of which were as motionless as if the whole wood already reposed in the first flush of sleep. Having recently visited the stupendous aqueducts of Buc and Marly, works worthy of the ancient Romans, and observed how the whole of the circumjacent country was perforated with tunnels and reservoirs for the supply of the palace, I doubted whether that pile with its six thousand rooms had cost so much human labour as the various subterraneous works radiating from it in all directions; and I appreciated the difficulties to be overcome when the vainglorious Louis Quatorze resolved to conquer nature, and to make this spot, situated upon a sandy height, the most celebrated place in all Europe for those elaborate playthings, its waterworks. All around me were the evidences of his apotheosis and deification. In the baths of Apollo I had seen him sculptured as that deity, while the matchless chisel of Girardon had been prostituted to the representation of his six mistresses, as attendant nymphs, performing the most menial offices about his person. On the ceiling of the great gallery I had gazed upon the paintings of Le Brun, in which he appears wielding the thunder of Jupiter, while Venus, Diana, and Juno were on all sides compelled to wear the faces of his shameless courtesans. When I reflected that the greater part of Europe was convulsed with war by his mad attempts at foreign supremacy, at the very moment that the whole resources of the country were lavished for the gratification of his magnificence and his vices at home, I endeavoured to calculate how much actual enjoyment had probably been attained by that individual for whom so many millions of men had sacrificed theirs.

When the decrepit monarch was obliged to be wheeled about his stately terraces in an arm-chair, he could hardly fail to draw humiliating comparisons between the palsied reality of his fleshly limbs and the divine symmetry of his marble portraits; nor could he well avoid sharing the feeling of Vespasian, who, being flattered upon his deathbed, exclaimed in bitter spirit, "O yes, I feel that I am becoming a god." But we will take him in the vigour of his health and youth, without availing ourselves of Bacon's observation, that it is a sad thing to have nothing farther to desire and a thousand things to fear; or of his equally apposite position, that monarchs are like the heavenly bodies,

which have a great deal of glory and very little repose. Legitimate as he was, and misgoverning by unquestionable right divine, it will still be admitted that he had but five senses, or inlets of bodily pleasure; and Nature herself in the beneficent equality of her dispensations, has prevented us from usurping any undue share of pleasurable sensation, by limiting our capacities to that portion of enjoyment which is pretty much within the reach of all classes. She has not only placed a sentinel at each gate to warn us against over-indulgence, but has provided an express and complicated economy by which she compels us to reject every excess with disgust and loathing. A king cannot devour more than one dinner in a day, a peasant eats no less; and as to the different qualities of the ingredients, custom, which makes the soldier's "flinty and steel couch of war his thrice driven bed of down," produces the same effects in an opposite direction, and renders the banquet of the palace not more stimulant or palatable than the frugal meal of the cottage. Probably it is less so, if there be any truth in the old adage, that health is the most exquisite cook, and hunger the best sauce. It is the same with the other senses as with the appetite. You cannot discount life and spend it before it is due. You cannot live upon the capital of your body, instead of contenting yourself with its legal interest, without inevitable exhaustion and poverty. Your portion being limited, the more you condense your gratifications the more you curtail their duration, and the more inevitably do you condemn yourself to the horrors of debility, satiety, tædium, and ennui. This is the lot of those kings who, having blunted and worn out their sensations by abuse, sit down in a blank and torpid desolation, and would willingly, like the Roman emperor, offer an immense reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. Henry the Eighth and Francis of France, in their meeting on the field of gold cloth, had completely exhausted in fourteen days all the means of gratification which the wealth and genius of their respective countries could supply or devise; and when we recollect the enormous riches of King Solomon, and his multifarious luxuries, among which we should, perhaps, be hardly warranted in including his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, we need not wonder at his declaring that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

These, it may be urged, are the mere pleasures of sense, which are for all classes equally grovelling and evanescent; but the high in station may still preserve a wider range over the pure world of intellect, and all those enduring delights that emanate from the head and heart. Alas! the spirit and matter whereof we are compounded are fellow-travellers, one of whom cannot be goaded beyond his strength without fatiguing the other. We cannot exhaust the body by intemperance without debauching and emasculating the mind; and even where a rare course of personal temperance has preserved the faculties unimpaired, it is almost impossible to drink largely of power without superinducing that mental intoxication which has precipitated so many rulers into the mischievous pranks of ambition. Where it assumes not this active tendency, it is apt to bemuddle its victim into that morbid and pitiable state of fretful lethargy termed Ennui. As nothing is so deplorable as the want of a want, there is not one of us who would not be a miserable loser by being "as happy as a king." They are the spoilt children of Fortune, and like the juvenile members of the class are too often way-

ward, peevish, and ill at ease. As to the pleasures of intellect, Lord Walpole's Researches have not been able to redeem many royal authors from the dust; for it is much easier to win and wear a dozen crowns than to achieve a single wreath of bays. Too busy or too indolent for literary pursuits, they read despatches instead of books, and pension laureats instead of perusing them. Reasons of state equally debar them from the solace of those delights that emanate from the heart. Cupid is a Carbonaro who owns no allegiance to thrones; there is no sweet courtship in courts; a king goes a wooing in the person of his privy counsellors; marries one whom he never saw, to please the nation, of which he is the master only to be its slave; views his bride with indifference or dislike, and is generally cut off from those domestic enjoyments which constitute the highest charm of existence. Friendship cannot offer itself as a substitute, for equality is the basis of that delicious sentiment, and he who wears a crown is at once prevented by station, and prohibited by etiquette, from indulging in any communion of hearts. Verily he ought to be exempted from all other taxes, since he pays quite enough already for his painful pre-eminence.

If it be bad to have nothing to hope, it is not much better to have every thing to fear. It is humiliating enough for such exalted personages to be perpetually giddy with the height they have attained; to envy the meanest mortal who can exclaim that

> "Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> Can touch him farther;"

to be incapacitated from looking out upon the face of nature or art without encountering some impertinent memento. If they gaze upon an eclipse, they are forthwith perplexed with fear of change; the full moon snubs them with the reflection that they, like her, have accomplished their sphere; that they cannot become greater, and have nothing left but to decline and wane: the high tide twits them with the consciousness that they have been raised by the flood of fortune, and may subside again with its ebb; a natural storm catechises them about the chances of a political one; a volcano thunders them a lesson upon conspiracies of the Carbonari; and they cannot open a book without being schooled by croaking ravens as to the instability of human grandeur. All the dethroned monarchs, from Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar down to Napoleon, are flung in their face; they are pleasantly reminded that the lightning strikes the tallest towers first; that those who are the most elevated have the farthest to fall; that when the sportsman Death goes out a shooting, it is a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he launches his arrow through the cottage casement, or the window of the palace; and that in many a royal cemetery—

> "Here 's an acre sown indeed
> With the richest royal seed
> That the earth did e'er suck in
> Since the first man died for sin.
> Here are sands, ignoble things,
> Dropt from the royal sides of kings."

Well might Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, revert with a sad complacency to the days of his childhood, declaring that he even recollected with delight the smell of the earth in Corsica; and that *the*

happiest period of his existence was when he was roaming the streets of Paris as an engineer subaltern, to discover a cheap place for dining: and there can be as little doubt that his successor would gladly exchange the heart-corroding splendour of the Tuileries for the tranquil obscurity of Hartwell.

As the ocean is subject to unreposing tides to prevent it from stagnating, so is the human mind destined to a perpetual ebb and flow of excitement, that it may be stimulated to fresh enterprises, and thus conduce to the general advancement of the species by the developement of individual activity. The mental hunger must be gratified as duly as the corporeal; and, unfortunately, there is this analogy between them, that whatever either of them tastes it destroys: the vulgar adage "that we cannot have our cake and eat it too," is equally applicable to the feast of reason. Air that has remained a certain time in the lungs becomes unfit for the purposes of respiration, and whatever has once passed through the mind loses with its novelty its power of future gratification. Some pleasures, like the horizon, recede as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught. Reader, didst thou ever see a squirrel in a cage galloping round and round without moving a step forwarder? or the same animal at liberty, jumping from bough to bough of a hazel tree, and shaking the ripe nuts into a pond beneath, in his anxiety to catch them? Art thou bustling—enterprising—grasping, and yet disappointed, thou hast seen an exact portrait of thyself. Pleasure unattained is the hare which we hold in chase, cheered on by the ardour of competition, the exhilarating cry of the dogs, the shouts of the hunters, the echo of the horn, the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained is the same hare hanging up in the sportsman's larder, worthless, disregarded, despised, dead.

As an epicure in the enjoyment of life, I thank the gods, that by placing me above want and below riches, they have given me little to fear and much to hope. I rejoice that so large a portion of enjoyment remains unpossessed, that I have spoilt so little by usage, and that seven-eighths of the world remain yet to be conquered, at least in hope. The ancients were quite wise in placing that goddess at the bottom of Pandora's box; it was like making the last-drawn ticket, after a succession of blanks, the capital prize. Oh the matter-of-factness of imagination—the actuality of reveries—the *bonâ fide* possession of those blessings which we enjoy in hope—the present luxury of anticipation! These are the only enjoyments which cannot be taken from us, which are beyond the reach of the blind fury with the abhorred shears, or her sightless sister of the ever-revolving wheel. To the winds do I cast the counting-house morality inculcated in the story of the milk-maid with her basket of eggs, Alnaschar with his panier of crockery, and all such musty apologues of the fabulists. There is a loss in breaking eggs or cracking teapots, but is there no gain in fancying oneself, for however short a period, a princess or a grand vizier, and revelling in all the delicious sensations which those respective dignities confer upon the imaginary, but withheld from the real incumbent? Surely if the fancied delight be real, and the positive enjoyment of those stations illusory, the non-possessor has the best of the bargain. *Credo quod habeo, et habeo.* It is incredible what riches and estates I hold by this tenure. I pity the title-deed proprietors of manors, parks, and

mansions, who, keeping them in fear, and quitting them with regret, may truly exclaim from their narrow tombs—

"Of woods and plains, and hills and vales,
Of fields and meads, of parks and pales,
Of all I had this I possess,
I need no more—I have no less."

I have but to put on my Fortunatus's cap and all such domains are mine, for I have the full enjoyment as I walk through them, or gaze over the park-paling, of all the prospects they present, the breezes they waft, of the song of their birds, the hum of their bees, the fragrance and the beauty of their flowers. Like Selkirk in Fernandez, "I am monarch of all I survey" and "my right there is none to dispute." Nor is my omnivorous mind easily satiated. The Marquis of Stafford's gallery is mine—Lord Spencer's collection is mine, and mine more than theirs, for I am probably less satiated with gazing upon their beauties. Fonthill, Knole, Petworth, Blenheim, Piercefeld, the Leasowes are not only mine, but Windsor Castle, and Hampton-court; and as I have as unbounded a stomach for palaces as the builder of the latter, I keep the Louvre, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Compiegne for my summer residences when I make my annual excursion to Calais in the steam-boat. All these, my establishments, cost me not a farthing for their maintenance. I live in no fear of losing them; I stand in no awe of thieves; fire gives me no apprehension; I as little dread the watery St. Swithin, lest the damp should injure my pictures and statues; I am unvisited by tax-gatherers, and untormented by servants. Mine is the only secret by which so rich a man may be so perfectly at his ease.——Then my literary distinctions! I am a regular *lion* among the *blues* every time that my imagination walks out of its den: I am *conversazioned* by the Countess of C——, *routed* by the Marchioness of S——, read by the public in the New Monthly, praised by the critics, courted by the *Row*. In due course I become as good an LL. D. as Dr. Pangloss; and were I to recapitulate all the literary honours I achieve by the same process, I fear the reader would extend to me the worthy doctor's subsequent dignity, and set me down for an A double S.

H.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

Where the wall-flower lives on high
  O'er the sculptured oriel-stone,
Steals a perfume on the sky
  With the night-wind's hollow moan.

Thus 'tis o'er the waste of years
  Comes an undistinguish'd throng,
Ruin'd hopes, and mingled tears,
  And gentle wishes cherish'd long.

Hopes though ruin'd, lovely yet,
  Tears for one though dead to me;
Thoughts I may not e'er forget;
  Wishes that can never be.

Ask not if they 're good or ill—
  All are sad, yet pleasing all;—
Nor how many haunt me still—
  Count the rain-drops as they fall.

W. T.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. XII.

On Corpulence.

I HAVE somewhere met with the observation, that there are persons in imaginary health who are not so deserving of ridicule as the *Malades imaginaires*, at whose expense that satirist of physicians, Molière, made himself so merry; but for which the vengeance of Hygæa overtook him, since he was seized, during the representation of this celebrated comedy, with an illness which afterwards carried him off. These healthy persons in their own imagination are the plethoric and corpulent, who take weight for the standard of health, and look with pity on the spare and meagre. It is to such *great* folks that I address this paper, and I claim no thanks from them if I should be so fortunate as to convince them of their error. I am well aware how gratifying it is to retain errors which persuade us that we are happy; for this very notion confers happiness. I know what pleasure is felt by one who is congratulated on the portliness of his corporation, and the goodly rubicundity of his visage. It is this pleasure of the corpulent that I intend to spoil. I shall prove to them that they are diseased; and, instead of confirming them in the idea that they are pictures of health, I will strike a terror into them that shall penetrate to the very centre of their sub-pectoral protuberances. I can easily foresee how they will reward me for my pains, and I shall, therefore, reply to them in the words of the culprit, who, when the judge had commented on the heinousness of his crime, and concluded with asking him, what he thought he had deserved by it—coolly answered, "Oh! 'tis not worth mentioning—I desire nothing for it!"

When the blood contains too many nutritious and oily particles, these transpire by innumerable, almost invisible pores, through the arteries and veins, and collect in the cellular substance, which covers nearly the whole body. Here they form vesicles, or small bags of fat, which become fuller and larger the more of this superabundant nutritious matter is conducted to them. In this manner the otherwise empty interstices of the body are filled up, and it acquires rotundity and corpulence. The fat deposited in these interstices has all the properties of an oil, when it appears in a fluid form. In this state fat exists in some fishes; and Pocock relates of the ostrich, that when it is dead, the Arabs shake it till its fat dissolves and is changed into an oil, which they apply externally in contractions and pains of the limbs, and also administer internally.

A person may grow fat from various causes, the principal of which consists in the use of soft, fluid and nutritious food; such as gravy-broth, juicy flesh, a milk and farinaceous diet, and strong beer. Upon the whole, all alimentary substances which convey many fatty particles into the blood, should be avoided by people in good health.

Another cause of corpulence is want of exercise. "A man who lives well," says Hippocrates, "cannot be healthy unless he takes exercise, and attention should always be paid to keep the exercise and food in equilibrium." It is the violation of this rule that produces corpulence, and hence corpulence has justly been described as a mark affixed by Nature upon those who transgress her precepts. In fact, we know from experience, that nothing fattens so

rapidly as good eating and drinking, combined with bodily inactivity and love of ease. We see how soon horses grow fat when they are well fed and not worked. The oxen which have been used for draught, when turned into a rich pasture, are soon covered with wholesome fat. By means of abundant food and confinement, geese, turkeys, and other poultry, may be rendered prodigiously fat; and the same effect is produced by them upon man. When Demetrius Poliorcetes was kept in confinement, and yet provided for in a royal style, he acquired such corpulence that he died of it in a few months.

Tranquillity of mind also tends to promote corpulence when superadded to the circumstances already mentioned. Hence we rarely find that persons subject to violent passions grow fat; but in general that such as are disposed to corpulence are either volatile or not overburdened with sensibility. For the same reason much sleep encourages the increase of fat. If it be true, as some naturalists assert, that the bears, which sleep all the winter, are fat when they come forth again from their retreats, this is to be ascribed to no other cause but the torpid state in which they have passed their time. Why do carp grow so fat when enveloped in moss, unless because they are kept in a state of inactivity and stupor out of their natural element?

The absence of such passions as reduce the strength and consume the vital spirits contributes not a little to corpulence. Compare only a patient ox and a quiet gelding with an ungovernable bull and a fiery stallion, and you will find that a more weakly body and cooler blood render the former infinitely more disposed to feed than the latter. This calmer circulation of the blood is favourable to the secretion of fat in general; and this is the reason why most persons increase very much in bulk between the ages of forty and fifty years. At that period the pulsations of the heart and the circulation are not so strong and so rapid as in the heyday of youth, and to this the cessation of the growth of the body must certainly contribute its share. A man after he has ceased to grow continues to live, as far as regards food and exercise, just as he did before; the consequence is, that the juices which used to be applied to the enlargement and completion of the members, are from this time produced in a superabundance, which turns to fat. The same is the case with people who have lost their arms or legs. As they eat and drink no less, though they have no longer those limbs to nourish, they become in general exceedingly plethoric and fat, since they daily retain a quantity of nutritious juices that is not distributed as formerly in the deficient members.

From these observations any one who wishes for rotundity of form will know how to proceed in order to obtain that desirable quality. I am not so biassed, however, as to assert that no advantage whatever is attached to corpulence. A fat man may tumble into the water with less apprehension than a raw-boned figure; because the fat being a substance of a lighter nature is better calculated to keep him afloat than the muscle of the latter, who needs the aid of a couple of blown bladders or of cork to give him the buoyancy which the former derives from his portly paunch. As fat saves from drowning, so also it may preserve for a time from the effects of intense frost, because it protects the flesh from the inclemency of the weather. On other accounts it would not be well to have no fat: for it renders the joints supple and

fitter for motion; it prevents the friction of contiguous parts, keeping them always moist and slippery; it communicates a greasiness to the skin which renders it soft and smooth, and defends it from the sharpness of the air; it unites the fibres of the muscles into compact masses, and secures them from becoming entangled with each other, and with the minute vessels and nerves which are every where distributed among them; it serves the purpose of a soft and compressible cushion on which we sit and lie more comfortably; it prevents wrinkles, by imparting a pleasing plumpness to the contours of the body; and it adds to the whiteness of the complexion, owing to the transparency of the skin, wherefore the sick and meagre people usually have a sallow look. All these are real benefits, but they are attached to a moderate degree of corpulence alone.

Quesnay calculated that a grown person, when in his natural state, ought to have about eight pounds of fat. The average weight of a man is about one hundred and sixty pounds: but as there have been very fat people who have weighed four, five, nay even six hundred pounds, it may easily be imagined, that in these cases there must have been a prodigious deviation from the state of nature. There have been seen persons with fat six inches deep under the skin; and similar instances have been known among brutes. Hogs have been made so fat that their skin was fifteen inches above the bone. An ox, which otherwise would weigh five or six hundred weight, may be fatted to nearly a ton and a half, which is half the weight of an elephant. These astonishing deviations from nature cannot possibly be attended with beneficial results; and of this physicians in all ages have been fully aware. It is an observation as ancient as Hippocrates, that health, when at the highest, as in the fat *athletæ*, was precarious, because it could not then experience any change, unless for the worse. Celsus considered a square-built figure, neither too fat nor too lean, as the best. Sanctorius observed, that after the process of digestion is finished daily, a man ought to be as heavy as he was before it, if he is in perfect health. But how can this hold good respecting people, who, after every meal, add to their weight a considerable quantity of superfluous juices?

In enumerating the dangers to which very corpulent persons are exposed, I shall quote the words of other physicians, without taking any personal share in these sinister predictions. Apoplexies hold a prominent place in the list. Hippocrates knew from experience, that fat persons more commonly die a sudden death than lean ones; and so he says, in several places. Boerhaave ascribes the disposition of corpulent persons to apoplexies, to the obstructed circulation of the blood through the vessels compressed by the fat. The blood gives way to this pressure, and accumulates in those places where there is no fat to prevent the expansion of the vessels. As then the brain never becomes fat, the blood accumulates in its vessels and expands them to such a degree that they burst, which is frequently the immediate cause of apoplexy. Haller mentions it as a fact universally known, that corpulent persons are disposed to apoplexy. The annals of medicine relate, that a man who, though weighing upwards of six hundred pounds, nevertheless possessed extraordinary agility, and whose waistcoat would button, without straining, round seven men of ordinary dimensions, died in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, leaving a pregnant wife and

five children. Louis Coute, who measured eight feet round the body, and whose fat, after the removal of the skin, was, from the outer surface to the abdominal muscles, between thirteen and fourteen inches thick,—in short, a man weighing eight hundred pounds, died in his forty-sixth year of apoplexy. The intestines were neither larger nor fatter than in an ordinary subject. His liver, on the other hand, was triangular and indurated; and it was attached for the space of five inches to the omentum. No person can hesitate to believe such evidence, which is moreover confirmed by the experience of all ages.

Somnolency is another complaint to which corpulent persons are liable. Boerhaave once had an interview with a doctor, who had grown fat with frequent unnecessary bleeding, and who was so lethargic that he fell asleep at least ten times during their conversation. Athenæus relates of Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea, that he was so sleepy, owing to his excessive corpulence, that it was impossible to keep him awake without thrusting pins through the fat into his flesh.

The insensibility and stupidity of corpulent persons go hand-in-hand with this disease; for the fat covers and buries the nerves, which must be touched by sensible objects, in order to our having any perception of them. It moreover compresses and paralyses the muscles, the nerves of which also it incapacitates for moving them. Nicomachus, of Smyrna, was by corpulence rendered incapable of locomotion; and we have had instances in England of persons, who, from the same cause, could scarcely stir from the spot. The meagre animals, on the contrary, which might be supposed to be weak, such as greyhounds, racers and hunters among horses, stags, &c. are remarkable for their agility, and appear to fly through the air.

As the exuberant fat compresses the lungs, it is obvious why corpulent persons experience a difficulty of respiration, and are sometimes suddenly suffocated. The same thing frequently happens to ortolans and other birds, which are apt to grow very fat. Similar instances are related of men. Aristotle makes mention of a man who was suffocated by his fat, which was six inches thick; and Dionis observes, that infants at the breast are sometimes carried off in the same way, because the milk contains many butyraceous particles, which are easily transformed into fat. Hippocrates also was acquainted with this species of death. Corpulent persons, says he, are frequently suffocated by inflammatory fevers and shortness of breath, and in general die suddenly.

The corpulent have also reason to apprehend a deficiency of blood. Their alimentary juices are deposited in too great quantity, and as it were in a crude state in the cellular substance, because their impaired powers are incapable of digesting them. The blood-vessels, moreover, are too much compressed by fat to be able to contain much blood. On this account Boerhaave makes a fundamental distinction between fat and plethoric persons. "The corpulent," says he, "are considered as plethoric, because they are out of breath at the slightest motion; because the most trifling circumstance impels the blood to the head; and because they are so liable to apoplexy." But all this merely proves that the blood does not flow freely through the straitened vessels, and by no means that those vessels contain too much of that fluid. This observation is of practical utility. Bleeding is serviceable to the plethoric, and must of course be pernicious to the fat, unless in cases like that related by Boerhaave, who, by bleeding, saved the life of a very

corpulent person. The patient had overheated himself by too violent exercise in summer. The melted fat had discharged itself into the vessels, and distended them to such a degree as to produce apoplexy, which was removed by the bleeding.

"Lastly," says Haller, "excessive corpulence induces dropsy, and this is the most common end of such persons, in whom those blood-vessels, which ought to receive the returning gaseous fluids, are probably obstructed. Finally, there are observations proving that stones are liable to be formed in the kidneys when overloaded with fat."

What a terrific catalogue of ailments for you, miserable gorbellies! But what is still worse, every word of this is true, and not a single point can be denied, or even doubted. I feel for you much too sincerely not to lay before you all the means that should be employed by those who would either prevent or reduce corpulence. Here you will find lessons which will make your hair stand on end.

Abstinence is a really golden mean against the exuberance of nutritive juices. By long continued abstinence serpents become quite lean. In autumn the cellular substance of the cameleon, the lizard, and the frog, is full of fat; and after the winter's fast, they are found in spring quite empty. But though it is certain that fasting cannot make a person fat, still it is not a little of it that will make him lean. A young man who drank nothing but water, abstained from drinking at one time sixty days and at another forty-six. During the first of these periods he took animal food, but in the second nothing but such aliments as the Catholic church authorizes in fasts. Being weighed both before and after, he was found each time a few pounds lighter; but after the second abstinence, this reduction was greater than after the first. By drinking afterwards twice a day, he recovered his former weight in six days, and gained a few pounds in addition. Hence we very speedily recover, by means of the most temperate meals, what we have lost by rigid and long-continued abstinence, even though we were to confine ourselves to a fast-diet, which furnishes a smaller quantity of juices than animal food, but yet more than is requisite for the support of life. We must therefore seek more efficacious means.

Galen commended the effect of mental cares and anxieties as a remedy for corpulence, and Ovid was well acquainted with their operation:—

> Attenuant vigiles corpus miserabile curæ;
> Adducitque cutim macies et in aëra succus
> Corporis omnis abit; vox tantum atque ossa supersunt.

Haller mentions two cases in point, which I must introduce. "Cares and exertion of the mental powers render the body very lean; and those persons are invariably fatter in whom the passions are more moderate. Hence, Cæsar was accustomed to say that he was not afraid of 'fat, sleek-headed men,' because such men are not in general very solicitous about the common weal or the preservation of liberty. The celebrated Dean Swift, while involved in cares and hostilities, was extremely meagre; but became excessively corpulent after his mental faculties failed, and he had fallen into a state of ideocy."

In this list may be classed all the violent passions. Strong exercise also reduces fat; but this method should not be resorted to, till great part of the exuberant fat has been absorbed in some other manner. This follows of course, for the shortness of breath and indolence of

corpulent people, forbids much bodily exertion. Hence, other means must previously be tried for reducing the "huge hill of flesh," and to this end friction, which is a passive motion, may probably conduce. Zacutus Lusitanus, Muys, and Quesnay, relate, that by oft-repeated friction unwieldy corpulence has been completely removed. Fever diminishes fat in a wonderful manner. One person lost from this cause thirty pounds, another after salivation fifty pounds, and a third in the small-pox eighty pounds of his weight. But it should be observed, that after illness and a course of medicine, the fat usually accumulates again as fast as it before diminished. This increase and decrease are generally very rapid. A hog that is fastened up may be made fat in three days, and a lark fatted in one night becomes much poorer in the course of the ensuing day.

I wish corpulent people no diseases for their cure; still less can I recommend medicines to them. Dr. Fothergill observes, that a strict adherence to vegetable diet reduces exuberant fat more certainly than any other means that he knows, and Dr. Cheyne furnished, in his own person, an extraordinary instance of its efficacy. This physician, when between thirty and forty years of age, had, by indulgence in the pleasures of the table, swelled to such a size as to exceed thirty-two stone weight. He was obliged to have the whole side of his chariot made open to admit him; and he grew short-breathed, lethargic, nervous, and scorbutic, so that his life became an intolerable burden. In this deplorable condition, after trying in vain all the power of medicine, he resolved to confine himself to a milk and vegetable diet, the good effects of which quickly appeared. His size was reduced almost a third, and he recovered his strength, activity, and cheerfulness, with the perfect use of all his faculties.

White Castile soap has been proposed as a remedy to melt down and facilitate the absorption of fat. A very corpulent man took every evening half an ounce dissolved in half a pint of water, and in two years became half a hundred weight lighter. He continued the use of it, and in six years was perfectly cured. The soap operated as a diuretic without any inconvenience. Boerhaave employed acids, crystals of tartar, cream of tartar, and such like purgatives; but Haller relates that vinegar taken for this purpose by a master-builder, occasioned incessant vomiting and death, after which the inner coat of the stomach was found indurated to the depth of an inch or more.

Lieutaud recommends *acetum scilliticum* taken in small doses, with frequent purging and brisk exercise: but it will seldom happen that the patients will be found sufficiently steady to persist in any of these courses; the disorder, from its nature, rendering them irresolute and inattentive to their condition. The principle use of rules, therefore, must be with a view to prevention; and persons disposed to corpulence should be careful in time to prevent it from becoming an absolute disease, by taking a great deal of exercise, not indulging in sleep, and abridging their meals, especially supper.

Instead, however, of the tedious and partly dangerous means enumerated above, I would recommend to my corpulent readers, nocturnal vigils and meditation. There is no remedy for reducing obesity with more honour than *algebra*, if the patient only studies it fundamentally at night and cuts wood by day. This remedy is sympathetic: it operates through the spirits, and removes fat by $a + b$.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.—NO. II.

Mr. Irving.

This gentleman has gained an almost unprecedented, and not an altogether unmerited popularity as a preacher. As he is, perhaps, though a burning and a shining light, not "one of the fixed," we shall take this opportunity of discussing his merits a *second* time, while he is at his meridian height; and in doing so, shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Few circumstances shew the prevailing and preposterous rage for novelty in a more striking point of view, than the success of Mr. Irving's oratory. People go to hear him in crowds, and come away with a mixture of delight and astonishment—they go again to see if the effect will continue, and send others to try to find out the puzzle—and in the noisy conflict between extravagant encomiums and splenetic objections, the true secret escapes observation, which is, that the whole thing is, nearly from beginning to end, a *transposition of ideas.* If the subject of these remarks had come out as a player, with all his advantages of figure, voice, and action, we think he would have failed: if, as a preacher, he had kept within the strict bounds of pulpit-oratory, he would scarcely have been much distinguished among his Calvinistic brethren: as a mere author, he would have excited attention rather by his quaintness and affectation of an obsolete style and mode of thinking, than by any thing else. But he has contrived to jumble these several characters together in an unheard-of and unwarranted manner, and the fascination is altogether irresistible. Our Caledonian divine is equally an anomaly in religion, in literature, in personal appearance, and in public speaking. To hear a person spout Shakspeare on the stage is nothing—the charm is nearly worn out—but to hear any one spout Shakspeare (and that not in a sneaking under-tone, but at the top of his voice, and with the full breadth of his chest) from a Calvinistic pulpit, is new and wonderful. The *Fancy* have lately lost something of their gloss in public estimation, and after the last fight, few would go far to see a Neat or a Spring set-to;—but to see a man who is able to enter the ring with either of them, or brandish a quarter-staff with Friar Tuck, or a broad-sword with Shaw the Life-guards' man, stand up in a strait-laced old-fashioned pulpit, and bandy dialectics with modern philosophers or give a *cross-buttock* to a cabinet-minister, there is something in a sight like this also, that is a cure for sore eyes. It is as if Cribb or Molyneux had turned Methodist parson, or as if a Patagonian savage were to come forward as the patron-saint of Evangelical religion. Again, the doctrine of eternal punishment was one of the staple arguments with which, eternally drawled out, the old school of Presbyterian divines used to keep their audiences awake, or lull them to sleep; but to which people of taste and fashion paid little attention, as inelegant and barbarous, till Mr. Irving, with his cast-iron features and sledge-hammer blows, puffing like a grim Vulcan, set to work to forge more classic thunderbolts, and kindle the expiring flames anew with the very sweepings of sceptical and infidel libraries, so as to excite a pleasing horror in the female part of his congregation. In short, our popular declaimer has, contrary to the Scripture-working, put new wine into old bottles, or new cloth

on old garments. He has, with an unlimited and daring licence, mixed the sacred and the profane together, the carnal and the spiritual man, the petulance of the bar with the dogmatism of the pulpit, the theatrical and theological, the modern and the obsolete;—what wonder that this splendid piece of patchwork, splendid by contradiction and contrast, has delighted some and confounded others? The more serious part of his congregation, indeed, complain, though not bitterly, that their pastor has converted their meeting-house into a play-house: but when a lady of quality, introducing herself and her three daughters to the preacher, assures him that they have been to all the most fashionable places of resort, the opera, the theatre, assemblies, Miss Macauley's readings, and Exeter Change, and have been equally entertained no where else, we apprehend that no remonstrances of a committee of ruling-elders will be able to bring him to his senses again, or make him forego such sweet, but ill-assorted praise. What we mean to insist upon is, that Mr. Irving owes his triumphant success, not to any one quality for which he has been extolled, but to a combination of qualities, the more striking in their immediate effect, in proportion as they are unlooked-for and heterogeneous, like the violent opposition of light and shade in a picture. We shall endeavour to explain this view of the subject more at large.

Mr. Irving, then, is no common or mean man. He has four or five qualities, possessed in a moderate or in a paramount degree, which, added or multiplied together, give him the important space he occupies in the public eye. Mr Irving's intellect itself is of a superior order; he has undoubtedly both talents and acquirements beyond the ordinary run of every-day preachers. These alone, however, we hold, would not account for a twentieth part of the effect he has produced: they would have lifted him perhaps out of the mire and slough of sordid obscurity, but would never have launched him into the ocean-stream of popularity, in which he "lies floating many a rood;"—but to these he adds uncommon height, a graceful figure and action, a clear and powerful voice, a striking, if not a fine face, a bold and fiery spirit, and a most portentous obliquity of vision, which throw him to an immeasurable distance beyond all competition, and effectually relieve whatever there might be of common-place or bombast in his style of composition. Put the case that Mr. Irving had been five feet high— Would he ever have been heard of, or, as he does now, have "bestrode the world like a Colossus?" No, the thing speaks for itself. He would in vain have lifted his Lilliputian arm, people would have laughed at his monkey tricks. Again, had he been as tall as he is, but had wanted other recommendations, he would have been nothing.

> "The player's province they but vainly try,
> Who want these powers, deportment, voice, and eye."

Conceive a rough, ugly, shock-headed Scotchman, standing up in the Caledonian chapel, and dealing "damnation round the land" in a broad northern dialect, and with a harsh, screaking voice, what ear polite, what smile serene, would have hailed the barbarous prodigy, or not consigned him to utter neglect and derision? But the Rev. Edward Irving, with all his native wildness, "hath a smooth aspect framed to make women" saints; his very unusual size and height are carried off and moulded into elegance by the most admirable symmetry

of form and ease of gesture; his sable locks, his clear iron-grey complexion, and firm-set features, turn the raw, uncouth Scotchman into a noble Italian picture; and even his distortion of sight only redeems the otherwise "faultless monster" within the bounds of humanity, and, when admiration is exhausted and curiosity ceases, excites a new interest by leading to the idle question whether it is an advantage to the preacher or not. Farther, give him all his actual and remarkable advantages of body and mind, let him be as tall, as strait, as dark and clear of skin, as much at his ease, as silver-tongued, as eloquent and as argumentative as he is, yet with all these, and without a little charlatanry, to set them off, he had been nothing. He might, keeping within the rigid line of his duty and professed calling, have preached for ever; he might have divided the old-fashioned doctrines of election, grace, reprobation, predestination, into his sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth heads, and his *lastly* have been looked for as "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" he might have defied the devil and all his works, and, by the help of a loud voice and strong-set person—

"A lusty man to ben an Abbot able"—

have increased his own congregation, and been quoted among the godly as a powerful preacher of the word; but, in addition to this, he went out of his way to attack Jeremy Bentham, and the town was up in arms. The thing was new. He thus wiped the stain of musty ignorance and formal bigotry out of his style. Mr. Irving must have something in him, to look over the shining close-packed heads of his congregation, to have a hit at the *Great Jurisconsult* in his study. He next, ere the report of the former blow had subsided, made a lunge at Mr. Brougham, and glanced an eye at Mr. Canning; *mystified* Mr. Coleridge, and *stultified* Lord Liverpool in his place—in the Gallery. It was rare sport to see him, "like an eagle in a dovecote, flutter the Volscians in Corioli." He has found out the secret of attracting by repelling. All those whom he attacks are curious to hear what he says of them: they go again, to show that they do not mind it. It is no less interesting to the by-standers, who like to witness this sort of *onslaught*,—like a charge of cavalry, the shock, and the resistance. Mr. Irving has, in fact, without leave asked or a licence granted, converted the Caledonian Chapel into a Westminster Forum or Debating Society, with the sanctity of religion added to it. Our spirited polemic is not contented to defend the citadel of orthodoxy against all impugners, and shut himself up in texts of Scripture and huge volumes of the Commentators as an impregnable fortress;—he merely makes use of the strong-hold of religion as a resting-place, from which he sallies forth, armed with modern topics and with penal fire, like Achilles of old rushing from the Grecian tents, against the adversaries of God and man. Peter Aretine is said to have laid the Princes of Europe under contribution by penning satires against them: so Mr. Irving keeps the public in awe by insulting all their favourite idols. He does not spare their politicians, their rulers, their moralists, their poets, their players, their critics, their reviewers, their magazine-writers; he levels their resorts of business, their places of amusement, at a blow—cities, churches, palaces, ranks and professions, arts and elegances—and leaves nothing standing but himself, a mighty

land-mark in a degenerate age, over-looking the wide havoc he has made! He makes war upon all arts and sciences, upon the faculties and nature of man, on his vices and his virtues, on all existing institutions, and all possible improvements, that nothing may be left but the Kirk of Scotland, and that he may be the head of it. He literally sends a challenge to all London in the name of the KING of HEAVEN to evacuate its streets, to disperse its population, to lay aside its employments, to burn its wealth, to renounce its vanities and pomp; and for what?—that he may enter in crowned with *glory*; or after enforcing his threat with the battering ram of logic, the grape-shot of rhetoric, and the cross-fire of his double vision, reduce the British metropolis to a Scottish heath, with a few miserable hovels upon it, where they may worship God according to *the root of the matter*. Such is the pretension and the boast of this new Peter the Hermit, who would get rid of all we have done in the way of improvement on a state of barbarous ignorance, or still more barbarous prejudice, in order to begin again on a *tabula rasa* of Calvinism, and have a world of his own making. It is not very surprising that when the whole mass and texture of civil society is indicted as a nuisance, and threatened to be pulled down as a rotten building ready to fall on the heads of the inhabitants, that all classes of people run to hear the crash, and to see the engines and levers at work which are to effect this laudable purpose. What else can be the meaning of our preacher's taking upon himself to denounce the sentiments of the most serious professors in great cities, as vitiated and stark-naught, of relegating religion to his native glens, and pretending that the hymn of praise or the sigh of contrition cannot ascend acceptably to the throne of grace from the crowded street as well as from the barren rock or silent valley? Why put this affront upon his hearers? Why belie his own aspirations?

"God made the country, and man made the town."

So says the poet; does Mr. Irving say so? If he does, and finds the air of the city death to his piety, why does he not return home again? But if he can breathe it with impunity, and still retain the fervour of his early enthusiasm, and the simplicity and purity of the faith that was once delivered to the saints, why not extend the benefit of his own experience to others, instead of taunting them with a vapid pastoral theory? Or, if our popular and eloquent divine finds a change in himself, that flattery prevents the growth of grace, that he is becoming the god of his own idolatry by being that of others, that the glittering of coronet-coaches rolling down Holborn-Hill to Hatton Garden, that titled beauty, that the parliamentary complexion of his audience, the compliments of poets, and the stare of peers, discompose his wandering thoughts a little; and yet that he cannot give up these strong temptations tugging at his heart; why not extend more charity to others, and shew more candour in speaking of himself? There is either a good deal of bigoted intolerance with a deplorable want of self-knowledge in all this; or at least an equal degree of cant and quackery.

To whichever cause we are to attribute this hyperbolical tone, we hold it certain he could not have adopted it, if he had been *a little man*. But his imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others. His controver-

sial daring is *backed* by his bodily prowess, and, by bringing his intellectual pretensions boldly into a line with his physical accomplishments, he, indeed, presents a very formidable front to the sceptic or the scoffer. Take a cubit from his stature, and his whole manner resolves itself into an impertinence. But with that addition, he *overcrows* the town, browbeats their prejudices, and bullies them out of their senses, and is not afraid of being contradicted by any one *less than himself*. It may be said, that individuals with great personal defects have made a considerable figure as public speakers; and Mr. Wilberforce, among others, may be held out as an instance. Nothing can be more insignificant as to mere outward appearance, and yet he is listened to in the House of Commons. But he does not wield it, he does not insult or bully it. He leads by following opinion, he trims, he shifts, he glides on the silvery sounds of his undulating, flexible, cautiously modulated voice, winding his way betwixt heaven and earth, now courting popularity, now calling servility to his aid, and with a large estate, the "saints," and the population of Yorkshire to swell his influence, never venturing on the forlorn hope, or doing any thing more than "hitting the house between wind and water." Yet he is probably a cleverer man than Mr. Irving.

There is a Mr. Fox, a dissenting minister, as fluent a speaker, with a sweeter voice and a more animated and beneficent countenance than Mr. Irving, who expresses himself with manly spirit at a public meeting, and is the darling of his congregation; but he is no more, because he is diminutive in person. His head is not seen above the crowd the length of a street off. He is the Duke of Sussex in miniature, but the Duke of Sussex does not go to hear him preach, as he attends Mr. Irving, who rises up against him like a martello tower, and is nothing loth to confront the spirit of a man of genius with the blood-royal. We allow there are, or may be, talents sufficient to produce this equality without a single personal advantage; but we deny that this would be the effect of any that our great preacher possesses. We conceive it not improbable that the consciousness of muscular power, that the admiration of his person by strangers might first have inspired Mr. Irving with an ambition to be something, intellectually speaking, and have given him confidence to attempt the greatest things. He has not failed for want of courage. The public, as well as the fair, are won by a show of gallantry. Mr. Irving has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical. He has scrupled to avow no sentiment, however obnoxious. He has revived exploded prejudices, he has scouted prevailing fashions. He has opposed the spirit of the age, and not consulted the *esprit de corps*. He has brought back the doctrines of Calvinism in all their inveteracy, and remitted the inveteracy of his northern accents. He has turned religion and the Caledonian Chapel topsy-turvy. He has held a play-book in one hand and a Bible in the other, and quoted Shakspeare and Melancthon in the same breath. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is no longer, with his grafting, a dry withered stump; it shoots its branches to the skies, and hangs out its blossoms in the gale—

"Miraturque novos fructus, et non sua poma."

He has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and gar-

landed them with the flowers of modish literature. He has done all this, relying on the strength of a remarkably fine person and manner, and through that he has succeeded—otherwise he would have perished miserably.

Dr. Chalmers is not by any means so good a looking man, nor so accomplished a speaker as Mr. Irving; yet he at one time almost equalled his oratorical celebrity, and certainly paved the way for him. He has therefore more merit than his admired pupil, as he has done as much with fewer means. He has more scope of intellect and more intensity of purpose. Both his matter and his manner, setting aside his face and figure, are most impressive. Take the volume of "Sermons on Astronomy" by Dr. Chalmers, and the "Four Orations for the Oracles of God" which Mr. Irving lately published, and we apprehend there can be no comparison as to their success. The first ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, were laid in the windows of inns,* and were to be met with in all places of public resort; while the "Orations" get on but slowly, on Milton's stilts, and are pompously announced as in a Third Edition. We believe the fairest and fondest of his admirers would rather see and hear Mr. Irving than read him. The reason is, that the groundwork of his compositions is trashy and hackneyed, though set off by extravagant metaphors and an affected phraseology; that without the turn of his head and the wave of his hand, his periods have nothing in them; and that he himself is the only *idea* with which he has yet enriched the public mind. He must play off his person as Orator Henley used to dazzle his hearers with his diamond-ring. The small frontispiece prefixed to the "Orations" does not serve to convey an adequate idea of the magnitude of the man, nor of the ease and freedom of his motions in the pulpit. How different is Dr. Chalmers! He is like a monkey-preacher to the other. He cannot boast of personal appearance to set him off. But then he is like the very genius, or demon, of theological controversy personified. He has neither airs nor graces at command; he thinks nothing of himself; he has nothing theatrical about him (which cannot be said of his successor and rival); but you see a man in mortal throes and agony with doubts and difficulties, seizing stubborn knotty points with his teeth, tearing them with his hands, and straining his eyeballs till they almost start out of their sockets, in pursuit of a train of visionary reasoning, like a Highland seer with his second-sight. The description of Balfour of Burley in his cave, with his Bible in one hand and his sword in the other, contending with the imaginary enemy of mankind, gasping for breath, and the cold moisture running down his face, gives a lively idea of Dr. Chalmers's prophetic fury in the pulpit. If we could have looked in to have seen Burley hard-beset "by the coinage of his heat-oppressed brain," who would have asked whether he was a handsome man or not? It would be enough to see a man haunted by a spirit, under the strong and entire dominion of a wilful hallucination. So the integrity and vehemence of Dr. Chalmers's manner, the determined way in which he gives himself

* We remember finding the volume in the orchard at Burford-bridge near Box-hill, and passing a whole and very delightful morning in reading it, without quitting the shade of an apple-tree. We have not been able to pay Mr. Irving's book the same compliment of reading it at a sitting.

up to his subject, or lays about him and buffets sceptics and gainsayers, arrests attention in spite of every other circumstance, and fixes it on that, and that alone, which excites such interest and such eagerness in his own breast! Besides, he is a logician, has a theory to support whatever he chooses to advance, and weaves the tissue of his sophistry so close and intricate, that it is difficult not to be entangled in it, or to escape from it. "There's magic in the web." Whatever appeals to the pride of the human understanding, has a subtle charm in it. The mind is naturally pugnacious, cannot refuse a challenge of strength or skill, sturdily enters the lists and resolves to conquer, or to yield itself vanquished in the forms. This is the chief hold Dr. Chalmers had upon his hearers, and upon the readers of his "Astronomical Discourses." No one was satisfied with his arguments, no one could answer them, but every one wanted to try what he could make of them, as we try to find out a riddle. "By his so potent art," the art of laying down problematical premises, and drawing from them still more doubtful, but not impossible, conclusions, "he could bedim the noon-day sun, betwixt the green sea and the azure vault set roaring war," and almost compel the stars in their courses to testify his opinions. The mode in which he undertook to make the circuit of the universe, and demand categorical information "now of the planetary and now of the fixed," put one in mind of Hecate's mode of ascending in a machine from the stage, "midst troops of spirits," in which you now admire the skill of the artist, and next tremble for the fate of the performer, fearing that the audacity of the attempt will turn his head or break his neck. The style of these "Discourses" also, though not elegant or poetical, was like the subject, intricate and endless. It was that of a man pushing his way through a labyrinth of difficulties, and determined not to flinch. The impression on the reader was proportionate; for, whatever were the merits of the style or matter, both were new and striking; and the train of thought that was unfolded at such length and with such strenuousness, was bold, continuous, and consistent with itself.

Mr. Irving wants the continuity of thought and manner which distinguishes his rival—and shines by patches and in bursts. He does not warm or acquire increasing force or rapidity with his progress. He is never hurried away by a deep or lofty enthusiasm, nor touches the highest point of genius or fanaticism, but "in the very storm and whirlwind of his passion, he acquires and begets a temperance that may give it smoothness." He has the self-possession and masterly execution of an experienced player or practised fencer, and does not seem to express his natural convictions, or to be engaged in a mortal struggle. This greater ease and indifference is the result of vast superiority of personal appearance, which "to be admired needs but to be seen," and does not require the possessor to work himself up into a passion, or to use any violent contortions to gain attention or to keep it. These two celebrated preachers are in almost all respects an antithesis to each other. If Mr. Irving is an example of what can be done by the help of external advantages, Dr. Chalmers is a proof of what can be done without them. The one is most indebted to his mind, the other to his body. If Mr. Irving inclines one to suspect fashionable or popular religion of a little *anthropomorphism*, Dr. Chalmers effectually redeems it from that scandal.

THE PATRIOT AND THE APOSTATE'S DAUGHTER, OR THE GREEK LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Δούλος κεκλῆσθαι αἰσχύνομαι.—*Euripidis Hecuba.*

'Twas on a lonely spot they met—
 And silvery moonbeams linger'd by,
To steal a light more lovely yet—
 The light of weeping Beauty's eye.
"'Tis done—the die of Fate is cast—
 And when this meeting hour is gone,
O'er the wild visions of the past
 Wave thy dark wing, Oblivion!
Why from a dying mother's arms,
 Why was I borne a sickly boy;
And rescued from a thousand harms,
 That sorrows might the man destroy!
Why was I, by the whim of Fate,
 Cradled in infancy with thee—
And destined, by a like estate
 Of life, thy equal here to be!
Why did our infant sports unite;
 And, as the seasons o'er us stole,
Why did we twine, with fond delight,
 The ties that bind us soul to soul!
Farewell—'twere vain to cherish hope;
 And vainer still without it love:—
What with the will of Heaven can cope—
 Or what thy sordid father move?
Yes! sordid traitor! basely won
 By treasure to the oppressing cause,
He would persuade all Hellas shun
 The road to Freedom's sacred laws:
This Heathen Sultan's tyranny,
 That ranks the Christian with the brute,
His purchased voice calls sanctity,
 And bids us meet the scourger mute.
But, no! the soul of Greece is up—
 Indignant fire plays o'er her heart—
The field shall drink each ruddy drop
 That warms it, ere that fire depart:
This tyrant now shall gall no more—
 Or, on a desolated plain,
Scourge limbs that stiffen in their gore,
 And lord it o'er a nation slain.
The chains of slavery *must* fall
 From arms that nobly dare be free;
And in one dire convulsion all
 Now welcome death or liberty.
Triumphant shouts shall ride the wind
 Till trembling skies their echo drink—
Or, to eternal death consign'd,
 Greece in gigantic ruin sink.
He, thy lascivious Prince, shall learn
 How weak the link by tyrants forged—
And, with despair's wild horror, turn
 From fields with Turkish carrion gorged!

Thy father too, though now secure
  In his o'erbearing patron's might,
May find that Greece, a slave no more,
  Wields a dread sword in Freedom's fight.
Tell him from me, that there are some—
  Ay! thousands, too—and one am I—
Who, let what fate soever come,
  Will nobly do, or nobly die.
Tell him that we this oath have sworn—
  'Freedom or Death shall be our lot;'
And though our *limbs* are shackel-worn,
  Our *souls* their rights have ne'er forgot.
We with our fathers' spirit glow;
  And Hellas' sons will yet be free—
Her soil we tread; and every blow
  Shall work us tombs or liberty.
'Tis fit alone for such as he—
  Apostate from his Country's creed—
To bend the slavish minion's knee,
  And kiss the hand that bids him bleed.
Nay—pardon me if I offend
  With terms so rude that filial ear—
'Tis true, thy Sire was once my friend;
  But has he proved his friendship here?
He knew I loved my native land—
  Hail'd her revolt with joy elate—
Yet urged me, with a villain's hand
  That native soil to desolate:
When my insulted pride rebell'd,
  And spurn'd the mean advice he gave,
Thy beauty as a bribe he held,
  And thought to bind me thus a slave.
But, Heavens! one hour of Freedom's strife,
  Believe me, I would rather live,
Than drain a slave's protracted life
  Mid all the joys thy love could give.
Then fare thee well—the bitter pain
  Thus, thus of rending heart from heart
This thought must lull—We meet again
  Where angel-souls need never part;
Yet, stay! one kiss—ah, me! the last!—
  It makes my very blood congeal—
Oh, pangs of hell have ne'er surpass'd
  The deepening agonies I feel!
This chilly sweat that's on my limbs—
  Ah, that I could this minute die!
A tear—a tear—oh, Heaven! it dims,
  But freezes ere it quits my eye.
I dare not stay—this must not last—
  And, now our farewell hour is gone,
O'er the wild visions of the past
  Wave thy dark wing, Oblivion!"——
They parted—she to seek a tomb
  By sighs—and he to mix in slaughter:
A bullet fix'd the patriot's doom—
  And grief cut down the Apostate's daughter.

FAREWELL TO AIRDRIE.

Alone beneath the cloud of night,
A wretched, weary, wandering wight,
Spite of her tears I took my flight
From her I love in Airdrie.

Though doom'd her fond suit to deny,
'Twas languaged by the tell-tale eye,
How much my heart wish'd to comply,
Nor leave my love in Airdrie.

Though mantled o'er with winter's snow,
And deem'd immersed in floods of woe,
I feel within Love's warmest glow
Whene'er I think on Airdrie.

"Forget me not*" when Helen sings,
Or Margaret's sigh remembrance brings,
Or Mary wakes the trembling strings,
My heart—my soul 's in Airdrie.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

Hamlet.

It was a great stretch of imagination that led Shakspeare to this point of philosophy. For though the physical verity is set down "with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it," yet is the morality profound for the period at which our "divine bard" wrote. To follow the clay of "the world's great master" till it mends a cranny in some wretched hut inhabited by one of the *canaille*,—to "trace the noble dust of Alexander till it is found stopping a bunghole," was a most rare and unlooked-for reach of precocious democracy in the "queene's servante," amounting almost to a prophecy of those notions which give such uneasiness to the Allied Sovereigns, and which have stamped the age we live in with an indelible stain of disloyalty. Accordingly we of the latter time are prone to read the passage with much complacency, and to derive no small pleasure from the notion, that, let the mighty ones hector and storm as they will, "to this complexion they must come at last."

That the dead should be reduced "to such vile uses," is a truth which, in reference to ourselves, is not painful: for, though some of us are very shy of a dissecting-room, join loudly in the outcry against resurrection-men, and would willingly hang a surgeon for his endeavours to discover and cure our inward diseases, yet very few trouble our heads to look farther into affairs, and inquire after the fate of the constituent parts of our bodies, when nature has played the anatomist with us, and, in spite of all our care, has resolved into its elements that charming combination of earths and gases, "our noble selves."

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* A short ballad written by H. P., on presenting to a young lady, the little blue flower called Myosoles, Mouse-ear, Scorpion grass, or "Forget me not."

But the case will not, perhaps, be precisely the same, when the reader comes to know that this dissolution, of which we think so little hereafter, is actually going on daily and hourly,—"here on this bank and shoal of time,"—and in our living bodies; and that there is no one capable of perusing these pages, who has not already been decomposed and re-formed so often, and changed over and over again so completely, that there is not a single particle of the original body he received from his mother remaining, by which he could in a court of justice prove his filiation, or lay claim to a property in his own person. Such, however, is the truth; and a truth so firmly demonstrated upon the surest basis of physiology, that the only doubt among the learned rests upon the exact time it takes for the soul to get rid of its old clothes, and manufacture for itself an entirely new suit. On this abstruse point the opinion to which I am the most inclined is that which fixes on forty days for an entire revolution of our corporeal structure; and to this belief I am the rather led, inasmuch as it coincides precisely with the duration of Lent. For as the Catholic church, in determining upon this period of annual fasting and mortification, had an eye to the total eradication of the lusts of the flesh, it is to be presumed that she limited the consumption of cod and haddock to the exact time necessary for such a metamorphosis. Insomuch, that I do not hesitate to declare my conviction, that if the rule were observed in all its pristine strictness,—if we abstained rigidly from beef and mutton on every day of the week throughout Lent, we should by Easter Sunday arrive at such a pitch of piscatory perfection, as not to have a single grain of peccant quadrupedal matter upon our bones;—no, nor *in* our bones either.

"We are," says a French writer, "really and physically like a river, the waters of which pass in a continued stream. The river is the same in its bed, in its banks, its source and its mouth, in every particular which *is not* the river itself; but in that which constitutes its essence—the water—it is undergoing an incessant change, so as to be absolutely exempt from all identity." Richerand prefers comparing the human body in this particular to the ship of the Argonauts; but a more familiar, and therefore more intelligible image of the truth, is to be found in the far-famed stockings of Sir John Collyer, which, having once been woollen, were at length mended till they became converted thread by thread into entire silk. The only point in which the comparison fails is, that we, on the contrary, begin life as silk stockings, and are gradually mended down to the coarsest yarn hose: a melancholy truth; and I for one most heartily wish it were otherwise.

This discovery, like all other innovations, will be found to affect humanity in a vast variety of ways. Some interests it will cross most provokingly; and the parties thus affected will, no doubt, be the first to deny the position, and to cry blasphemy against any person sufficiently imbued with the principles of the *French school* to uphold it. With other interests it will perhaps coincide; and these parties will as assuredly find that it is "part and parcel of the law of the land:" and both parties will be equally right; for,

> What's the worth of any thing
> But so much money as 'twill bring?

To those rovers in love who are perpetually railing against the "*toujours*

perdrix," and who complain with Sir John Brute that man and wife are one flesh, it must be a great consolation to know that, without the risk either of Doctors' Commons or of standing in a white sheet, they may have a new wife nearly once a month; and that, although the minister with his cabalistical forms may (in the language of the British Critic) transmute "two human beings into one *matrimonial animal*," yet it is quite beyond his power to bind a man for any duration to the same woman. So far, indeed, from the wicked knight's having cause to dread the kissing himself in his lady, he cannot at the end of forty days be sure of himself in his own proper person. To those, on the contrary, who have an high esteem for themselves, and look down upon the rest of mankind as on an inferior caste, it must be the very devil and all to learn, that in forty days they must part with the bright object of their incessant adoration; and not only that some of their own "divine particles" may pass into a cauliflower or a cabbage—or, what is worse still, into the bodies of those they so heartily despise—but that they themselves may, in all probability, be polluted and contaminated by receiving in exchange some of the cast-off elements of others, and so fraternize in a worse than Mezentian embrace with the objects of their high disdain.

To the prisoner and bondsman it must be a delightful revelation to be told that his *habeas corpus* is so near at hand; that no hard-hearted creditor, no obdurate gaoler, can retain a single particle about him in custody for more than forty days; and that while they attack the form and shadow only of the outward man, the substance, ere two revolutions of the moon, must fade from their grasp, to wander in all the frolic of unlimited freedom through every element of nature. Should the knowledge of this truth be widely disseminated through society, it can scarcely be doubted that it will form an available plea of *error personæ*. Who, indeed, will be able in surety of conscience to swear to "the prisoner at the bar," if forty days shall have elapsed between the commission of the crime and the day of trial? O vanity of human justice! the thief who stole the jewels escapes, and a wretch, neither in mind nor body the same individual, swings in his stead: while the fine gentleman that figures at court with stars, garters, and medals, has nothing in common with "the Great Captain" who won the battle and conquered the peace!

To the advocates for Negro Slavery this physical fact is invaluable, as an unassailable rock upon which they may build an irrefragable argument in favour of their right to the persons of their victims. Allowing all that nature, Christianity, and common sense have advanced in favour of the slave's original right to his own body, must it not be at once conceded, that, after forty days' bondage, that right will completely evaporate; the body having become so much animalized meat and drink, the undisputed goods and chattels of the master, worked up merely into a more valuable form, and as much at the service of the proprietor as a steam-engine constructed at his own proper charges and with his own iron and timber?

This continued flux of our corporeal being, this *metensomatosis* (as Plato would have called it, had Plato known any thing of the matter,) which is perpetually going on with such incessant activity, is accompanied by a similar change in our passions, feelings, reflections, voli-

tions, and all the other habits of our intellectual being: and I pray you, reader, if you be an inquisitor, or a taker of the altitude of other men's consciences in any shape whatever, to observe, that I do not say that these facts stand to each other in any degree in the relation of cause and effect. I have no wish to bring down on my head a disputer, armed with a volume of polemics to attack me, because he may fancy my orthodoxy an inch or two below the standard measure. Leaving, therefore, this ticklish question to be settled by the anatomists and the divines—who are equally competent to decide, the one knowing as much about the matter as the other,—I content myself with noting the fact, that the two sets of phenomena run together *pari passu*, like two well-trained horses in a curricle; and that, as fast as we are flinging overboard our old selves, and taking in fresh cargoes of fleshly personality, we are likewise discharging an infinity of whims, caprices, tastes and distastes, opinions, prejudices, facts, and fables, and stowing away others in their place to the full as absurd, mischievous, or useless as the earliest freights of our youth and inexperience.

Many of us, I am sure, there are who wonder what in the name of Heaven is gone with the Greek and Latin which cost our fathers so much money, and ourselves (I mean our *former* selves) so many stripes in our *quondam* behinds. Can it be that some ill-advised absorbent has *asported* it in a lump of medullary matter, or an artery overlaid it with a quantity of unflogged and unharassed cerebral substance? This, however, as I have already said, I leave to others deeper in transcendentals than myself, the Kants and the Cants of the land. For me it is truth enough to know that gone it is, strophes and systems, Asclepiads and Glyconics, prosody and grammar, and all; leaving scarcely enough behind to puzzle the country gentlemen readers of the Magazine from time to time with an odd quotation, abstracted from my common-place book. Yes! gone it is, into that valley

> Ove mirabilmente era ridutto
> Ciò che si perde, o per nostro difetto
> O per colpa di tempo o di fortuna.
>
> Ariosto, Canto 34, Stanza 73.

And with it are gone "Love's young dream," the abstract pleasure of existence, the sweets of novel-reading, the charm of reverie, the delights of the *Nouvelle Heloïse*, the bright image of Susan Truefaith, (and divers other images; to wit, three thousand four hundred and fifty-four, as a special pleader would lay the count;) and, worse than all, an hearty appetite and a sound sleep. In the place of these valuable commodities, what have I acquired? Much caution and more *ennui*, much respect for money and more discontent, an increasing sympathy with the caustic severity of Byron and Voltaire, and more toleration for the dry arguments of less profane writers, a growing partiality for the pleasures of the table, and a closer intimacy with doctors and apothecaries. Alas! alas! what changes are here! The "purple light of love" replaced by a pair of spectacles, and the fire of youth by fleecy hosiery and the glow of a gouty foot; the heart-aches of passion superseded by the heart-burns of indigestion, and the thrills of desire by the twinges of the liver! When I try to forget for a moment these growing ills, by mixing in society, and take my part in the old glee of "Oh no,

no, no, wine cannot cure the pains I endure," an inevitable association makes me think much less of "my Chloe" than of the last frost.

These curious facts and inferences had been rolling in my head for some days, when, falling into a doze for five minutes after dinner in my easy chair, I dreamt a dream. Methought I was still sitting in my easy chair awake, and pondering the theme which in reality had led me from reverie to rest, when, suddenly, a thin scarcely visible vapour emanated from my person, and gradually concentrating itself over the vacant seat which my wife had just left that I might enjoy my nap undisturbed, took the form of myself as exactly as if reflected from a looking-glass.

You must be convinced, said my spectred self, that your notions on personal identity are perfectly true; and though to your own conception man is an unit, a whole, a person, to the intellect of an atom, (for atoms think and feel intuitively and without organs,) he is a compound of the most incongruous diversity. In this sense, and in this alone, man is a microcosm, a thing "of shreds and patches," an assemblage "undique collatis membris," "non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum," picked up from every region of sublunary nature. His humours depend on his digestion, his thoughts and his propensities change with his diet; a glass of brandy makes him a madman, a dose of physic reduces him to a sage. Cuvier has said, that he is an attracting and repelling focus. To me he is a mere machine, fabricating virtues of vegetables; converting beer and wine into oaths and curses; working beef, as Lord Byron conjectured justly, into ferocity; and converting luxurious diet "as sure as rain engendereth hail" into wanton wishes. You yourself are no more the same gay, light-hearted, presumptuous coxcomb you were at twenty-three—

> In sul *tuo* primo giovenile errore
> Quand' *eri* in parte altr' huom da quel che *tu sei,*

(I beg Petrarch's pardon for the liberty taken with his quotation)—than you are Napoleon Bonaparte, John Wesley, or the Bishop of Peterborough. Nay, you are no more the same man you were before dinner, when you were so cross and *cantankerous,* than you are the sickly urchin, muling and puling in the nurse's arms, of forty years ago. Having arrived at this part of his discourse, the figure commenced a long tirade of obscure and unintelligible metaphysics, which he learned, I know very well where. He talked at great length on essences and entities, on the vital principle, and Malthus on Population: but I observed, that in proportion as the ideas became more confused, the image became more indistinct; its visible form partaking evidently of the confusion of its own notions: when suddenly the door opened; Sancho, according to the established etiquette in these cases, jumped on my knee; and I awoke, with the full determination of writing down all I had heard, and leaving it to the reader to decide, whether this dream passed through the ivory gate, or through its colleague.

> Cornea, quæ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.

M.

SALVATOR ROSA, AND HIS TIMES.*

The accomplished writer, whose work, under the above title, has just issued from the press, might have spared herself the pains of replying by anticipation to the question, why she should have selected Salvator Rosa as the subject of her first essay in Biographical writing? For if, in place of the above enquiry, it had been asked—" Supposing Lady Morgan to try her versatile hand on biography, who, of all the distinguished dead that have hitherto remained without their due meed of posthumous attention, is she likely to fix upon?" all who have been able to take an unprejudiced view of her previous writings, and through them of her peculiar turn of thought and sentiment, would probably have replied with one accord,—" Who but Salvator Rosa?" Who but he —who was by turns, the boyish serenader of the beauties of Naples; the youthful wanderer among the wild heights of the Abruzzi, and the captive and afterwards the companion of their banditti; the poor, but proud and unbending artist, who would study in no school but that of Nature, and submit to no patronage but that of a whole people; the graceful and accomplished lover, who courted his mistresses in his own poetry set to his own music—each of which was unrivalled in its day; the wild, witty, and enthusiastic Improvvisatore—who dared to utter, into the very ears of the great, truths which others dared scarcely to think; the sensitive and deep-thoughted philosopher, who distanced the age in which he lived, and meditated on what *might be* till he could scarcely endure what *was*; the dark and gloomy conspirator of the *Torrione del Carmine*, and the active champion of Liberty against Oppression as a leader in the *Compagna della Morte*, under that most extraordinary of all revolutionary chiefs, Masaniello, the fisherman of Amalfi; the bold, bitter, and uncompromising satirist of all the vices and corruptions of his debased but still beloved country;—he who was all these and much more; and who added to and blended with them all (at least during the latter years of his life) the character of incomparably the most original, and upon the whole the most popular and successful artist of the times in which he lived; this too in times when high art was supreme over all secular things, and high artists were permitted to hold a rank next to that which man confers upon himself—when the nobility of Nature was considered as *second only* to that of name!

In fact, it must be admitted that Lady Morgan has chosen her subject most happily, both with reference to its own peculiar susceptibility of amusing and instructive developement, and to the kind of talents and acquirements which she brings to the task. It remains to be seen in what manner she has availed herself of these double advantages. But before entering into this examination, perhaps we can scarcely do the reader a more acceptable service, than by striking off a brief and rapid sketch of the Life which Lady Morgan has undertaken to develope in all its detail, and set forth to the world in all its singular variety of shades and colours. The materials we shall use for this purpose are chiefly those which she has here placed before us; and for the sake at

* 2 vols. 8vo.

once of variety, and to enable the reader to judge for himself as to the mere style in which she has conducted her enquiry, we shall occasionally use extracts from her work; and the rather as it can scarcely as yet be in the hands of any of our readers.

On one of the loveliest of all the lovely sites that overlook the Bay of Naples, in the little village of Renella, was born, in the latter end of the year 1615, *Salvatore* Rosa—so called, probably, partly because it was the fixed intention of his pious parents to devote their son to the church; and partly because the name of Salvatore, when bestowed at the baptismal font, was considered, in the superstitions of the time and country, as something like a pass-word to eternal happiness. The little Salvatore, however, so far from exhibiting any early symptoms of saintship, soon became the scape-grace of the village; and his saving name was speedily spoiled by the expressive diminutive of *ello*—Salvatoriello. Still, however, his worthy and respectable,* but indigent parents, were inflexible in their determination of having their only son brought up for the priesthood; and accordingly at a very early age he was placed under the discipline of the holy fathers who conducted a college at Naples, called that of the *Congregazione Somusca*. But even previously to this early period, Salvator had shewn unequivocal signs that his destiny was not to be controled by the will of others, whatever it might be by his own; and he had already evinced, to those who could observe them, tolerably clear indications of the point to which his genius tended. For he was in the constant habit of playing truant from his imposed studies, to wander alone among the wild and sublime scenery in the neighbourhood of his native village; and when imprisoned as a punishment for his imputed fault, he used to cover the walls of the chamber in which he was confined with rude repetitions of the various objects which had attracted his attention in his rambles—done with pieces of burnt stick which he prepared for the purpose. Nothing moved, however, by these natural indications of the line in which their son's genius destined him to move—but on the contrary, greatly scandalized at the bare possibility of his becoming an artist—they lost no time in hurrying him away to the College in which they had with some difficulty procured him admission. The following imaginary picture, of the father and son departing from their village-home for the college at Naples, may be offered as a very pleasing and characteristic specimen of the manner in which Lady Morgan treats her subject.

"In an age and country so marked in all their forms and modes by the picturesque, this departure for the College must have been a scene to paint rather than to describe. The mind's-eye, glancing back to its graphic details, beholds the ardent boy, with his singular but beautiful countenance, and light and flexile figure, both models in a maturer age, issuing forth from the old portal of the Casaccia to attend his father to Naples. He is habited in the fantastic costume of the Neapolitan youth of that day; a doublet and hose, and short mantillo, with a little velvet-cap, worn perhaps even then with an *air gaillard*, and a due attention to those black tresses so conspicuous in all his portraits for their beauty and luxuriance. Vito Antonio, on the contrary, at once to shew his loyalty and decayed gentility, affects the fashion of the reigning court mode. For then, as now, all that looked *Italian* was deemed suspicious;

* His father, Vito Antonio Rosa, was an architect and land-surveyor, and occupied the largest house, the Casaccia, of the village.

and the old *casacca di cuojo* of Vito, in spite of the rudeness of its material, was doubtless made "Spanish-wise," with

'Snip and nip, and cut and slish, and slash!'

The father and son, as they brush through the vine tendrils that festoon the portico, are followed beyond its sill by Madonna Giulia and the weeping sisters. The *cornicello* is bestowed, to avert an evil eye; and then another and a last '*Addio, Carino*,' is given, and the father and son descend the hill of Renella, towards Strada Infrascata;—the one, with a bounding step, all emotion; the other, with a measured pace, all wisdom, pouring forth on the unattending ear of his pre-occupied companion such 'wise saws and modern instances' as might be deemed serviceable to him who for the first time leaves that

'Home where small experience grows.'

In their descent, what a scene developed itself to eyes that saw beauty in Nature under all its aspects,

'Hill and dale,
Forest and field, and flood, temples and towers,'

too soon to be exchanged for the weary round of cloistered walls! The castellated chimneys of the old Casaccia might still be seen through the dark pines. The figure of Madonna Giulia might still be distinguished by the snow-white head-dress, which, like the bodkins that tressed her daughters' locks, sparkled in the sunshine. As she watches the descent of her son, she offers prayers to the Virgin that he might become, for sanctity and learning, '*Il miracolo del suo secolo*.' Another turn, and the scene shifts. The hum of Naples, the most noisy city in Europe, ascends like the murmuring of Vesuvius on the eve of an explosion. The precipitous declivities, covered with pines and chesnut-woods, succeed slopes festooned with trailing vines, throwing their tendrils round every object that could catch or sustain them. There they obscure, and there they reveal, the dark chasm, 'shagged with horrid thorn,' and riven in the rocky soil by some volcanic convulsion; while fanciful edifices of many terraces, fragments of antique ruins, morsels of friezes and columns, hillocks of tufo, brown and bare, rise among hanging gardens and groves; and chapels, belfries, shrines, and altars gleam on every side, till the noble Strada Toledo is reached, and its palaces exclude the magic scene, supplanting it by one scarcely less picturesque. Such was the scenery of the Vomiro in the beginning of the 17th century; and such it is now. From this magnificent and spacious quarter of the city of Naples, the two Rosas proceeded to the dark and gloomy part of the Citta Vecchia. The portals of the Congregazione Somasca were but too soon reached; the bell is rung, and is answered by a lay-brother; a parental benediction is given, as it is received, with tearful eyes; and the gates of the monastic prison are gratingly closed upon one of the freest spirits that ever submitted to the moral degradation and physical restraint inflicted, in all such seminaries, on youth and nature."

Here, in this monastic solitude,—a solitude the more galling to the free and errant spirit of the young Salvator, from its being within sight and hearing of all the hurry and hum of a city like Naples,—he must have passed several years of his early youth; but the deficiency of dates —which is so conspicuous in all his biographers, including the one more immediately before us,—prevents us from determining how long. Certain it is, however, that his confinement here was attended by the most beneficial effects on his after-pursuits; since it impelled and enabled him to collect that very considerable store of classical knowledge which was so available to him as a direct source of appeal and illustration, while it probably nourished and confirmed that enthusiastic disposition which led to all the most interesting events of his life.

The time at length arrived, however, when the rules of the society in which he was enrolled, compelled him to abandon the above path of study—which was well suited to his genius and temperament—for one which was directly averse to both. He was called upon at once to divorce himself from the wondrous truths of the historians of his native country, and the beautiful fictions of her poets, and to devote his whole thoughts and studies to the dry logic and the spurious philosophy of the schools. The consequences were natural enough; and not a little fortunate for others, whatever they may have been for himself. He refused to tread in the appointed steps,—was expelled the college—and returned once more to his parents, as poor, and no less wild and romantic than he had left them.

It so happened that, at the period of Salvator's happy escape from the drudgery of metaphysics, music was the ruling passion of the Neapolitan people, and every thing but love gave way before it. What, then, could the sensitive and enthusiastic youth of sixteen, just emancipated from the thraldom of a cloister, be expected to do, but throw himself freely into the arms of these two sister deities? And what could he do better?—At all events, he *did* so; and presently became one of the most successful serenaders and accomplished musicians of the day, both as a composer and a performer. In addition to which he is understood to have furnished music, even at this early period, with some of the most pleasing songs and lyrical pieces, which the language of his day could boast. His genius, however, was of too strong and peremptory a character, to admit of his trifling much of his time away in delights of this kind. When he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, his sister married a young painter of some celebrity, named Francesco Francanzani; and being compelled, at this time, by the continued indigence of his parents, to choose a profession for himself, he at once fixed on painting—for which his old passion returned, as soon as he began to frequent the study of his new brother-in-law. It appears that the latter, observing evident signs of talent and power in all that Salvator attempted in his new pursuit, would willingly have afforded him every instruction in the study of it. But, luckily for Art and for the world, the young aspirant was too impatient of restraint to follow any precise rules, and too conscious of innate power to abide by the practice of any particular school. Nature was the only model that he would consent to study and imitate, and his own perceptions of her qualities and attributes were the only criterions by which he would permit his performances to be measured and judged. Accordingly, the course which he now adopted was perfectly untried, and the results to which it led were no less striking than they were new and original. It was the fashion of the day for every student in painting to commence, or rather to prepare himself for, his public career, by making a professional tour through the principal Italian cities; studying and practising by turns the various styles then in vogue, and finally fixing on that which might seem best adapted to his views and talents. Salvator, too, commenced his career by making a professional tour; but it was one of a very different kind from the above, and its consequences were no less so. *He* sought out as models the different works of Nature alone; and it was *her* different manners only that he thought worthy of study and imitation. In short, he set out on a desultory and

unpremeditated pilgrimage, among the rude mountains and natural fastnesses of Calabria, and the still less cultivated and accessible heights of the Abruzzi—passing in his way thither, and on his return, through all the wild, romantic, and lovely scenery, that lay in the more immediate neighbourhood of his native village; and every where he collected and placed on record (either on paper, or in his almost equally retentive memory) all that struck him as calculated to serve his after-purposes. It was in this singular tour, too, that he had a rare opportunity of cultivating that taste for the wild and romantic in manners and habits, as well as in scenery, which never quitted him in after-life. It is an unquestionable fact, that he passed a very considerable time among a banditti that inhabited the heights of the Abruzzi; and it seems almost equally certain, that his stay among them was voluntary—at least after a time,—for in no part of his life do we learn any thing to contradict the fact, even from his friends—though his numerous enemies and calumniators made it a perpetual subject of charge against him. That this romantic tour, and the adventures which he met with in the course of it, produced a striking effect both on the moral and physical character of his style, can scarcely be doubted; and it is to be feared that the somewhat savage and intractable disposition which never quitted him afterwards, even in the height of his prosperity, was at least called into action, if not created, by the same circumstances. At all events, on his return to Naples, nothing—not even the absolute want and misery of his family, which was now left, by his father's death, entirely dependent on him—could induce him to submit to the usual means of obtaining employment in his art. The state of patronage in Naples at that time was such, that if Salvator had chosen to enrol himself in either of the schools that were then dividing the favours of the church and the public, his great and original talents would have procured him instant notice and distinction. But his haughty and unyielding spirit would truckle to no means of obtaining fame and favour, but the direct one of deserving it; and the consequence was, that he remained entirely unknown and unemployed, except by the little dealers of the market-place, while artists of infinitely inferior talents were engaged in ornamenting the palaces of princes and the altars of the church. At last, however, the celebrated Lanfranco—who was just arrived in Naples on an engagement to ornament the cupola of the *Chiesa del Gesu*—happened to see one of Salvator's historical landscapes, at the door of a little shop where it was hanging for sale,—which he not only purchased, but after making fruitless enquiries concerning Salvatoriello, the artist whose name it bore, gave orders to his numerous pupils to collect for him all the works they could meet with bearing the same signature. This fact presently came to the knowledge of the delighted artist; and it was the first foundation of his still tardy, but from this time progressing fortunes. This happened at about his nineteenth year. In his twentieth he repaired to Rome; but not meeting the encouragement he had expected, and his health also suffering from the mal-aria, he again sought employment in his native country; but was soon afterwards induced to accept of an asylum, for such it was, in the palace of the Cardinal Brancaccia; for whom he painted a loggia and an altar-piece: the first great works he had attempted. Soon, however, disgusted with what he could not help considering as

a species of dependence, he once more returned to Naples; and among his first efforts on his arrival, was that which fixed and confirmed his future fortunes. This was his celebrated picture of Prometheus; which he painted for the Roman market, and sent there to a friend, who contrived to procure it admission into an annual exhibition which took place at the Pantheon. From this time the fame of Salvator as a painter was fixed on a pretty sure foundation; and all that remained for him was to turn it to a good account. But this his haughty and unworldly disposition long prevented him from doing. It did not, however, prevent him from taking another course, which, unintentionally and unexpectedly on his part, led to the desired end: for we cannot agree with Passeri, one of his contemporary biographers, in considering that he adopted this course advisedly, and with reference to his profession;* but, on the contrary, must regard it as a mere freak of his wild and wayward disposition, brought on by the encreased gaiety and animal spirits attendant on his comparatively bettered fortunes. Let Lady Morgan herself describe Salvator's first appearance in his new character.

"Towards the close of the carnival of 1639, when the spirits of the revellers (as is always the case in Rome) were making a brilliant rally for the representations of the last week, a car or stage, highly ornamented, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, who, in the character of Coviello, as a Charlatan, displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire and exquisite humour, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent, and national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gipsies told fortunes, and Jews hung, in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished his flashes of splenetic humour, aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvvisatore* who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sung to the lute, of which he was a perfect master, the Neapolitan ballads then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revellers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sung, asked or answered questions, were all abortive; while he, says Baldinucci, 'come capo di tutti, e pur spiritoso, e ben parlante, con bei ghiribizzi e lazzi spiritosi, teneva a se mezza Roma,'—at the head of every thing by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humour, drew half Rome to himself. The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gestures in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his vials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius, which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the Piazza Navona, which with one of the principal streets in the Trastevere, had been the principal scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the Prometheus, and his little troop the *partigiani* (followers or partisans) of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) '*filled with his fame.*' That notoriety which his high genius had failed to procure for him, was obtained at once by those lighter talents, which he had nearly suffered to fall into neglect, while more elevated views had filled his mind." (Vol. i. p. 253.)

From this moment Salvator became no less popular as a painter

* "Rendendosi impaziente per non vedere quello che più desiderava, di grido, e di acclamazione, gli venne in pensiero per far maggiore apertura alla cognizione della sua persona, di introdursi," &c.—*Passeri.*

than an improvvisatore, and immediately took his station in the highest rank of Roman society—visiting and entertaining princes and cardinals—reciting to them his bitter satires on themselves and their pretensions—painting pictures for them at his own price, or refusing to paint them at any price, just as it happened to suit his wayward humour—making himself a score of enemies for every friend—in short, at once openly putting on the external garb of that character which had always been the only one in which he felt himself at home; namely, that of a wild, wayward, proud, obstinate, uncompromising, and somewhat *uncivilized* spirit; but always honourable, high-minded, and generous—totally free from that "envy, hatred, and malice," and never mixing himself with those paltry intrigues and cabals, to which his profession has ever been proverbially prone—and moreover, always, as far as regarded his own sentiments and meditations, raising himself above, or projecting himself beyond, the age in which he lived, and looking at man, nature, and society with the eye of a sage, a poet, and a philosopher united. Our limits prevent us from accompanying him farther in the details of this most interesting and instructive period of his eventful life; for these we confidently refer the reader to the elegant and most entertaining work before us. Before passing on, however, to another of the most striking features of his history, we must extract one or two most characteristic anecdotes, which belong to the period we are now taking leave of: the first relates to his extemporaneous recitations:

"It was in these *conversazioni* that Salvator tried the point of the sarcasms against the church, the government, and the existing state of literature and the arts, which were afterwards given to the world in his published satires, and which still draw down on his memory the unfounded calumnies that embittered his life. The manner of the daring *improvvisatore*, as left on record by his chroniclers, or handed down by tradition, was no less singular and attractive than the matter which inspired him. The apartment in which he received his company was affectedly simple. The walls, hung with faded tapestry, exhibited none of his beautiful pictures, which might well have attracted attention from the actor to his works. A few rows of forms included all the furniture; and they were secured at an early hour by the impatience of an audience, select and exclusive, either invited by himself, or introduced by his friends. When the company were assembled, and not before, Salvator appeared in the circle, but with the air of an host rather than that of an exhibitor, until the desire to hear him recite his poetry, or to *improvvisare*, expressed by some individual, produced a general acclamation of entreaty. It was a part of his coquetry to require much solicitation; and when at last he consented, he rose with an air of timidity and confusion, and presented himself with his lute, or a roll of paper containing the heads of his subject. After some hesitation, a few preluding chords, or a slight hem! to clear his full, deep voice, the scene changed: the elegant, the sublime Salvator disappeared, and was replaced by the gesticulating and grimacing Coviello, who, long before he spoke, excited bursts of merriment, 'con le più ridicolose smorfie, al suo modo Napolitano.'— (with the most laughable grimaces in the true Neapolitan style) that even the gravest of his audience were ready to burst. When the adroit *improvvisatore* had thus wound up his auditory to a certain pitch of exaltation, and prepared them at least to receive with good humour whatever he might hazard, he suddenly stepped forth, and exclaimed with great energy, in the broad Neapolitan of the Largo di Castello—'*Siente chisso vè, auza gli uocci*' (awaken and heed me!) He then began his recitation.

"With a thirst for praise, which scarcely any applause could satisfy, Salvator united a quickness of perception that rendered him suspicious of pleas-

ing, even at the moment he was most successful. A gaping mouth, a closing lid, a languid look, or an impatient hem! threw him into utter confusion, and deprived him of all presence of mind, of all power of concealing his mortification. When he perceived that some witty sally had fallen lifeless, that some epigrammatic point had escaped the notice of his auditors, he was wont to exclaim to his particular friends, when the strangers were departed, 'What folly, to lose my time and talent in reading before these beasts of burden, who feel nothing, and have no intellect beyond what is necessary to understand the street-ballads of the *blind-band!*' Such is the power which an insatiable love of glory may hold even over the most elevated intellect!"

This latter part is extremely characteristic of the lofty and impatient spirit, which, while it could not resist the cravings of its appetite for the applause even of the vulgar, could scarcely bear the conscious self-abasement of seeking it.—We happen to know, of a distinguished English *improvvisatore* of the present day, that if nineteen of his brilliant efforts meet with their merited success, and the twentieth fails, the mortification and even the dismay arising from the latter are not a tenth part compensated for by all the applause called forth by the former.

Nothing can be better, or better told, than the following anecdote, in illustration of Salvator's mode of treating his rich and princely customers: "Heaven help the individual (says one of his contemporary biographers, Baldinucci), who attempted to haggle with him!"

"A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtù*, than his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery in the Via Babbuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and after a long contemplation of its merits, exclaimed, '*Salvator mio*, I am strangely tempted to purchase this picture; tell me at once the lowest price?'—'Two hundred scudi,' replied Salvator, carelessly. 'Two hundred scudi! *Ohime!* that *is* a price! but we'll talk of it another time.'—The Illustrissimo took his leave; but, bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again enquired 'the lowest price.'—'Three hundred scudi,' was the sullen reply.—'*Corpo di Bacco!*' cried the astonished prince; 'mi burla, vostra signoria!—You are joking. I see I must e'en wait upon your better humour; and so *addio*, Signor Rosa.'—The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who on entering saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, 'Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? have prices risen or fallen?'—'Four hundred scudi is the price to-day,' replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when, suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth,—'The fact is, your Excellency would not now obtain the picture from me at any price; and yet so little value do *I* put upon its merits, that I deem it worthy of no better fate than *this*,' and snatching the pannel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into an hundred pieces."

The following is no less amusing and characteristic:

"Between the prince (Don Mario Ghigi) and Salvator, there seems to have existed much personal intimacy; and the prince's fondness for the painter's conversation was such that, during a long illness, he induced Salvator to bring his easel to his bed-side, and to work in his chamber at some small piece he was then painting for the Prince.* It happened that while Rosa was sketching and chatting by the prince's couch, one of the most fashionable physicians of Rome entered the apartment. He appears to have been one of those professional coxcombs, whose pretensions, founded on unmerited vogue, throw a ridicule upon the gravest calling. After some trite

* This is one of the very few instances recorded of Salvator having worked in the presence of a second person.

remarks upon the art, the doctor, either to flatter Salvator, or in imitation of the physician of the Cardinal Colonna, who asked for one of Raphael's finest pictures as a fee for saving the Cardinal's life, requested Don Mario to give him a picture of Salvator as a remuneration for his attendance. The prince willingly agreed to the proposal; and the doctor, debating on the subject he should choose, turned to Salvator, and begged that he would not lay pencil to canvass until *he*, the Signor Dottore, should find leisure to dictate to him *il pensiero e concetto della sua pittura*—the idea and conceit of his picture. Salvator bowed a modest acquiescence, and went on with his sketch. The doctor, having gone the round of his professional questions with his wonted pomposity, rose to write his prescription; when, as he sat before the table, with upturned eyes, and pen suspended over paper, Salvator on tiptoe approached him, and drawing the pen gently through his fingers, with one of his old *Coviello* gesticulations in his character of the mountebank, he said, '*Fermati, dottor mio!* Stop, doctor, you must not lay pen to paper till I have leisure to dictate the idea and conceit of the prescription I may think proper for the malady of his Excellency.'—'*Diavolo!*' cried the amazed physician, '*you* dictate a prescription! why *I* am the prince's physician, not you.'—'And *I*, *caro*,' said Salvator, 'am a painter, and not *you*. I leave it to the prince whether I could not prove myself a better physician than you a painter, and write a better prescription than you paint a picture.'"

We now pass rapidly over those seven or eight brilliant but not eventful years of his life above referred to, which intervened between 1639, when he first appeared before the world as a satirist and *improvvisatore*, and 1647, when that extraordinary revolutionary movement broke out at Naples, under the sole direction of Masaniello, the poor fisherman of Amalfi. It is true the contemporary biographers of Salvator do not mention his connexion with this most remarkable person. But there might have been various reasons for this. Neither does by far the most interesting account we have hitherto seen of that revolution, written by one who calls himself "an eye-witness," allude to the fact; which, from the tone in which that account is written, the author of it would unquestionably have done, had it been known to him. But still, the circumstances under which Salvator is said to have joined the inhabitants of his native place, who had risen in arms against the oppressions of their foreign rulers, are so "probable to thinking"—so strictly in keeping with the character and habits of the bold and indignant hater of every species of bondage, and the ardent and enthusiastic lover of freedom and his country—that we see no reason to doubt the traditional and circumstantial evidence (for we are not aware of there being any other) on which the fact rests. And, under the circumstances, we scarcely see how any other kind of evidence would be likely to exist; for the revolutionary movement in question lasted but a few days, during which there was no call whatever on Salvator to take an active and conspicuous part in the matter. And as a collateral evidence that he was present in Naples at the time, and came into immediate contact with the illustrious "captain of the people," it is certain that more than one portrait of Masaniello is extant from the pencil of our artist; though the poor fisherman of Amalfi was entirely unknown till the commencement of the movement, and was dead in ten days after it broke out.—At all events, though we could have wished that Lady Morgan, if she is able, had taken the trouble to establish the fact in question, on less controvertible evidence than she has done, yet we are as willing as she can be to put faith in the story.

Immediately on the death of Masaniello all hope of further successes to the cause of liberty ceased; for the movement of the people, universal as it was, had been evidently caused entirely by *his* influence over them, and not in any degree by their own innate energies. Salvator, therefore, had the prudence to return to Rome. But he had not either the power or the will to resume his usual pursuits there. And Lady Morgan, with much appearance of reason, attributes one of his finest and most characteristic poems, "*La Babilonia*," to about this period.

Besides this poem, Salvator certainly about this time produced two satirical pictures, which caused him so much persecution, and even personal danger, (in consequence of his daring to send them for public exhibition in the Pantheon) that he was compelled for a while to quit Rome, and fly to Florence under the protection of the brother of the then reigning Grand Duke of Tuscany. Here he was received in the most distinguished manner; his works were purchased at enormous prices; and his house became the favourite resort of all that was brilliant in rank and talent in Florentine society. All this, however, though his spirits had at first rallied, so as to enable him to enter into and enjoy it, he very soon became weary of; especially as he was purchasing it at the expense of a nominal servitude to the Grand Duke and his family. He shortly afterwards, therefore, accepted an invitation from his friends, Counts Ugo and Giulio Maffei, to visit their palace at Volterra, and thus broke those "gilded chains of a court" which he had always so hated, and which he never again consented to wear even for a moment. Here, at Volterra, he devoted a great portion of his time to the collection and arrangement of his poetry—occasionally, however, painting some of his best pictures; till at length, feeling the restraint and misery of the *exile* state in which he was now living, he determined once more to visit Rome at all risks, and, if possible, finally establish himself there for the rest of his life: for he had, about this time, formed a connexion which made a permanent home not only necessary but delightful to him. Accordingly, about the year 1652 he again entered Rome, to the delight of his friends, and the discomfiture of his enemies, who were either too few or too weak to dare molest him; and there fixed himself for life, in a manner and under auspices that must have satisfied his utmost wishes—ambitious as they were. As this period ends the striking changes and *events* in Salvator's life, we shall now at once follow him to his death-bed—promising, however, that the intermediate period, which we are passing over, will be found to teem with highly interesting detail. We shall therefore close with this account of his latest moments.

"While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating priest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with the consecrated oil; some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catanni held to the lips of Salvator, while the viaticum was administered, burned brightly and steadily! Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite."

To the second volume of the Life are appended a considerable number of interesting letters of Salvator; and upon the whole, we consider

"The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," to be the best and most entertaining work that has hitherto been received from Lady Morgan's pen. It evinces all that enthusiastic warmth of feeling, and that eloquent sincerity of expression which characterise her other works; and all that boldness and freedom of opinion which have called forth such ridiculously unmerited censure on her writings generally. And at the same time, while it is nearly without those hasty oversights that might occasionally be detected in her style,—it is, above all, nearly free from those unguarded and unnecessary blows at mere vulgar prejudice and ignorance, which, while they laid her open to the attacks of her interested enemies, were peculiarly calculated to render those attacks available against her reputation, because, when artfully collected together, and placed in battle array, they were peculiarly galling to the weakness and self-love of those among her readers who were beyond the influence of the better parts of her writings.

Finally, and with more immediate reference to the subject of Lady Morgan's present work, she has unquestionably done an acceptable service to the cause of truth, by rescuing the character of a distinguished genius from those blots and imputations which the premeditated falsehood of his enemies had cast upon it, and which the culpable weakness of his friends had permitted to remain; and which imputations the idle tongue of tradition is always pretty sure to multiply and bruit abroad to the world, while it generally permits their opposites to shift for themselves. We think Lady Morgan has successfully shewn that the moral character of Salvator Rosa was not only unexceptionable, but even exemplary—considering the state of society during the times in which he lived.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. X.

Mr. Mathews's Theatrical Gallery.

I HAD intended to confine these papers to the notice of galleries comprising works by what are called (truly, *par excellence*) the Old Masters; and not to have meddled with the Moderns, simply because they *are* moderns, if there had been no other reason. But when I made this determination, it was accompanied by a secret reservation in favour of the one gallery named above; partly, perhaps, on account of its being quite unique in its kind; but chiefly, I believe, from the nature of its subject, and the delightful associations we almost all of us connect with any objects which recall that subject to our memory in all its first youth and newness.

We will, then, take our way through the dreary defile of Gray's Inn Lane, and emerging, beyond Pancras, on the pleasant fields on this side Kentish Town, will pass through that once favourite suburb, and ascending half way the steep hill beyond it, we shall find ourselves at the end of a narrow lane which abuts on the high road. Turning up this lane, we shall presently reach, on the left, the gate of a high inclosing wall; and, unintroduced as we are, we will nevertheless venture to ring, and ask leave to enter*.

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* For fear of misleading any one, I should state that I have no authority whatever for hinting that this Gallery is open to the view of strangers; but I have reason to believe that a proper application would at all times obtain admission to it.

On entering the Gallery within, which is a detached building erected for the purpose, we find ourselves in the midst of an assemblage unique in its kind—*an audience of actors*—all looking down upon us from their several stations, as if listening to hear what we may have to say of them,—for no ears are like an actor's, when any thing in the shape of criticism is going forward. And to whom shall we first address our attention? To whom, but to him—that immortal boy—who looks upon us benignantly, as he did in his lifetime, and smiles us back into boyhood once more? To whom, but to him, the solemn murmurs of whose lovelorn voice come back to us even now as we gaze upon his effigy, and lull us into a listless oblivion of all things but itself, and the accents it was wont to utter?—This is one of the very few pictures by the artist (Opie) in which he has shewn himself capable of being as gentle, graceful, and bland, as he usually was forcible and spirited. The character is young Norval; the picture is the size of life; and the lovely boy is represented advancing down towards the spectator as he did in the days of his glory, and pronouncing in a voice never to be forgotten, "*My name is Norval.*"

But I hear some "good-natured friend" whispering in my ear that I am making a sad blunder in supposing Mr. Henry West Betty to be "no more;" and he assures me that, if I look sharp, I may chance to meet him some fine morning, pacing the *pavé* of Piccadilly, under the form of a portly gentleman in a frogged coat, flame-coloured vest, and whiskers to match. I thank him for his information; but it is *he* who is mistaken, not I. *I* was speaking of "the Young Roscius;" and will he tell me that *he* is still in being? He might as well contend that, at this present writing, I am but thirteen years of age. And in fact, if he can but prove to me the latter, I have no objection to take the former upon trust. But till then I must insist that the young Roscius died the very day on which *Mister Betty* was born. Here, however, in Mr. Mathews's gallery, and by the art-magic of Opie's pencil, he does live still; and for this alone, if for nothing else, it would be worth describing. Let me add, before quitting this delightful picture of him, that the young Roscius was the only actor who ever knew exactly when to quit the stage. By quitting it at the proper moment, he has left an impression, on the minds of those who saw him with "eyes of youth," somewhat similar to that produced by the death of little children. None know what it is to possess a young child for ever, but those who have lost a child when it was such.

In the multiplicity of interesting works that attract our attention on turning from the above, I scarcely know where to direct it first. Let us begin with the dramatic scenes. On the left of the gallery, about the centre, hangs a picture of this class by Zoffanij, which is truly exquisite, merely as a work of art; but when regarded as including the portraits of two most accomplished artists in their way, it becomes doubly valuable. It represents King and Mrs. Baddely, in the characters of Lord Ogleby and Fanny. The engraving from this picture assigns the moment to that passage in the celebrated equivoque, where the gentle-hearted and polished old nobleman exclaims—"Oh thou amiable creature! command my heart, for it is vanquished!" Nothing can possibly be more rich, and at the same time more truly refined, than the expression of King in this scene. It is evident that the rest of the picture is purposely kept in subservience to this part of it,—

Mrs. Baddely's being a mere individual portrait; and Baddely, who is represented in Canton, being thrown into the back-ground. This picture is in excellent preservation, which is rarely the case with Zoffanij's works; and it is painted in every part with great care and skill.—Opposite to the above, as its companion, is a very clever scene from King John, representing Bensley and Powel as John and Hubert. To the right of this, on the same side, hangs another excellent specimen of Zoffanij's pencil: Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. It is taken at the moment when he returns from the chamber, after having completed the murder. He is holding forth his bloody hands, and exclaiming, with a horror-stricken countenance, "This is a sorry sight!" The countenance of Garrick, in this piece, is highly expressive and characteristic; but there is a singular want of truth and propriety in the attitude of the lower limbs. This we must venture to attribute to the painter rather than the actor. This picture, and two or three more of the same class in the gallery, are highly curious as representing the performers in the actual dresses they were accustomed to wear in the characters respectively depicted. In the present picture Macbeth is attired in a suit that would form an excellent model for those of the Lord Mayor's state footmen—a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, the two former covered all over with gold lace! At the opposite extremity of the gallery we have another of these works—representing Garrick and Mrs. Beverly as Jaffier and Belvidera. The dresses, as usual, are modern and English; but, as in the former case, the movements of passion are visible through every part of them; or perhaps we should rather say, passion is so conspicuous in every part where *that* is the only dress, that we pay little or no attention to any thing else. In fact, though I cannot admit, with Juliet, that there is little in "a name," I am inclined to believe that there is much less in *a dress* than our modern costume-mongers would persuade us. Till they can prove to us that Garrick did not move his audience more than any other actor had done before or has since, we would advise them to spend their money in making their establishments perfect in all *other* departments; and then, when they have nothing else to reform, let them look as curiously as they please into the corruptions of their wardrobe.

We are in the habit of hearing sundry dissatisfied play-goers, who stick like burs to the skirts of the last age, and will admit of no perfection but that which has passed away, exclaiming, in answer to any pleasant theories that you may have to propound to them relative to the merits of our present race of actors,—"Oh, if you had but seen the play" (whatever it may happen to be) "performed by the *original* characters!"—as much as to say—"In that case you would know better than to put up with any thing that is to be had now-a-days." We are much obliged to them, truly, for thus kindly wishing to inoculate us with the disease of believing that "nothing is" (as it should be) "but what is not;" and of seeing no beauty but in that which we cannot see at all! The School for Scandal, in particular, is one of the performances which these retrospective critics would try by their invisible and intangible scale. For my part, not being a critic at all, I am content to witness the celebrated screen scene in the School for Scandal, as it is performed by Farren, Mrs. Davison, Charles Kemble, and Abbott. But those who cannot put up with

this, may still see the "original characters" once more before they die, if they can make their way to Mr. Mathews's Gallery; for here is that scene embodied, with the Sir Peter Teazle of King, the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Abingdon, the Charles of John Palmer, and the Joseph of Smith—"gentleman Smith." There is one other admirable scene, by Zoffanij, which must not be passed over,—representing Quick, Lewis, and Munden, in a comedy called Speculation. It is curious that the *action* of Munden, in this scene, is identically that which he retains to the present day.

Perhaps, of all the pieces in this collection, that which displays the most talent, both in the artist and in the person represented, is Harlow's quintuple picture of Mr. Mathews himself. The subject of this picture is well known to the public, from the engraving which has been made from it. The plan of it is somewhat anomalous, since it represents the actor *in propria persona*, studying a character, which character represents *himself in the act of representing that character;* while three other of his representations are standing by. But the execution of this picture is truly admirable. Being somewhat of an epicure in portraits of living persons, I am not by any means satisfied with that which is here given of Mr. Mathews *in his own character;* though it is incomparably the best I have ever seen of him. But in the other characters—of Mr. Wiggens—Jemmy, the ostler, in Killing no Murder—and the two others which are taken from the life, but have not been seen by the public—the mixture of the individual likeness of the man, with the assumed likeness of the character he is representing, is really wonderful.

The only other "scenes" that my space will permit me to notice, are some of the veteran De Wilde's. Here is one, at the entrance end of the room on the right, of "Young" Bannister and Parsons, in Lawyer Scout and Sheepface in the Village Lawyer, which for truth of character and richness of expression is the best I remember by this singular artist: and if, so far as regards the mere individual likenesses, that of Parsons is equal to that of Bannister, no one who sees this picture can deny having seen *him* too. The companion to this, of Bannister and Suet, in Sylvester Daggerwood, is nearly as good. There are two or three more of these scenes, which ought not to be passed over, if it be only for the irresistible associations which the mere naming of them calls up—particularly one representing Dowton as Major Sturgeon, and Russell and Mrs. Harlowe as Jerry and Mrs. Sneak, in the Mayor of Garratt. The likeness and characteristic expression of Dowton are perfect; but the other two are not so good in this respect.

The next class of works that I shall notice are those which represent single performers in particular characters. Of these there are not many in oil; nor are they among the best or most interesting parts of the collection. But still there are a few of great value and curiosity. Here is one by Zoffanij, of Garrick, in Lord Chalkstone; the expression of which is given with great spirit and force; and it seems to shew, in a very striking manner, the *comic* power of Garrick's countenance. Another near this shews us the same actor in Don John, in the scene where he is carrying away the infant. This is a very clever and pleasing little picture, painted by Loutherbourg.

We must now turn at once to the individual portraits, which form the

staple of this unique and curious gallery; for we have already approached too near our prescribed limits to permit of our doing them any thing like justice. Perhaps the best as well as the most interesting of these, is a lovely whole-length of Mrs. Margaret Woffington—for to call a person like that which is now before me, by the degrading diminutive of Peg, is more than I can answer to my conscience. If *she* did not know the value of her beauty and her sweetness, and therefore did not set sufficient store by them, others should reverence them the more rather than the less on that account. Female beauty is a gift that is not only intended to excite, and therefore should excite, *respect* as well as love; but in fact it invariably *does* excite it, under whatever circumstances it may be met with. If the lady before us—(for a lady she was—one of Nature's own making)—if she chose to fling away the gem of her beauty, did that destroy its value?—or was it the less a gem?—Diamonds have been lost in the dirt of London streets; and they have been found there again, diamonds as they were lost.

This charming picture was painted for Garrick, by an artist named Mercier. It represents the actress reclining on a couch, in a rich satin dress, and directing her downcast eyes to a miniature of Garrick, which she holds in her hand. This latter circumstance, supposing the picture to have been painted expressly for Garrick, is very characteristic. There is another extremely curious portrait of this lady in the gallery, painted by Hogarth, in that careful and highly-finished style, which is so very rare in his pictures. The one described above is nearly the size of life; but that by Hogarth, is a small cabinet picture, the drapery and various other details of which are highly worked up.

Perhaps the next best portrait that we meet with, of the performers of the last age, is one of Mrs. Cibber, by Hudson; which hangs exactly opposite to the last-named by Hogarth. It is a half-length gallery portrait, painted with great freedom and facility; and the *air* of the lady—proud, swan-like, and self-possessed—is highly characteristic. There is, at the other end of the gallery, a portrait of Coliey Cibber himself, (a *whole-length* of course—for who would think of curtailing that exquisite coxcomb!)—which is no less characteristic. And it is also curious on other accounts, having formerly belonged to Addison; at whose sale it was purchased by Ireland. It is painted by an artist named Grisoni, and represents the hero of the Apology as if nothing had ever happened to him, or could happen, to disturb his infinite ease and self-satisfaction. He is taking snuff, as usual,—which was the only one among all his impertinences that he ought not to have practised; for snuff is one of the means that we use for currying favour with ourselves; and what need had *he* to do that!

But I must really proceed to arrange the remainder of these interesting works in something like classes, or I shall not have space even to name a fourth part of those that I had marked, as claiming particular notice.—Let us first glance at those who fairly belong to the last age. Here is Garrick, "in half a dozen places," as the auctioneers say—with his brilliant eyes, and highly moveable and intellectual countenance, that, under whatever circumstances you contemplated it, was always "another, yet the same." One of these portraits of him is curious and valuable, as having been painted by Wilson, the landscape-painter. Here is an admirable head of Macklin, just before he died; painted

with infinite force and spirit, by Opie.—Here is Foote, by Sir Joshua; and John Palmer, by Arrowsmith; and Mills the elder—the only known portrait of him; and Shuter; and Woodward—two or three—one of which, in the dress of Petruchio, is capital; and Booth, by Vanderbank; and Ross, by Zoffanij; and a most capital and characteristic head of old Leveridge, by Vandermyn; and lastly, here is Nat. Lee,—a very striking and forcible head—looking as mad as Alexander and Octavian in one.—Then among the ladies of the last age, here are two or three portraits of Nel Gwyn—one by Lely—(I allow *her* diminutive to pass, since the style of her charms does not hit my fancy); here are two of Mrs. Hartley, who died a few weeks ago; and Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Oldfield, and others that I must escape from at once, and come nearer home.—In fact, I must despatch the rest of this multitudinous company *in sets*, or I shall not have space to introduce the half of them.—Here is, for instance, a set of very clever, sketchy, and spirited portraits of those actors and actresses who have just now passed away, or are passing—viz. Pope, Holman, Quick, Middleton, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Mattocks, &c. These were taken expressly for the late Mr. Harris, by Gainsboro' du Pont. Then here is the whole Garrick Club, of twelve members—small water-colour drawings; and a long and most valuable series of drawings, by De Wilde, representing small whole-length portraits of *all* the distinguished actors of the present day, in one of their most favourite characters.—Finally, here is a most excellent and perfect series of all the above, in their individual characters. These need not of course be named generally, but a few of them deserve particular mention, on account of their great merit as works of art. Among these Harlowe's stand conspicuous. Here is, by this admirable young artist, a delightful portrait of the present manager of Drury Lane, in his favourite part of—Mr. Elliston; Young, to the very life; and the very best portrait of Mrs. Siddons that I have ever seen—a small whole-length. Then there is Johnstone, by Shee; and Macready, by Jackson; and Henry Johnston, by Singleton; and, in short, a host of others that I must absolutely take leave of at once, with a " vale, et valete," or the rest of the pleasant prose of this our incomparable miscellany "must halt for it:"—which would not be exactly fair, either to writers or readers. I should, however, leave the latter with a very imperfect notion of Mr. Mathews's Theatrical Gallery, if I did not inform them that I have, in the present paper, treated of *one* department of it alone; and that, besides the pictures (of which I have described but an inconsiderable portion in point of number) it includes every thing valuable in the way of Art, which indefatigable attention and almost unlimited expense could collect, illustrative of the peculiar subject to which it confines itself. This secondary department I propose to give the theatrical reader a brief glance at, in another paper; when I shall have to tell him, among other things, of Shakspeare and Garrick *relics*, that it will do his play-loving heart good even to hear of; of enormous portfolios containing every scratch that ever came from a graver relative to the last-named of these theatrical worthies; and above all, of a MS. folio, in the hand-writing of the proprietor of all these treasures, including biographical notices of all the English performers, male and female, that are known to have flourished in London since the rise of the drama in this country; illustrated by nearly all the known engravings of them that are extant.

ROME IN THE FIRST AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

Opening that volume of Pinelli's etchings which contains his illustrations of the Roman history, I was somewhat struck with the frontispiece, or introductory picture, representing the worthy artist, himself, as like as needs be, with his sailor-like neck-handkerchief and little cork-screw curls over his temples. By his side sat those eternal companions of his,—and no useless escort, believe me, to one who goes sketching in the Campagna di Roma,—two surly mastiffs, with their heads stuck together classically, like Cerberus of old. The artist seems in the act of listening, not very submissively, to a lady with a wolf at her feet; from which sign, joined with a helm and long rectilinear nose, I guessed her to represent no less a being than the Genius of Rome itself. Now, thinks I, if Mistress Rome be so condescending as to dictate a series of etchings to Signor Pinelli; why not, &c?—the inference is plain. But the deuce of it is, that when one of these artists gets an outlandish idea in his head, he puts it upon canvass at once, without proem or prologue, referring the ignorant spectator to his noddle or his catalogue. With us penmen the law says otherwise. We can take no such leap into the marvellous; we are first of all to explain the why and the wherefore, and have no right to depict visions without first relating how we came to see them. And really so many authors have begun now-a-days by setting themselves asleep, that to commence dreaming in any original way has become a matter of much difficulty. To walk and fall asleep, to get drunk and fall asleep, to ride, to meditate, &c. &c. are all preoccupied; to dream without plagiarism is impossible. Your modern visionary is as perplexed and rotatory as a dog looking for his pillow.

So, to make a long story short, I fell asleep. When?—Evening. Where?—The Coliseum; around the galleries and corridors of which I had been wandering and stumbling for a couple of hours, popping my head out of its arches, like the fox in Ossian, and marvelling how it came to pass that the columns which from below seemed about three or four feet high, had nearly that measure in thickness when I came to stand by their side. I had been also strangely pestered by two English dandies, the sound of whose creaking boots and clanking spurs broke every now and then the thread of my cogitations. Nor was the sight of them more agreeable: they were handsome, good figures, no doubt, with fine English oval faces, nowise inferior to the proudest Roman bust, and habited in the fashionable taste of Europe; yet for all this I wished them at the Land's-end; and turning from them and the internal ruins of the amphitheatre, which they were surveying, I sat me down in one of the arches. The carriages from the Lateran and the gate of St. John rolled beneath, small as mice, numerous, but unregarded by me. My gaze was on the Esquiline, the distant Aqueducts, and the more distant Alban hills, their blue mass interspersed with a thousand gay spots, that marked the villages and villas on their sides. The vesper bell of the Franciscan convent in the Palatine began to chime, and I to nod—till, as I said before, gentle reader, I was fairly asleep.

What a speedy architect is the imagination! I had not been five minutes in slumber ere the whole amphitheatre was restored to its original

perfection, its ruins half rebuilt, its arches, steps, its galleries and vomitories, all complete. An hundred thousand Romans, in their "eternal shirts," occupied their seats of marble. Great was the acclamation, the rising and rustling of togas, as the Emperor entered, and an hundred thousand of the masters of the world turned with looks of awe and submission towards the seat of the Cæsar. All was hushed as the gladiators entered. They began the combat bold and determined; but the too earnest countenance, and the quiver of the naked muscle, spoke, through all their fortitude, a nervousness that communicated itself to me in such a degree as to become absolute pain. I turned from the scene, methought, and abruptly retiring to the deserted corridor, in my vision seated myself on the very seat which I actually occupied, closing my ears against the shouts that welcomed the victor and smothered the groan of the dying.

The Emperor of the day, methought, was Domitian, the "*calvus Nero*" of Juvenal; and in my dreamy identification with his age, my thoughts were occupied with the scandalous and witty pictures of the satirist; above all, the enormous turbot, and his summoning of the council thereon; and by one of those digressions, which dreams make nothing of, I was for a moment brought to think of Billingsgate and the Common Council. But this merely *par parenthèse;* for behold, methought two Romans, in tunic and toga, paced round the corridor of the amphitheatre, and stopped even at the window where I was sitting. As they looked to the left with mournful aspects down upon the Esquiline, I turned towards the spot that seemed the object of their regards, and observed the palace of Titus erect in all its splendour, of which modern antiquaries have but the foundation and the baths, and in so many centuries of research have not yet more than half cleared them out.

"Alas!" said one of the toga'd figures, "to what purpose have served the fates, the conquests, and glories of Rome, except to leave the happiness of the world dependent on the temper, the good or evil whim of one being: yesterday a Titus, to-day a Domitian."

The other Roman had not time to reply, ere, methought, the two aforesaid English dandies came and took their station at the self-same window; and for the coincidence I cannot account, save that from it extends the most delightful of all prospects over the Esquiline and the Campagna, to Præneste, the Alban hills, and Mount Algidus far in the distance.

My toga'd and my breeched companions seemed either not to see or not to acknowledge each other, as eighteen centuries difference in people's ages generally breeds a coldness between them, not to be overcome upon a first meeting. They talked, however, apart, Roman to Roman, Briton to Briton; and strange confusion certainly they made to me, who heard, as well as two ears could take in, all four.

ROMANS.

"So the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter is to be rebuilt. Blessed be the fire of Vitellius that consumed the temple of the god, profaned by the foot of slaves! Its floor thick with

BRITONS.

"Will you come to vespers in Ara Cœli?—the church is on the site of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter. It is the monks' feast-day, and their *bambino*, or waxen image of Jesus, which

ashes, its blackened and unroofed columns, form now the most appropriate temple for our deities."

"Speak not so loud, Publius, beware—some lurking spy may betray us to the Emperor."

"True, 'tis now a crime to be a Roman. Better far be a Syrian or Sarmatian, as our poet says, or come a painted savage from the inhospitable Britain."

"When were you in the Forum?"

"But now I passed it. There was a whisper of the last batch of senators strangled. Their bodies lay under the Gemonian. I turned from them to the Temple of Concord, and exclaimed—O shade of Cicero, do the labours of the virtuous end in this!"

"Yet I have hopes of the Emperor—the arch he is finishing in honour of his brother, the virtuous Titus—"

"Long vowed, it could not be delayed. Besides, how unworthy a trophy of the conqueror of Jerusalem;—its pettiness disgraces the triumphal way."

"A strange religion, that of these banished Jews and Christians. 'Tis said, they worship an invisible spirit, to whom they sacrifice with prayers alone and inward meditations. They have no temples."

"Nor ever will in Rome, I trust. Gods multiply with bondsmen. When all our emperors are deities, methinks I would not take the road towards heaven."

"Cæsar Domitian will doubtless take his seat in Olympus."

"Would he were there!"

"But how prospereth the state? Heard you nothing as you passed the Forum? The legions—"

fell to them all the way from Heaven, is to be exposed: why, do you not know it?—That barn-looking place, crowning a huge Jacob's ladder of steps, to the left as you ascend the Campidoglio, brick without and gold within, the begging friars own it."

"Speak reverently of the *bambino*, my honest fellow, if you do not want to be stoned by the friars."

"Friars, indeed! Egad, I'd like to see pope or cardinal, that dare wag his little finger against an Englishman!"

"Did you see the hole that the Duchess of Devonshire is making in the Forum?"

"Yes, I hear the butchers and graziers swear vengeance against her for cutting up their market-place. Fea is as busy with his galley-slaves rooting in the Temple of Concord. But what arch is that, the blocks of which strew the road from this to the Forum?"

"The Arch of Titus: it was crumbling to decay; 'tis now taken down and about to be re-erected by the Pope."

"Pius, the Roman pontiff, restoring the arch erected to the conqueror of the Jews, after an interval of eighteen centuries, is striking. How little its builders could have foreseen!"

"Little indeed—that a priest of that same religion or its consequence should sit on the throne of the Cæsars, and, assuming the self-same title with the Emperors of Pontifex Maximus, should re-establish more ridiculous mummeries than ever were invented by the caprices of Paganism. How many churches, think you, are in Rome?"

"From three to four hundred, I suppose; yet not half enough for the legion of saints, which each demand one."

"Pope Pius is to be sainted."

"Doubtless: his miracles at Fontainebleau, 'tis said, are numerous. A curious one Fra Raffaelli assured me of, that he had made the Empress Maria Louisa pregnant—by his prayers."

"Were you at the saddler's in the Piazza to-day, to see the English papers?"

"All's quiet in the East; the memory of Titus lives to awe the Orientals into obedience. Gaul and Britain bow submissively beneath our yoke. And, save some troubles on the Dacian frontier, there seems nought to dread."

"Say, hope. I wish, by Jove, that the British savages would rise: perhaps the Emperor, like another Claudius, might set off and gather cockle-shells against them."

"They may be even with us some of these days; and the Britons of future ages may come to gather cockles, or as worthless trifles, in the ruins of Rome."

"Nay, when that shall be the case, their wicker London shall be more magnificent than our imperial city, their galleys bolder and more numerous, their armies braver, and the riches of the East shall flow to Thule, not to Rome. Impossible! look out upon the Esquiline, not a spot uncovered by a palace:—mark but this amphitheatre on which we stand! Are these memorials of a fleeting race? Or shall the barbarous nations of the North e'er raise their standards over imperial Rome? Thou mightest as well prophesy that humane letters shall be cultivated in Caledonia, or the muse of Catullus spring up in the chill and unknown Ierne."

"But the games are over; let us descend, and walk towards the Circus."

"What a mountain of palaces in this well-entitled Palatine. Here in this magnificence your arguments are answered: think you a nation could ever become obscure in the midst of such memorials? And the Circus with its throng of women, soothsayers, chapmen, and *quidnuncs*—has not life a strong-hold in this swarm?"

"It may be desert, as the palace of our first tyrant."

"Wisely did Octavian turn you

"Yes,—full of hubble, bubble, toil and trouble. Laments over enslaved Rome and self-liberating Greece. Spain, too, all the rage—what we might, and what we won't do. We seem upon the bullying system."

"Pretty bullying. Like the two-legged lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, we roar you, an' it were as soft as a sucking dove. Does his Holiness intend, I wonder, raising troops against the Spaniards?"

"Doubtless, if the weather be fine, and their umbrellas not out of order. The Swiss Guards of his Holiness, in their harlequin hose and doublet, would make good fight. I am thinking, if any of the old Romans were to pop up their heads, and see their military successors, how amazed they must be."

"Equally amazed, methinks, to see us here, lords of the ascendant,

'The glass of fashion, and the mould of form—'

scattering our pearls among the crouching Romans, and rich enough to afford being doubly cheated by them, (the greatest comfort of being rich, by the by). The second coming of the Gauls in 1797 must also astonish them not a little, especially as those same Gauls came not to destroy, but to unbury and rebuild. And that Britain should have prevented Rome from becoming a province of this same Gaul, giving it up to a Christian Pontifex Maximus—verily, this might make Tully rub his eyes."

"Let us be off:—the monk below has ceased his preaching, and the crowd has ceased to kneel and bray in the old arena. Let's saunter over the Palatine."

"Why, we shall have our shins broke passing through the rubbish, or our throats cut, which is worse. Not a soul dwells upon it, except a few Franciscans, and our countryman Mills."

"No matter, we'll soon get over it into the Circus."

"Worse and worse, and more

palace of his building towards this seat of shows and pleasure, afar and distant from the Forum, the sight of which might have excited disloyal sentiments in the breasts of his new-born courtiers."

"Boding begets boding—an augur's vision breaks upon me, and methinks I see, even on you Palatine, the plaster hovel of the barbarian surmount the crumbled palace of the Cæsar!"

"Go to—and yet I blame thee not; Domitian reigns. Let us on toward the river, and along beneath the Aventine. Amidst the bustle of the crowded quay we shall forget these melancholy thoughts. But what new building is this?"

"An arch of Janus that Domitian builds!"

"I should not have thought the glutton a lover of the arts, or ornamenter of the city."

"Nay, who built like Nero?—besides, this is the market, a place peculiarly under the divine protection of his Imperial Serenity."

"Here is Vesta; let us pay our adoration to the oldest and purest deity of the Republic—but you are a sceptic."

"I but just thought Mars' altar might be the most appropriate deity lonely. How gloomily the Palatine overhangs us, now we are in the Circus; and this villa, is it not Mills's?"

"Ay! it belongs to Mr. Mills, or Sir William Gell, who have the honour of residing over the palace of Augustus. The saloons of the Roman Emperor, even yet fresh with their gilding, serve as cool subterranean wine-cellars to the English baronet, who, with the King of Naples and the Irish Franciscans, shares the lorddom of the Palatine."

"Let us come on, I'm in an exploring humour; and moonlight,

'Hallowing tree and tower,'

will shed more interest on the scene. Let us visit the Cloaca."

"Truly an interesting visit to the great sewer. But even a sink becomes venerable by age. What's this?"

"The Arco di Giano, a queer kind of a little old market-house, built by Domitian, says Venuti."

"Domitian! 'tis strange, that although all the Romans, both bad and good, were extravagantly given to building, yet it is with few exceptions the fabrics of the virtuous that have survived. Who built so much as Nero? yet of his works there remains scarce a relic. Architecture seems to have had more discernment than History in bestowing immortality. Whilst the stupendous undertakings of a Nero and a Caligula have disappeared and left no trace, the names of Agrippa, of Titus, Trajan, Antoninus, and Constantine still live to fame in unperishing records of marble. And this pretty little columned affair—is it a watch-box?"

"A watch-box!—seest thou not its Corinthian columns? 'Tis a temple of Vesta. Yonder is the Ripa, a prison for all prostitutes unlicensed by the priesthood; and beneath it, the ruins of the Sublician bridge. Do you remember the prayer of Cocles, *pater Tiberinus*?"

"Ay, and esteem the prayer more worthy than that of the modern Ro-

for our orisons at present. If you be a lover of the old gods, here is Juno's famous temple above us on the Aventine. For me, there's quite divinity enough in the scene before us. Behold the Tiber and Sublician bridge. Spirit of Cocles, which of our divinities can boast of virtues equal to thy patriotism and courage?"

"Well, I press you not; and here is food enough for enthusiasm in your kind of political religion. Yonder lie the gardens of Cæsar and the grove of the Furies, sacred with the blood of Gracchus."

"What mean you by political religion?"

"Patriotism."

"And you love it not?"

"Not as religion. When our commonwealth was in its glory, then love of it was indeed religion; it was the love of something truly divine. But now we need a substitute, and some less earthly one than the selfish and moral religion of our living poet, who preaches,

'Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.'"

man to his waxed and wigged saint. Wordsworth has uttered the sentiment sublimely,

'I'd rather be
A Pagan templed in a creed outworn,"
&c.

You know the paragraph!'

I must confess that here the conversation became too polemic for my attention; and in the long breach in my recollection of this dialogue, I must suppose, that I here fell from a state of dreaming into a deeper sleep, till aroused by the starting of another theme, of which perhaps the reader may hear. For the present I draw the curtain.

TRANSLATION OF GUIDICCIONI'S SONNET TO ITALY.

From the base slumbers of a darker age,
My Italy, once more awake and rise!
Behold thy bitter wounds with honest rage,
And blame thyself unhappy and unwise!
Thy vanish'd liberty demands thy sighs,
Lost by thine own unworthy deeds alone.
Retrace those steps which have thyself o'erthrown,
And tread the paths which may regain the prize;
Recall the memory of thine ancient fame,
And think that those who once thy triumphs graced,
On thy own neck the servile yoke have placed.
Thou aider of thy foes, behold thy shame:
Theirs is thy glory, and for thee remains,
Oh, blind and fallen! to endure their chains.

S.

THE LAST OF THE FOOLS.

> "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
> And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
> He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
> The quality of persons, and the time;
> And like the haggard, check at every feather
> That comes before his eye. This is a practice
> As full of labour as a wise man's art;
> For Folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
> And wise men, folly-fallen, taint their wit."—*Twelfth Night.*

The reader is requested not to be under any apprehensions; nothing personal is intended either to himself or his friends; there is no fear that stultiloquence shall be hushed, or of the race of fools becoming extinct:—Heaven forefend! for in that case our occupation would be gone indeed, and we periodicalists, who live to shoot folly as it flies, might cease to extract quills from one goose in order to point them against another. The last man of the *genus* can never be ascertained until the conclusion of the world; it is of the last of a *species* that we are about to speak, of one who still lives, and will close in his person a race and a profession long since thought to have been extinct; of one who, in the pride of his former office and of his octogenarian survival of all his competitors, has ordered this inscription to be engraved upon his tombstone—" Here lies The last of the Court Fools."

A court is altogether such a factitious and unnatural piece of business, its monotony is productive of such an awful and overwhelming *ennui*, that men have been obliged to devise various expedients as a recreation whereby they might strengthen themselves to undergo a new infliction of the old stiff, solemn, ceremonious, stately stupidity. These relaxations have assumed different modifications according to the characteristics of age and country. Having a plebeian *penchant* for republics, the ancient Greeks had no necessity for courtly amusements, and contented themselves with exalting the glory of their country by advancing the arts and sciences, and imitating the unaccomplished homeliness of Themistocles, who, though he could not play upon the fiddle, knew how to convert a small town into a great state. When Pericles was disposed to unbend, he invited Socrates, Plato, and other philosophers, to such a symposium as Xenophon has described; and passed his hours of dalliance with Aspasia, the most learned woman of her age, from whom he took lessons in oratory and literature as well as love. The Roman Emperors diversified their satiety of enjoyment in a more courtly manner, by a succession of pleasant and piquant pastimes, from the laceration of flies to the butchering of gladiators. In the days of chivalry it was a sport of the great to case themselves in armour, hammer at one another's heads with battle-axes to try which was the thickest, roll the rider and his horse in the dust, or endeavour to drive their lance through the bars of the visor into the bull's eye of their friend's sconce, as Sir James Montgomery served the French king; not that they were ever in earnest, but that these exploits were reckoned hugely comical, furiously frolicsome, and so irresistibly entertaining, that, whatever happened, the parties were bound to look upon the whole proceeding as raillery and badinage. Over these practical jokes presided the ladies, (bless their tender hearts!) "whose bright

eyes rain influence and judge the prize" for every infliction, from a broken leg, a sliced cheek, or a luxated shoulder, to an adversary slain outright. It may be questioned whether our modern belles know half so much of carving, with all the assistance of the plates in Mrs. Rundle's Cookery-book.

Seated in a circle with their legs crossed, smoking their hookahs or drinking coffee, the caliphs and grandees of Arabia relieve the tedium of greatness by listening to professional story-tellers: a practice to which we owe the Thousand and One Nights, and the delightful tales of the inexhaustible Princess Scheherazadê. The Grand Signior and his Mufti recreate themselves by chewing opium and gazing upon the stimulating symmetry of dancing girls, until they have at the same time intoxicated both the senses and the imagination. Upon every state-day, levee, and drawing-room in some of the old Scandinavian courts, there was no amusement so much in vogue, and reckoned such established *bon ton*, as drinking wine out of the skulls of their enemies. Many of the sable sovereigns of Africa employ the same material in architecture, which, if the averments of travellers may be credited, forms capital pyramids, pillars, and obelisks, in front of which the whole court sometimes indulge in the royal game of leap-frog, not even excepting his woolly majesty himself. According to the authentic statements of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, a somewhat similar practice obtained at the court of Lilliput, where the courtiers who were to be rewarded by any peculiar mark of favour were accustomed to leap over or crawl under a stick, of which the Emperor sometimes held one end and the minister the other; and whoever performed the best was rewarded with a thread of blue, red, or green silk, which the successful candidates wore about their middle. A process so unmanly and a reward so contemptible will hardly gain credence among so rational a people as ourselves; but at the same time the relations of respectable travellers ought not to be discountenanced upon slight grounds. His Majesty of China, the lord of the celestial empire, monarch of the earth, brother to the sun, and uncle to the moon, (which destroys the mythological relationship between Apollo and Diana,) cousin-german to the stars, and protector of the firmament, can find no better sport than sitting under an umbrella of yellow silk, surrounded with banners of the dragon, phœnix, tyger, and flying tortoise, to be fanned by a handsome boy while he is sipping sherbet and playing cup and ball. The Great Mogul, according to Voltaire, indulges his courtiers by condescending to talk; and his faithful omras, whenever he utters any thing that possesses common sense, testify their loyalty by exclaiming Karamot! karamot!—A miracle! a miracle!

These are the pastimes of uncivilized courts or barbarous æras; but we are indebted to royal lassitude for more rational amusements. Cards were invented about the year 1390, to divert the melancholy of Charles VI. of France, the four classes of whose subjects were intended to be represented by the four suits. By the *cœurs* (hearts) were signified the *gens de chœur*, choir-men or ecclesiastics; the pike heads or ends of lances, which we ignorantly term spades, typified the nobles or military part of the nation; the *carreaux*, (square stones or tiles,) by us designated diamonds, figured the citizens and tradesmen; the trefoil, (our clubs,) alludes to the husbandmen and peasants; and the court

cards have all their appropriate significations. Upon what trivial chances do the happiness of whole classes and the employment of entire years sometimes depend! If a king of France had not been attacked with blue devils four hundred years ago, how would all the intermediate dowagers, and old maids, and nabobs, and hypochondriacs, and whist-players, have contrived to shuffle and cut away time? What must have become of Bath, and of the long winter evenings, from the days of ombre and piquet down to the present reign of short whist and écarté? The city must have been swallowed up in a mouth-quake of yawns, and the inhabitants have all perished of *ennui.* Chess is another recreation, or rather a study, which also owes its origin to courts, having been devised for one of the brothers to the sun and uncles to the moon of China, who could not be brought to understand any thing of political economy until these hieroglyphics were placed before him, and all the various estates of his empire, together with their attributes and privileges, were shadowed forth in the figures and powers of these wooden representatives. We have not availed ourselves of an expedient devised for one of the young French princes, who being too indolent or stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, with each a huge letter painted upon his stomach; and, as he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter whenever he had occasion for their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions. In private families this experiment might be somewhat too costly, but it is well worth the serious attention of Lancaster and Bell.

Unquestionably the most sprightly of all inventions which we owe to the dulness of courts is that of the professional jester or fool, than which nothing could have been more expressly and admirably adapted to its end. If not witty himself, he was at least the cause of wit in others—the butt at which the shafts of their ridicule were shot, and through whom they sometimes launched them at their neighbours. The jokes might be poor, quibbling, bald, bad; but the contest was at all events mental; not so sparkling, perhaps, as the fight between Congreve's intellectual gladiators, but still preferable to what it displaced, for a play upon words is more comical than a play upon the ribs; it is better to elicit bad puns from one another's sculls than to be drinking wine out of them; it is quite as facetious to smoke a quiz as a segar; a quibble *in* the head is as comical as a bump *upon* it; and cutting jokes, however common-place, is assuredly as sprightly as cutting cards, and as humorous as cutting capers. Besides, the court fool frequently availed himself of his offices for nobler purposes. He was a moralist in a motley coat, a fabulist in a cap and bells, a Pilpay or an Æsop, who, promulgating the boldest truths to the most arbitrary sovereign, by making his own mouth the medium of wisdom instead of that of animals, might avail himself of his reputed irrationality for conveying the most rational admonitions. Look at Shakspeare's fools; they are either wits in disguise or philosophers in masquerade: and we may be assured, that for the court pantomime, as well as for that at the theatre, the cleverest was generally chosen as clown; for it was necessary that he should be nimble in mind as well as person, that, like Mercury, he should have wings to his head as well as his heels. It must

have been a flattering unction to the wounded self-respect of the courtiers, and have reconciled them to the weight of royal superiority, to find that there was at least one man among them as good as the king, and that man a fool; that there was a professor of equality who could set his arms a-kimbo and wag his head with its cap and bells against that which wore a crown—who would familiarly offer his own to the hand which wielded a sceptre—flout the idol which they were constrained to worship, and irreverently jeer and jibber at the Lord's anointed. Whoever first established these chartered merry-andrews, we ought to wear his name in our heart's core, if it be only on Shakspeare's account. Strange that these omniloquent professors of Facetiæ should have left so few names upon the rolls of fame. Brutus was only an amateur fool, who assumed the character for a political object. We should have known nothing of Yorick, the Danish king's jester, had not the gravedigger in Hamlet knocked him about the mazzard with a spade. Killigrew was a sort of court jester to Charles the Second; but, not content with saying good things, he ventured upon publishing them; and as his pen was very inferior to his tongue, in which he afforded a contrast to Cowley, Sir John Denham took occasion to exclaim—

> "Had Cowley ne'er spoke—Killigrew ne'er writ,
> Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit."

Many others may be recorded to whose memorials I have no present means of access, and still more—"cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat"—must have exchanged the quips and quiddets of the laughing court for the silence of the narrow tomb, who, like the brave men before Agamemnon, are "omnes illachrymabiles" for want of a comic Homer. Like actors, they enjoy too much present to expect posthumous celebrity; they have their immortality in their lifetime.

Considering how few offices and sinecures are abolished now-a-days, one cannot help regretting that this should have been selected for extinction, and we are tempted to enquire

> "Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
> No jester in their courts admit?
> They're grown such stately solemn things
> To bear a joke they think not fit.—
> But though each court a jester lacks
> To laugh at monarchs to their face,
> All mankind do behind their backs
> Supply the honest jester's place."

Perhaps it may be urged that the laureate is retained to perform both functions, a surmise to which I should be happy to add the weight of my authority, but that I stand in awe of the retort fulminated against Ned:—

> "Yes, every poet is a fool,
> By demonstration Ned can show it;
> Happy, if Ned's inverted rule
> Prove every fool to be a poet."

Whatever may have been the motive, certain it is, that the professional jester was suppressed in France by Louis the Fourteenth, who at the same time, with equal bad taste, revived the cumbersome, puerile, costly and preposterous mummery of justs and tournaments in the court of the

Tuileries, of the gorgeous absurdity of which no one can form a perfect idea who has not seen the paintings of the whole raree-show preserved in the city library at Versailles. Every friend to the foolscap, whose bells were perpetually shaking out peals of laughter, must think the worse of the pompous pretender and fustian hero who banished it from his court. We may judge of the degree of familiarity allowed by this solemn personification of stiffness and etiquette, when it is recorded that Racine died of chagrin because the monarch took no notice of his profound bow as he marched through the room called the Bull's Eye at Versailles. I have stood under the ponderous gilding of that chamber, and, acknowledging with all humility my immeasurable inferiority to Racine, I have reflected with an honest pride that I needed not, even if I could hope to find, a patron more munificent than my bookseller; and that the only monarch whose power or smile could excite in me the smallest emotion was the "sovereign people."

"To content and fill the eye of the understanding, the best authors sprinkle their works with pleasing digressions, with which they recreate the minds of their readers." So says Dryden; and if it be admitted that what the best writers *do*, the worst may *attempt*, I may, perhaps, stand excused for having so long wandered from the "Last of the Fools." His title, however, would not allow me to take him first; and having ended every thing else, it is high time that I should begin to notice my subject. Be it known, then, to all admirers of the motley coat, that although the office and dignity of court fool were abolished by Louis Quatorze, his successor had the good sense to be fond of fools, and re-appointed an honorary jester, on whom he conferred at the same time a post and a pension. Louis the Fifteenth died in 1774; but in the warm and genial airs of summer, when the swallows are skimming along the ground, and the butterflies fluttering overhead, the "Last of the Fools," who has so often played his antics before the monarch when Versailles was in its glory, is still occasionally seen toddling along the sunny side of its streets, or tottering forth from one of the portals of the palace, as if he had stepped out of some grave of the last century, or walked down from the framework of some ancient picture. His whole appearance presents a singular compound of contradictions and anomalies. Old and decrepit as he is, he endeavours to preserve a youthful jerk in his short steps, to give the skirts of his coat a swing as if he still retained his elasticity of walk, and to crawl along with the jauntiness of his juvenile foolery. His carriage is not more inconsistent with his own age than his dress is with that of the world. He wears in public a complete court suit, the remains apparently of former splendour; his venerable white locks arranged in the antique stile by a coiffeur, a black silk bag behind, and his hat always in his hand or carried beneath his arm. With a bustling inanity in his motions, and a bantering or sheepish smile upon his features, he gazes at the passengers, makes them a most gracious bow, or salutes them with a grimace, as the humour strikes him, and then half hobbles and half flourishes away with a grave enjoyment of the stranger's utter amazement. Casual encounterers of this unique character, judging from the expression of his countenance and the buffoonery of his actions, might set him down for a natural simpleton; but this would be an egregious mistake; he is by no means deficient in un-

derstanding, only he has played the fool until he cannot be serious;—use has become nature to him, and he has run his first and second childhood all into one. His "gentle dullness ever loves a joke:" and much of his drollery, it must be confessed, savours of superannuation. Thus, when he is introduced to a new acquaintance, he will simper and smirk so as to display his two rows of false teeth in their whitest and most adolescent attitude; anon he turns his back, whips the whole *ratelier* out of his mouth, and comes mumbling and mowing in all the childishness of toothless senility. Sometimes he asks his friends to dinner, always taking care to add—"Mais vous prendrez le hasard du pot"—you must take *pot* luck; which he does not stipulate in the vain ostentation of Gripe,

> "Who asks to pot-luck and displays a grand treat,
> 'Tis to choke us with envy, not tempt us to eat:"

but that he may have a literal excuse for depositing upon the table certain porcelain vases, much more commonly seen in dormitories than in dining-rooms. From time to time he places a huge portfolio under his arm, totters into a stage-coach and betakes himself to the Stock Exchange at Paris, where so strange an apparition exclaiming "Spanish bonds! Spanish bonds!" soon brings all the bulls and bears to his side; with whom he discourses in a tone of infinite gravity touching Spanish, Neapolitan and French stock; attempts, of course, no transaction; and returns to his friends at Versailles exclaiming, "Eh bien! j'ai fait toutes mes affaires à la Bourse, et sans risque—c'est le seul moyen." After which, he rubs his hands with an air of infinite self-gratulation. That he should be an inveterate punster is one of the charters by which he held his office; and not even royal authority can tempt him to violate it. His quibbles are sometimes bad enough to be good; which is the less wonderful, as all his impromptus are profoundly studied. After cautiously laying the train of a pun, he makes a visit for the express purpose of its explosion, remains till he can signalize his departure by a second, and renews the same process when he is prepared with a third.

Other drolls and buffoons may easily exceed him in humour; but the preposterousness in this instance consists in the anachronism of the whole personage, in the official character of his folly, and the strange jumble of boyish and frolicsome levity with decrepitude and old age. To see a man with one foot in the grave cutting capers with the other, making a mockery of the world which he must so shortly quit, and jingling his bells when his fellow-ancients are counting their beads, may be supposed a melancholy spectacle; but there is so much *naiveté* and genuine benevolence in his aspect, apparently so sincere a conviction that he is labouring in his vocation, and cannot employ his residuum of life better than in contributing to the innocent amusement of others, that, far from having the heart to quote against him—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester!" one feels tempted to wish that the day may be still remote when the sculptor shall be called upon to execute his orders by inscribing upon his tombstone—"Here lies the last of the Fools!"

H.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.—NO. XI.

The Sorbonne.

"———————— la Sorbonne antique,
Séjour de noise, antre théologique,
Où la Dispute et la Confusion
Ont établi leur sacré domicile,
Et dont jamais n'approcha la Raison."—VOLTAIRE.

It was in search of a picture of David's, the same indeed that is now exhibiting in London, that I first visited the Place de la Sorbonne. I was directed thither to some deserted *atelier*, then full of the forbidden works of the celebrated artist; nor did an idea of the famed university and its decrees ever occur to me, till the front and portico of its chapel presented themselves as I entered the place. Contempt and indignation were the sentiments I should have expected to arise in my breast on beholding this chief court of bigotry; but, alas! even sticks and stones with a look of misery disarm resentment. The walls were dark with age and dirty with neglect; the door, stopped up with rubbish and filth, had most likely never been opened since the revolutionary gang had burst them open to destroy the beautiful mausoleum of Cardinal Richelieu within. And no object appeared to remind one that this was once the palace of sacred knowledge, save a few book-stalls laden with old expurgated editions of the classics, the *Eloges* of Thomas, and the Confessions of St. Augustin. The Sorbonne, however, it was; so, determined on seeing more of it, I wandered down a side-street, and at length gained admission to the court. It was an oblong square, grass-grown, surrounded by buildings as ruinous as the exterior: the upper part of it towards the chapel was much higher than the rest, elevated like a dais, and ascended by steps, owing perhaps to the declivity of the soil alone, or perhaps to some arrangement for distinguishing the grades and dignity of its ancient tenants. Theology itself in France had not fallen into more lamentable decay, than this its chosen temple, which, as far as I could learn, had been handed over to a committee of some one of the Fine Arts. Artists, however, unlike beavers, prefer ornamenting any place rather than their home. So it appeared, at least, with the Sorbonne;—it was the very palace of Decay, and might have furnished an allegorical poet, if such were read now-a-days, with a whole canto, invention-free.

How apt a scene, thought I, for a "dialogue of the dead." Here might Pascal and Voltaire meet and rejoice over the fall of their enemies—here might the Jansenist and the Deist pay a fit visit to modern times, and learn, to their great astonishment, that the very name of Jansenism was forgotten, and that Deism had become, to say the best of it, common-place. What would be their conversation in such a case, is a problem worthy of solution by a Fontenelle or Lord Littleton. But for me—I dare not "call these spirits from the vasty deep."

I hate encyclopædic learning, so shall not spend any time in ascertaining by whom or in what year the Sorbonne was instituted. In her bosom, no doubt, Abelard and the scholastic doctors wrangled: many a witch and heretic suffered at the stake by her order: it was under the pretext of one of her decrees that the English burned Joan of Arc; and, I believe, she shares with the most Holy Inquisition the guilt and

ridicule of having condemned Galileo, and of issuing an edict against *emetic* as unnatural—certes on no illogical grounds. But with all their claims, the Sorbonne would have inspired little interest, were it not connected with names of genius and literature—like Troy, it owes its fame to its enemies. Pascal is the first great name that draws it into notice. "From the *Provincial Letters* of Pascal," says Gibbon, "which almost every year I perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony." They are certainly a masterpiece of logic, and the dry wit with which they are seasoned is admirable. "The Sorbonne," say they, "prefer censuring to replying; and, doubtless, it is easier for them to find monks than reasons." Voltaire, who has insulted and acted unfairly by the memory of Pascal, in the mutilated edition which he gave of the "Pensées" accompanied with poor and impertinent notes, does justice to the merit of the "Provinciales." "The best comedies of Molière," says he, "have not more salt than the first letters, Bossuet nothing more sublime than the later ones." Pascal had the better of his adversaries in logic, but it is to be doubted if he had it in reason. The field of polemics is so dangerous and uncertain, that the first who advances and takes up a position is almost certain to come off worst in an encounter; and the sect that differs and protests from another, having had time to reconnoitre and observe all the weak points of its enemy, wields with a double advantage the weapons either of reason or of ridicule. The great difficulty of supporting any creed, and the great care with which the negation of other creeds is supported, were never more evident than in this quarrel. The Jansenists believed in predestination; the Molinists, the Jesuits, and the Sorbonne did not—but the latter, not contented with disbelieving, pretended to explain the exact way in which Providence influenced man and did not influence him; and they invented for this purpose their *grace suffisante, grace efficace et congruente*. They thus gave but handles to ridicule—they made the advance and were beaten, ignorant, as they were, of that great principle of polemical tactics, laid down in irony by Pascal himself, "Que les plus habiles d'entre eux sont ceux qui intriguent beaucoup, qui parlent peu, et qui n'écrivent point."

It is curious how liberality and bigotry, like other moral contraries, change places in the world's opinion. To plead the divine right of kings now would be monstrous; there was a time when such an argument was truly liberal, and advanced in the cause of independence. In 1614, it was pleaded by the *tiers état*, the commons in France, that the king held his crown from God alone (it was immediately after the assassination of Henry IV.); and the clergy opposed the maxim as too popular, too republican, and as subversive of the state. In the same manner we abhor the Jesuits; the very name is a bugbear to our ears; while of old they were certainly the most liberal of religious sects. Look at their conduct in South America and China; they seem the only Christians of that age, in whom religion had not extinguished common sense. Even in their quarrels with Jansenism, it was that turbulent sect of fanatics which was intolerant, not the Jesuits; and if the Provincial Letters triumph over the latter, and overwhelm them with ridicule, it is simply because the good fathers and the Sorbonne sought to give peace to the church by the convenient method of accepting one term of the confession of faith by five or six different sig-

nifications. Such is religious controversy, that all the persecution of Louis XIV. and his Confessor but propagated Jansenism, while the Regent laughed at them, and they were never heard of more.

The learned body of the Sorbonne soon found more dangerous adversaries in the wits and philosophers of the eighteenth century. There is scarcely a work of one of their pens, which it has not condemned. The mode of puffing a book now is very well understood. The mode then was to mingle in it a considerable portion of impiety; the Sorbonne took it into consideration, and ordered it to be burned by the hangman. Three months' continual advertisement in the Times, with an article in each periodical, could not attract so much attention to a volume. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, &c. all advertised their works through the means of the Sorbonne and the Parliament. To the first of these wits, in particular, the learned body formed a source of everlasting fun. "Since the invention of printing," say Voltaire's Kehl editors, "the faculty of Paris have arrogated to themselves the right of uttering their opinion in bad Latin on every book that displeases them." Once in the case of the "Emile," I believe, they thought proper to extend this privilege, by translating their condemnation from bad Latin into worse French. When the "Belisaire" was published (in 1767), the learned doctors were shocked to find, that any author dared to think, far less print as an opinion, that all the heroes and sages of antiquity were not damned. The Sorbonne, in consequence, thundered censures in barbarous Latin and blundering French, and by so doing supplied the wags with fun and epigram for a month. Voltaire wrote on this occasion his "Trois Empereurs en Sorbonne." These three Emperors are

"——————Trajan, Titus, et Marc Aurele,
Quittant le beau séjour de la gloire immortelle,
Pour venir en secret s'amuser dans Paris.
Quelque bien qu'on puisse être, on veut changer de place;
C'est pourquoi les Anglais sortent de leur pays.
L'esprit est inquiet, et de tout il se lasse;
Souvent un bienheureux s'ennuie en paradis."

The Emperors are shown all the *lions* of Paris, are presented and conducted every where.

"Ils voulurent enfin tout voir et tout connaître;
Les boulevards, la foire, et l'opéra bouffon,
L'école où Loyola corrompit la raison,
Les quatre facultés, et jusqu'à la Sorbonne.
  Ils entrent dans l'étable où les docteurs fourrés
Ruminaient Saint Thomas, et prenaient leurs degrès.
Au séjour de l'*ergo*, Ribaudier en personne
Estropiait alors un discours en latin.
Quel latin, juste ciel! les héros de l'empire
Se mordaient les cinq doigts pour s'empêcher de rire."

The old Romans find no favour among the theologians, and are astonished to find themselves damned and condemned to all eternity. After some witty expostulation they make their retreat, while their guides excuse themselves by having mistaken the mansion,

"Nous pensions en effet vous mener en Sorbonne;
Et l'on vous a conduit aux Petites-maisons."

But French philosophy is not indebted to the Sorbonne for its fame-bestowing censures alone: as an university it produced Turgot and

Morellet. There are few books more delightful to the man of letters than retrospective glances and recollections of school and college: even the simple account by Marmontel of his country college, where his maintenance and education cost his parents the serious sum of four or five louis a-year, is interesting. The account of the Sorbonne, in the commencement of Morellet's Memoirs, threw for me an interest over those ruins, which more than out-balanced all odious association with its bigot decrees. The Abbé's description of the life he led there, his connexions with Turgot and the Briennes, recall those happy times of one's own life, when study was a business, forming the serious subject of thought and topic of conversation—when the world of philosophy and literature was fresh before us, our only world in view—before we had learned its petty history, and tasted of its passions—before we had fathomed its shallow waters, and found its depths but in sophism and invective.

Had the ignorant wretches of the Revolution known even of the name of Turgot as connected with the Sorbonne, they would have respected it as little as that of Richelieu. Indeed they were not guided so much by indignation against any name, as by the mere itch to destroy.

> " So full of valour, that they smote the air
> For breathing in their faces."

The year 1820 was, I believe, the æra of my first visit to the Sorbonne, and of my consequent meditations. A year or two rolled over the pilgrim's head in other climes and peregrinations, and the beginning of 1823 found him once more in Paris, and in company with his literary friends. They spoke of Villemain, of his genius, and of his eloquence as a lecturer, and I determined to hear him. It was in the Sorbonne he gave his course, and I arrived there an hour before the time in order to procure admittance—and lo! the Sorbonne was gay, spruce, and in full repair: green was no longer the livery of its court-yard, nor sooty gloom that of its walls; and a neat and elegant hall lately fitted up, was crammed even to suffocation with all the young students in Paris that could gain admission. Villemain was all the rage, and here were united at his audience the various characters of the metropolis—the unkemped, spectacled head of the student of the Pays Latin—the young, Anglicified Exquisite of the Chaussée d'Antin—the Englishman himself, with his blank gravity of countenance, standing and perspiring in the crowd, for the sake of the '*have to say*,' and the German with his unmistakeable square countenance. At the foot of the lecturer's seat were chairs for the most distinguished auditors. It was just after the disturbances among the students, the dissolution of the School of Medicine, and the *destitution* of all the liberal professors. Expressions of censure or applause were strictly forbidden. In spite of this, the entrance of General Foy excited a considerable tumult, and the cheers of his admirers could not be kept down. Soon after, the Duc de Montmorency made his appearance—he had lately read a recantation of the liberal opinions he had professed at the beginning of the Revolution—and the Duke was saluted by a general *hem*, and laugh, that disconcerted him much more than any hissing could have done.

Villemain at length made his appearance—an insignificant, mean-looking personage, with his head thrown back. He was the image of Curran, and his eye was as piercing and as full of genius as that of the

Irish orator. He mingled his *sorbet*, flung himself back, held forth a very nervous hand, and began. His lecture was professedly on Eloquence; on which theme, apropos to every thing and nothing at all, he discussed any topic, and digressed as abruptly as Sterne. He began with Plutarch, and spoke so eloquently and ignorantly of that learned Theban as to convince me that he was not much farther acquainted with the great biographer than the *naive* translation of Amyot could supply him. He called Plutarch eloquent, and he called Lucian eloquent, so that, if he had not very erroneous ideas, he at least made use of a very strange vocabulary. Notwithstanding these blunders, acute and epigrammatic talent shone in every thing he said; and he was evidently one of that numerous class of *littérateurs*, who do not care much what they say, provided they make a *point*. He has given frequent instances of this since, and although he is almost the only professor allowed to possess his chair by the government, still his secret principles, or the generous tendency natural to genius, lead him frequently in moments of warmth into downright liberalism. His actions, however, are as conformable as can be wished; he voted for the admission of Freyssinous to the academy—the great test of an academician's ultraism; and would, I dare say, do the same to-morrow for any archbishop—he of Lyons always excepted.

To continue an account of his lecture, a comparison between Lucian and Voltaire was excellent. From Lucian he went to Justin, Tertullian, and the early fathers, and here his vocabulary came certainly to have sense, for then there is eloquence. As Villemain extemporizes, he often digresses; and though occupied with antiquity, he is very fond of slipping from the classic stilts into the disputes of modern times. *Apropos des bottes*, he continues to discuss in almost every lecture the merits and demerits of the classic and romantic school. And it is not at all extraordinary to hear him argue to-day in a tone diametrically opposite to his arguments of yesterday.

Villemain has published a Life of Cromwell, praised by the Quarterly Review, and not admired in France. He has also lately published a volume of Melanges, containing Eloges, otherwise Essays, on Montaigne, Montesquieu, and others, all finely written, and far more worthy of notice than many a foreign volume reviewed in England. He will yet, I have no doubt, establish a reputation superior to any literary character of the present day in France.

Such is the only name and personage that now supports the reputation of the Sorbonne, and who resembles the fervid and fickle genius of profane learning, pushing from her stool the superannuated deity of scholastic divinity, and forcing the old walls of the Sorbonne to echo in praise the names it most abhorred. Who knows, however, but that under the fostering influence of the Bourbon princes, the old goddess may revive:—"ça viendra, ça viendra," as the popular and prophetic chanson says!

LONDON LYRICS.

Poor Robin's Prophecy.

When girls prefer old lovers,
When merchants scoff at gain,
When Thurtell's skull discovers
What pass'd in Thurtell's brain:
When farms contain no growlers,
No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
When loan-contractors sleep,
When Chancery-pleadings canter,
And common-law ones creep:
When topers swear that claret 's
The vilest drink of all;
Then, housemaids, quit your garrets,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller,
When dandies shew no shape,
When fiddlers' heads are fuller
Than that whereon they scrape:
When doers turn to talkers,
And Quakers love a ball;
Then hurry home, street-walkers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
Won't broach a whisky flask,
When comedy at Drury
Again shall lift her mask:
When peerless Kitty utters
Her airs in tuneless squall,
Then, cats, desert your gutters,
For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
And manager and actor
Lie down like kid and lamb;
When bard with bard embraces,
And critics cease to maul,
Then, travellers, mend your paces,
For sure the sky will fall.

When men, who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day:"
When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

THE CROWN OF VICTORY.

A Tale from La Motte Fouqué.

The celebrated sculptor and goldsmith of Tuscany, master Benvenuto Cellini, was on a fine summer's evening returning from Fontainebleau, where he had presented to King Francis the First several plans for the embellishment of that palace. He looked vexed and angry, as was his wont when he met with obstacles either in his way of life or in his art; and how rarely are these spared even to the favourites of fortune! But such was not Master Benvenuto's mode of reasoning. He was determined to have his own way though he should fight for it. His anger increased as he approached the metropolis, and felt the influence of the close city air; stopping short, he turned the head of his richly caparisoned mule across a meadow, grumbling all the while. "If I had but my beautiful drawings and designs safely out of this infernal city, and my two brave Italian companions by my side, never should King Francis or his metropolis see me more. I should immediately ride on towards my lordly Florence, where I left the most sublime works of art unfinished; works which the brutes in this country know not how to value. Even King Francis——"

Here he stopped, looking round him almost shy, as if he thought the king could have heard him. Soon however he began again: "Yet, one can not help respecting him after all; and it is worth the journey and all the vexation I have had, to know how one feels in the presence of such a mighty warlike king! What a pity he is not as handsome as he is great!"

Following this train of thought, he rode on slowly but more cheerfully, without noticing his road or thinking of its end; his bold and manly features assumed a more placid expression, and before his mind's eye there rose the form of a royal hero, as commanding and handsome in body as powerful in mind. His mule had in the mean time, without direction, taken a narrow little-frequented path, which led through gardens and inclosed fields to a single cottage.

Of a sudden Master Benvenuto was roused from his reverie by a shrill voice calling his name; the trampling of a horse was heard at the same time. With the speed of lightning he had his long double-edged poniard in his right, a well-loaded pistol in his left hand, and thus, springing nimbly from his mule and placing himself behind it as behind a wall, he called out through the increasing darkness of the evening: "Though you be one or ten or twenty, come on, ye robbers and murderers! come on! You shall soon see that you have to do not only with a clever artist but with a brave undaunted soldier, who has already laid low more than a hundred of your description never to rise again! Come on, ye rascals, I say!"

The new comer stopt his little spirited animal, and said laughing: "Mon dieu et mon père! What noise to no purpose! Don't you know me, Maitre Cellini?"—"What! is it you, Doctor?" said Benvenuto angrily; "how come you to overpower an honest man with your stormy vociferations? You may be a clever physician, but it seems you know but little how to behave when travelling, and that might in this instance have cost you your life, and occasioned me much grief and inconvenience hereafter?"

"Infiniment obligé," said the Frenchman with a polite bow, and then continued as before in his broken Italian, "You talk of travelling: is it a journey from town to this little cottage?" "Travelling is travelling," said Benvenuto very seriously, again mounting his mule, "and indeed your journey might have easily brought you into the next world!"

"I live, however," said Doctor Petitpré lightly; and then asked whether he should have the pleasure and honour of Master Cellini's company in a visit he had to pay to his sick countryman the painter Luigi. "Is Luigi ill?" cried Benvenuto, much concerned; and the Doctor expressed his sorrow at being obliged to answer in the affirmative. Nor was the complaint trifling; and he had advised his patient to exchange the close city air for the purer atmosphere of this farm. "I am afraid," he added, "his complaint is more in the mind than in the body! His heart may be affected!"

"Nonsense," cried Benvenuto, angrily. "Your wretched Paris air has caused it! Thus far you are right; but this farm won't cure him. All your French air is fit to poison or stifle any honest soul! I am only astonished that your very dogs don't drop dead like those that are sent into the mephitic grotto near Naples!"

"Sir," cried the Frenchman in a great passion, "you are completely in the wrong. France enjoys the very best climate, and its air is the most salubrious that can be."

But the equally angry Italian interrupted this patriotic speech, saying: "And what do you talk of a sick heart? I tell you, the heart of my friend Luigi is more sound than your's. Have not I seen him at Milan perform the most wonderful games and exercises, with a degree of agility and strength, as if not only the youthful Dioscuris, but cheerful Mercury, the messenger of the gods himself, had descended to this earth and adopted his frame? How will you now persuade me that his heart is not sound? It is this diabolical air alone that kills him, and that you must counteract, that alone! And, Sir," he added, doffing his cap with unfeigned respect, "a physician like you, one of the most experienced and learned I ever knew, must be sucessful even in this wondrous struggle against the nature of the country."

"Infiniment obligé, Maitre Cellini. I also consider you as the first sculptor that ever lived," replied the Frenchman, likewise doffing his bonnet and bowing deeply. He added, perfectly recovered from all his former anger, "I hope to give you a proof in your friend's case that your favourable opinion of me has not deceived you."

At this moment the riders halted before the little farmhouse. The physician took care to provide well for the mule and his own horse, and then ascended with noiseless steps, accompanied by Benvenuto, the stairs which led to the apartment of the sick painter. Cellini had observed from the yard the light of the window, which shone bright and fair through the leaves of the trees before it, and as he followed the doctor he began to hum the words of an Italian sonnet, "Alla dolce ombra de le belle frondi."

But the physician suddenly interrupted him, whispering into his ear with violent gesticulations: "Point de poesie maintenant, Maitre Cellini! surtout point de poesie lyrique! Poetry is at present poison for your friend," he continued, "and though he reads and writes poetry

all day long, which I have no means to prevent, yet you must not begin too."

"Well, well," answered Benvenuto, "you are the master in these things; I obey blindly." The physician shook his hand, and they entered the room of the painter Luigi.

The pale youth, paler in the clear light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, sat beside a large table of books and papers, reading a paper which he seemed to have but just then written. A melancholy smile played on his handsome face, and he scarcely noticed the opening of the door. But when Benvenuto called out, "By all the saints! that is my Luigi! and yet it is not himself either!" the youth arose in joyful surprise, and hastened to throw himself into his friend's arms. In making this attempt he would have fallen to the ground from weakness, had not Cellini's strong arms caught and supported him. Affected at seeing his friend in this state, Benvenuto turned round to the physician, who shook his head full of melancholy meaning, so that the Italian cried out with a voice unusually soft: "By heaven! nothing is more foolish than thus to fall sick in the very prime of youth! Coulds't thou not resist a little better the thick air of this vile Paris, Luigi? And has the divine spark of genius been given thee to no better purpose, than to be extinguished by the first breath of this foul atmosphere? For shame, my lad; the eagle is not made to creep on the ground catching mice!"

"Catching mice!" repeated Luigi, smiling, "not that exactly. He despises the lowly booty; but even the eagle may be pinioned to the ground, his wings broken, he soars no longer, and yet he may not die."

Benvenuto started back. "Boy," said he, "think not of such frightful similes. Come, quick now; show me your workshop. I have been so completely overwhelmed by all the noble works of art which the French king has laid on my shoulders, as if I were one of the heaven-storming giants, that I have never been, since thy arrival in this hateful city, to see thee in thy workshop. But now show me thy latest paintings and the newest designs and sketches."

But the youth, slowly shaking his head with its long glossy curls, said with a painful smile, "Workshop!—paintings!—sketches!—I can paint no longer!"

Benvenuto at this rose, with indignation in his mien, exclaiming—"And thou still livest deprived of the heavenly gift! thou, who hadst already reached such perfection, who didst live only in the smiles of genius, and hadst no joy but in thy noble art! and yet thou livest deprived of this heavenly gift!"

"Not much longer, I think," said Luigi, softly; but the angry Benvenuto, regardless of the gentle tone, continued in his loud manner—"And if thou art no longer a painter, wherefore come into this country at the call of its monarch? Shall the Italian name become a mockery among these hyperborean barbarians, because thou sittest in vain before the canvass and no heavenly forms are created by thy hands? Woe to thee! What hast thou done? Or is it only in this infernal city that thy art has forsaken thee? Then will I depart from hence immediately with my companions, escaping, in God's name, from the influence of

this soul-destroying air, and hasten with all possible speed to our blooming, sunny, inspiring native Italy! Thee will I take with me, Luigi; and believe me, under the genial influence of our Italian air, thy highly-gifted soul will again teem with most noble works of art!"

But Luigi shook his head with an expression of such violent pain in his countenance, that even Benvenuto observed it, and stopped short in the midst of his powerful eloquence.

"Never shall I see Italy more!" said Luigi; "there, even there, I lost the art of painting; but I would not believe that it had forsaken me for ever, and, therefore, accepted the king's gracious offer to repair hither, hoping that, in a foreign land, the broken wings of genius might again be healed. My mind, Benvenuto! is not yet annihilated, its soaring not wholly stopped; I feel it when I read the works of our immortal poets, or when I feel myself inspired, and try to fix my thoughts in words. But colours, or even drawing,——" he stopped and seemed to shudder as the idea occurred to him—"no, no! never can I paint again!"

"But tell me, in the name of Heaven——." Benvenuto was not permitted to finish his violent apostrophe; for the sound of coach wheels was heard, and Doctor Petitpré exclaimed with astonishment in his broken Italian—"Parbleu! you have visitors who come in coaches! You are a fortunate man!"

In those times a coach was a very rare luxury, only used by people of the highest rank, so that even Benvenuto asked with wonder—"Are these royal beauties, thou unfortunate yet happy man, who come to see thee here in thy retirement?"

And Luigi replied, smiling—"My visitors are not of such high rank as you suppose, my kind friend. It is, indeed, a lady who is coming, but neither a beauty nor a princess, only the old lady Isabel, the housekeeper of the Marquise de Comminges, whom her mistress sends here twice every week, out of noble compassion, to inquire after my health, and to bring me refreshments."

"How!" cried the delighted physician—"you are under the protection of Madame la Marquise de Comminges, the most noble and most beautiful lady at Court. Then you are safe indeed. You can want nothing!"

Benvenuto, enraged at this notion and at the Doctor's bad Italian, repeated after him—"Want nothing! want nothing, indeed! Can your Madame become his muse, to reawaken in him the lovely genius he has lost? Can she heal his broken spirit; for, whatever my friend may say, when art is lost, life is worthless? And you can talk of wanting nothing! How beastly!"

"Beastly," repeated the Doctor, almost choking at the word, and grasping the silver handle of his sword.

But Benvenuto's double-edged poniard instantly glittered high in the air, and the grim sculptor cried—"Draw out that thing one inch farther, and this noble weapon shall lay thee dead at my feet!"

"Gentlemen do not fight in that manner," said the Doctor, withdrawing his hand from the sword-hilt: "besides, there is a sick man in the room, and a lady on the stairs; I have been too hasty. This is no time, Mr. Cellini, to talk of such things;—afterwards, if you please."

Benvenuto had no time to answer, for a richly dressed servant of the

Marquise opened the door to announce lady Isabel, who came by the order of her mistress.

Luigi immediately uttered his grateful thanks for the honour done him; and the lady Isabel, a singular figure, stepped, or rather tottered into the room, dressed like a widowed matron, bent forward over a highly ornamented crutch-stick, her face hidden under a large cap with a veil, through which only a number of grizzled locks, arranged high on the forehead in the fashion of the times, were visible. She stopped before the patient, who made an attempt to rise to receive her; but she said in a low voice, almost smothered by a short cough—"I request, Sir, that you won't rise, and destroy, by an ill-timed politeness, the good intention of my mistress." The old servant, grey-haired like the lady, had in the mean time placed a large basket, filled with choice fruit, old wine, and other rare refections, on the table; and now at a sign from the lady Isabel, disappeared with a low bow. The latter then said, restraining her cough as in duty bound—"In order that these strange gentlemen may not impute improper motives to my mistress, on account of her compassion for this young painter's sufferings, I must beg leave to inform them that Madame la Marquise never saw him in her life; Master Luigi himself will be able to give you his word of honour that he never enjoyed the sight of my beauteous lady."

On Luigi's assenting to this, Doctor Petitpré sighed and said—"Alas, my friend, how much then have you lost! I would not give the honour and pleasure of having seen with these my own eyes Madame la Marquise de Comminges—no, not for all the days I have yet to live."

The lady Isabel made an effort to rise from her seat to thank the Doctor with an elegant curtsey for his compliment to her mistress; and the Doctor returned her politeness with a very low and graceful bow.

Luigi, though now sick and melancholy, had once a cheerful heart, and could hardly refrain from laughing loudly at this scene; and Benvenuto bit his lips, and made such singular grimaces to hide the same inclination, that the two objects of their merriment must have become aware of it, had not the physician remained unusually long in the humble position he assumed on making his bow, and risen but slowly and gradually, and had not the lady Isabel, on sitting down again, been seized with a violent fit of coughing, which noise drowned Luigi's laugh.

The lady after this finished her explanation, saying—"My mistress has seen several beautiful pictures which this noble artist finished before he left Italy; she has likewise heard so much to his praise from a learned countryman of his, that she not only deigns to relieve his sufferings as far as lies in her power, but even sends me, her trusty servant, whom age and long-withered charms screen from slander, repeatedly to inquire in person after, and bring her news of this noble artist's health."

Doctor Petitpré needed all his politeness and good breeding to refrain from interrupting the lady Isabel, so much was he delighted with his own cleverness by means of which he so easily comprehended all the circumstances and relations of this affair. At length he began with these words—"Yes, yes! it is the celebrated advocate who brought the pictures from Italy, who has spoken so favourably of Master Luigi here—is it not? It is Master Giovanni Sansone, is it not?"

The lady Isabel seemed extremely ill pleased with the Doctor's speech; rising as quickly as her infirmity would permit, and giving Luigi a kind nod, she walked towards the door. The physician, not the least aware of her displeasure, insisted on seeing her down stairs to her carriage, and would not be denied; but talked, and complimented her all the while.

Hardly had these two left the room, when Benvenuto stepped up to his friend, and said with anxious hurry—"Luigi, when that gossiping doctor named Giovanni Sansone, you grew pale as death. Does any danger threaten thee from that man's arriving? Tell me quickly, and I shall know, like a clever sportsman, who draws the attack of a furious boar from the weak or defenceless upon himself, to step between my friend and the danger which threatens him! Say, what is between thee and Sansone!"

Luigi replied with a gentle smile—"Master Giovanni means me no harm!"

"Tell me, then, and speak before that old gossip of a doctor returns, what is it that affected thee so powerfully?"

"That is too long a story, my Benvenuto, to be told in so short a time; when next I see thee, thou shalt know it."

"No, no; tell me now. While that old pantaloon Petitpré is conducting his columbine down stairs into her coach, you might give me a relation of the siege of Troy; but you have already lost so much time, make a better use of the rest."

"Indeed, my Benvenuto," said Luigi, "I may tell thee all in a few words. It is nothing, but that at Milan I saw the wife of Master Sansone, the angelic Laura Sansone, and she stole my heart. I lived sometime guiltless and happy in her smiles. She was the sun of my life; and at last I was permitted to paint her portrait. But whoever represented the sun unpunished? It is true I saw with delight the increasing success of my work; but the delusion of my senses also increased. One day, when, sitting before the canvass, I expected the arrival of my heavenly ideal, overcome with love, I sunk upon my knees before the picture, and breathed a kiss upon the lovely lips! But Madonna Laura had in the mean time entered unperceived by me, and said with severe anger, "Arise, and leave the picture with me, unfinished as it is. You shall never see me more! You have degraded your art by idolatry, and violated the respect you owe to me by offensive folly!" She turned from me, and I left her; since that time I have never been able to paint, or even to look at a picture. That is all I have to say."

"And he tells all this, as if it were a mere trifle," cried the enthusiastic Benvenuto. "My Luigi, that any part of my life or art has ever been worthy of notice, I owe to the gracious looks which Madonna Porcia Chigi, full of purity and sweetness, gave me, when I was only a student and mere beginner. In the history of my life I have given an account of it, both for our contemporaries and for posterity. But, alas! if Madonna Porcia had so turned away from me, then there would have existed no Benvenuto Cellini; at least, it would not have been worth while to write or read his history. How must thou, my poor Luigi ——"

Here Doctor Petitpré entered in a great hurry, and drawing Benvenuto towards the window, he said—"The lady Isabel has departed, the

patient must go to rest. Come now, then, and give me satisfaction with your sword."

"Very readily," said the sculptor aloud; "go first with me to Paris, for here I have only my dagger and pistol."—"Most unwillingly should I return to Paris, that first of all cities in the world, without knowing my honour perfectly free from spot or blemish; and as my patient has heard of our dispute, though I meant he should not, he will perhaps be kind enough to lend the fine sword from yonder corner to his friend Maitre Cellini."—"Doctor," replied Benvenuto seriously, "bating your gossiping and your ignorance about travelling, you show yourself a sensible honourable man, useful both to others and yourself. Indeed, Luigi, as this affair cannot be amicably settled, you must lend me your sword; I mean to do something formidable."—"Or perhaps undergo something formidable," interrupted the Doctor, "for our affair is not yet decided. Here I am ready for you."

But the sick Luigi arose in haste, stopped them at the door, and said with a melancholy smile, "Doctor, wilt thou slay my friend? or, friend, wilt thou slay my doctor? You are a pair of strange people!"

Benvenuto looked feelingly at the pale face of his friend, and Doctor Petitpré exclaimed with admiration, "Ah, parbleu! that is an excellent bon mot! That would do honour to a Frenchman! I would most willingly satisfy the wish of such an amiable clever young gentleman, but my honour won't permit it. I must have satisfaction."—"Well, Doctor," asked Benvenuto kindly, "what horrible offence have I been guilty of?"—"You called my words beastly."—"Well, well, that does not mean much in my mouth. Beast, beastly; such words, my good Doctor, come as readily from my tongue as a cough from a sick man! I apply such words sometimes even to the highest and most esteemed of my friends and patrons!"—"That is the most singular custom I ever heard of," cried the Frenchman, laughing, though astonished; and then added, "So you meant to say to me, 'permit me to observe, sir, that in this instance I am not entirely of your opinion.' Did you mean that?"—"Yes, indeed, friend Petitpré, I meant nothing worse."—"Let us be friends then," said the Doctor with great solemnity, and shook hands with the sculptor. They then bade Luigi good night, and left him to return to Paris together.

As they rode on slowly in the darkness, Benvenuto endeavoured to learn from the doctor something more about Sansone and his fair lady. But the doctor, to his own sincere regret, could tell him little or nothing. He had heard that the lawyer had been invited to Paris by the Marquise on account of a lawsuit which involved nearly the whole property of the noble family of the Comminges: that this lawsuit had, in consequence of Sansone's skill, been decided in favour of the family, and that he lived since that time in the house of the Marquise, honoured and feasted like a conqueror; and that he had been prevailed upon, by her entreaties, to remain a few weeks longer in Paris to repose on his laurels.

In Benvenuto's mind there arose a hope that the beauteous Laura might have accompanied her lord to Paris; and that a few gentle forgiving words from her lips might restore health and vigour to the youthful artist. He hinted at this hope in his conversation with the physician; but from his evasive answers and mournful looks, and at

length from the manner in which he expressed himself as to what he had observed to-day, Cellini became convinced that his young friend stood at the brink of the grave. This of course put a stop to his hopes, and suppressing his feelings, he requested that the physician would give him timely notice, if Luigi's last moments should perhaps come earlier than was expected. This Petitpré promised faithfully, and they parted.

A few days after this, on a beautiful sunny morning, Benvenuto was sitting in his workshop, busily employed in sketching a design he had just conceived, of which, as is sometimes the case with artists, he hardly knew the application. Yet the idea appeared to him interesting and lovely, and his pencil had soon fixed it on paper. A youth, to all appearance a Greek, as we see them on antique works of art as they ran or wrestled for the public prizes, was sinking down exhausted in the course, while a beautiful female figure, of whom Cellini himself did not know whether she was a Muse or one of the ladies who crowned the victors, touched his flowing locks with a wreath of palm.

The design was finished, and the artist whispered to himself, "What I shall do with it, God will show me some time or other!" when a loud and repeated knocking was heard at the gate. Benvenuto, always inclined to think of wild and extraordinary things, imagined he saw his enemies attack the gates of his castle; he immediately put on a coat of mail of the finest steel, buckled his long poniard round his waist, and seizing a partizan of monstrous size, hurried into the court, calling out to his workmen with a voice of thunder: "Open the gates and retire behind them. Though twenty enemies should stand outside, I am ready to meet them." He stood in an attitude of defiance, the gates were thrown open at his command, but nobody was seen outside in the street but Doctor Petitpré on his little horse, who cried angrily at sight of the warlike sculptor, "What the devil do you let me wait here for? And how comes it that your head is full of nothing but murder?"

Cellini answered in great wrath, "Do not ask that of me, but of the people in this fearful city, who surround this my castle daily and nightly with all sorts of persecutions; partly from envy at my immortal works of art, and partly because they intend to murder every Italian by the most abominable practices."

"Well," interrupted the Physician, "you may act the Orlando Furioso when there is more time for such fooleries. Do not you see that my horse is covered with foam? I have yet to order some medicines at the apothecary's, and to give information to Madame la Marquise, to whom I also gave my word! Your friend is very very ill: make haste if you wish to see him once more here below!" He spurred his horse, and was gone.

Cellini stood a few moments as if thunderstruck; then turned round in great haste, called half commanding, half intreating for his mule, threw his formidable weapon on the pavement, ran to the stables, and kicking with hands and feet at every one who came to help him, saddled and bridled his mule; without taking off his coat of mail, he mounted, and on the sheath of the poniard dropping from his baldrick, he seized the glittering weapon without the sheath, and rode in such fury through the streets of Paris, that every body who saw him thought he had just committed or was hurrying to commit a murder. The

watch at the barrier endeavoured to detain him, but he galloped through like a madman, calling out, "Detain me not, I go to comfort a dying friend." The French soldiers laughed aloud at the sight of this gentle comforter, but he swore at them and hurried on.

The sick Luigi sat at the open window of the farmhouse, and enjoyed the enlivening sunbeams; but they dazzled his weak eyes so that he did not perceive Benvenuto till he stopped before the house, jumped from his mule, and hurried upstairs. Astonished at his furious appearance and drawn dagger, he said to him as he opened the door, "How unfortunate, my Benvenuto, that I should be so very weak to-day. You are going most likely to defend yourself or to attack some powerful enemy. And I am not able to share your peril and your victory. What else can your hurry and your warlike dress mean? Perhaps I may yet have strength sufficient to prove that my courage has not altogether departed from my expiring frame."

"It is nothing, nothing but another beastly trick of that Doctor Petitpré!" said Benvenuto highly delighted: "he sends me here on a fool's errand, as if it were the first of April! And yet I am quite pleased with him for sending me hither to see with my own eyes that all is well!"

"Did he, then, tell thee that some enemies had attacked me, or why camest thou with thy weapons?"—"No, no, I took my arms for another reason, and forgot to put them away again. But he told me you were dying."—"Indeed!" said Luigi gently, and bent his eyes to the ground. But soon a smile, more kind and heavenly than before, played on his handsome face, which shone with a brighter colour than when Benvenuto saw him last. He folded his hands and kept silent a few minutes, then looking up to his friend, he said—"When we look back on our past life, how odd it appears that the most cheerful and the most solemn moments should be mingled together in our memory. I felt just now as if the fair Laura Sansope were quite near me, and as if I heard her playful laugh; for she would have laughed, had she witnessed thy coming to visit the sick in arms and in a coat of mail. Oh! she laughed so lovely—spite of her noble and high demeanour! And she could command all the powers of mimicry and disguise which belong to our countrywomen, whenever she wanted to play a frolicsome cheerful trick! How often has she stood in the midst of our social circle without our knowing her! She even deceived my sympathetic perception by the most extraordinary disguises! the lovely fairy!" He then told his friend several anecdotes of this the blooming time of his life, till he talked himself to sleep like an innocent playful babe!

Motionless, like a strong man guarding against the approaching of some mighty enemy, sat the armed Benvenuto close to his sleeping friend, holding his glittering dagger in his hand, and contemplating with many thoughts the various shapes with which his own face was reflected from the uneven surface of the shining blade. He there saw the source of many of the grotesque conceptions of the ancient sculptors. He was, however, soon brought back from the ancient to the modern world by a coach rolling up to the farmhouse. Highly enraged at the thought of his Luigi being disturbed in his refreshing slumber, he stepped to the window, and saw Doctor Petitpré assisting

the lady Isabel out of the coach. Benvenuto tried to make them understand, by many angry signs, that Luigi was asleep, that they must not disturb him, and had better stay where they were. They took little notice of him, but came upstairs, with noiseless steps, towards the room-door, which Benvenuto opened with anxious care to make as little noise as possible. The lady Isabel walked up to Luigi's arm-chair without noticing Benvenuto, who said to the Doctor very angrily —"Who the deuce bade you bring that old woman here?"—"Old woman," whispered Petitpré, quite shocked at this ungallant expression; "remember, Mr. Cellini, the respect you and we all owe to the ladies." This timely reproof checked Benvenuto's wrath, and he soon forgot every thing but his sick friend; for the lady Isabel turned suddenly to the physician, and asked with a trembling voice—"Oh, God! he will awaken once more, I hope?"—"Yes," replied the physician, "but for an hour at most, and then all will be over with him!" The lady Isabel wept under her veil; but as it was impossible for Benvenuto to vent his grief in gentle accents, he left the room and hurried to the farthest corner of the garden, there to roar out his wild but honest grief.

When the first violent storm had subsided, he wished to return to Luigi's death-bed; and scolding himself more severely even than he scolded others, and subduing his grief with all his power, returned to the house. At the door of the sick chamber he stopped; all was quiet within. He entered gently, but the Doctor, standing behind the door unexpected by Cellini, occasioned a slight noise by the lock touching him. The sculptor looked at him with a dreadful face which seemed to say —"Why hide yourself there so foolishly?" The physician answered this look by simply pointing to an apparition near the sick man's couch, which struck Benvenuto in his turn with astonishment.

In the long mourning dress of the lady Isabel, but tall and stately, with her angelic face uncovered, stood a beautiful female beside the slumbering Luigi; sometimes anxiously listening to his breathing, and then again raising her beautiful eyes to Heaven in earnest prayer.

As Benvenuto, in dumb amazement, turned his inquiring eyes on the Doctor, the latter whispered—"I saw with my own eyes this unheard-of metamorphosis! The veil fell back, she lifted up her head, and the lady Isabel was, by some magic power, transformed into an angel!"

"No angel," whispered the lady, "but Signora Laura Sansone, the wife of the Advocate Giovanni Sansone. I come here by my husband's permission. It is at his request that the grateful Marquise gave me, together with her friendship, the means of relieving the pain of this young artist's sick-bed. Now it has become a death-bed ——," she stopped, and a few precious tears rolled down her cheeks—"every deception must necessarily cease." She was silent, and soon relapsed into her former contemplation. After a little while the sick man moved, Laura bent over him. He opened his eyes with a cheerful smile, and seeing her, said—"An angel! how like my Laura! Art thou, then, gone before me?—and dost thou give me thy pardon?" He attempted to rise, but the pain in his breast made him fall back, and he said sighing—"No, I am yet suffering on earth!"—"Not much longer," said Laura, consoling him; and kneeling down beside him, she added—"let us pray together." He nodded his assent, and folded his

hands; and during the fervid prayer, full of hope, which the beloved voice pronounced, he sunk quietly to sleep, never to wake again!

Cellini knew now what to do with the sketch he had made in the morning. Over Luigi's grave was placed a *basso-relievo*, carved in the whitest marble by Benvenuto's masterhand. The victor in the race was sinking exhausted, while the judge of the contest, in the form of a beautiful female, was hastening towards him with a crown of palm in her hand. Around it stood, in letters of gold, these words—

"Death in the arms of Victory."

QUEEN ISABEL'S WISH.*

From the magic walls of her Santa-Fé
Queen Isabel parts at dawn of day,
  While the dew-drop is on the earth:
Her lord, her court, and her knights attend;
In a brave procession their course they bend,
  With soft music, pomp, and mirth.

O sweet is the breath of that rosy morn,
And sweet the sound of the martial horn,
  As they march on their joyous way;
And the woods and the mountains hail the sight,
And the rivers sparkle with silver light,
  And the sun gilds their rich array.

To Zubia they go, that the Queen may gaze
On Grenada fair, where the hallow'd blaze
  Of past glory is lingering yet;
Where beauty, and love, and chivalry
In the Zambra shone, and the red war-cry
  Woke deeds time can never forget.

To Zubia they're come; from its battlement
Queen Isabel looks on the wide extent
  That outspreads upon either hand;
And before her lies, with its clear blue sky,
Grenada the city of gallantry,
  With its high wall's circling band.

O bright is the scene and the view around;
'Tis a picture of heaven on earthly ground,
  The rich tale of a minstrel's dream:
Queen Isabel longs for the glowing prize,
And to hail as her own that fair paradise,
  Enlaced by the Daro's stream.

She sees the Alhambra before her there,
And its vermeil towers look out in the air
  O'er minaret, crescent, and wall;
Where the kings of the Moors had reposed in pride,
Where valour and pleasure, enthroned at their side,
  Were the lords and directors of all.

The superb Alcaçava, with parapet strong,
And the fortresses stretching their white walls along,
  Seem islands in seas of delight:—

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* The original of much of this will be found in Gines Pérez.

The Queen, by enchantment, is chain'd to the spot;
She is speechless with joy—she all else has forgot—
Till warn'd of the foe and of night.

Then regretful she turns—"Thou pride of the Moors!
Thou Alhambra," she cries, "thy outworks and doors
Shall be open'd by Ferdinand's hand:
Thou soon shalt be mine; and the boast of a race,
For ages the fiercest in story, give place
To the cross and a Christian band:—

"In thy courts I shall wander, thy gardens explore,
For they never again shall be trod by the Moor—
His empire and grandeur are past;
And I will enjoy thee, and thou shalt remain
An heritage fair to my kingdom of Spain,
While Castile and Aragon last."

She says, and returns to her Santa-Fé,
Till Grenada yields to the Spaniards' sway,
And soon they the triumph gain:—
Thus the pride of the Musulman yestermorn,
To-day is the Christian's; and Time in his scorn
Mocks man and his glories vain.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.—NO. III.

The late Mr. Horne Tooke.

Mr. Horne Tooke was one of those who may be considered as connecting links between a former period and the existing generation. His education and accomplishments, nay his political opinions, were of the last age; his mind and the tone of his feelings were *modern*. There was a hard, dry materialism in the very texture of his understanding, varnished over by the external refinements of the old school. Mr. Tooke had great scope of attainment and great versatility of pursuit; but the same shrewdness, quickness, cool self-possession, the same *literalness* of perception and absence of passion and enthusiasm, characterised nearly all he did, said, or wrote. He was almost without a rival in private conversation, an expert public speaker, a keen politician, a first-rate grammarian, and the finest gentleman (to say the least) of his own party. He had no imagination or he would not have scorned it!—no delicacy of taste, no rooted prejudices or strong attachments: his intellect was like a bow of polished steel, from which he shot sharp-pointed, poisoned arrows at his friends in private, at his enemies in public. His mind, so to speak, had no *religion* in it, and but very little of the moral qualities of genius; but he was a man of the world, a scholar bred, and a most acute and powerful logician. He was also a wit, and a formidable one: yet it may be questioned whether his wit was any thing more than an excess of his logical faculty: it did not consist in the play of fancy, but in close and cutting combinations of the understanding. "The law is open to every one:—so," said Mr. Tooke, "is the London Tavern!" It is the previous deduction formed in the mind, and the splenetic contempt felt for a practical sophism, that *beats about the bush* for, and at last finds the apt illustration; not the casual, glancing coincidence of two objects, that

points out an absurdity to the understanding. So, on another occasion, when Sir Alan Gardiner, who was a candidate for Westminster, had objected to Mr. Fox, that "he was always against the minister, *whether right or wrong*," and Mr. Fox in his reply had overlooked this slip of the tongue, Mr. Tooke immediately seized on it, and said "he thought it at least an equal objection to Sir Alan, that he was always *with* the minister, whether right or wrong." This retort had all the effect, and produced the same surprise as the most brilliant display of wit or fancy: yet it was only the detecting a flaw in an argument, like a flaw in an indictment, by a kind of legal pertinacity; or, rather, by a rigid and constant habit of attending to the exact import of every word and clause in a sentence. Mr. Tooke had the mind of a lawyer; but it was applied to a vast variety of topics and general trains of speculation.

Mr. Horne Tooke was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "*the King's old courtier, and an old courtier of the King's.*" He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable *nonchalance*, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good-humour. In the spirit of opposition or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference or equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favourite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he any obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

"Lord of himself, uncumber'd with a *creed!*"

He took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side; and had rather an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in perplexing the understandings of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi*, on his adversary; and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. I have heard a sensible and well-informed man say, that he never was in company with Mr. Tooke without being delighted and surprised, or without feeling the conversation of every other person to be flat in the comparison; but that he did not recollect having ever heard him make a remark that struck him as a sound and true one, or that he himself appeared to think so. He used to plague Fuseli by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once at G——'s he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to shew that it was mono-

tonous; and he imitated him also, to shew that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain?) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. The mentioning this will please the living,—it cannot hurt the dead. He argued on the same occasion and in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests—and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil or bring them out. A professed orator beginning to address some observations to Mr. Tooke with a voluminous apology for his youth and inexperience, he said, "Speak up, young man!"—and, by taking him a this word, cut short the flower of orations. Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory and knowledge of his favourite subject, Languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drunk with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to shew that it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of "The Road to Ruin," was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when was it that I am to dine with you? Shall it be next Thursday?"—"If you please, Mr. Tooke!" answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recall the time of Wilkes and Liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant *traits*, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came!

As a public, or at least as a parliamentary speaker, Mr. Tooke did not answer the expectations that had been conceived of him, or probably that he had conceived of himself. It is natural for men who have felt a superiority over all those whom they happen to have encountered, to fancy that this superiority will continue, and that it will extend from individuals to public bodies. There is no rule in the case; or rather, the probability lies the contrary way. That which constitutes the excellence of conversation is of little use in addressing large assemblies of people; while other qualities are required that are hardly to be looked for in one and the same capacity. The way to move great masses of men is to shew that you yourself are moved. In a private circle, a ready repartee, a shrewd cross-question, ridicule and banter, a caustic remark, or an amusing anecdote, whatever sets off the individual to advantage, or gratifies [illegible] or piques the self-love

of the hearers, keeps attention alive, and secures the triumph of the speaker: it is a personal contest, and depends on personal and momentary advantages. But in appealing to the public, no one triumphs but in the triumph of some public cause, or by shewing a sympathy with the general and predominant feelings of mankind. In a private room, a satirist, a sophist may provoke admiration by expressing his contempt for each of his adversaries in turn, and setting their opinion at defiance; but when men are congregated together on a great public question and for a weighty object, they must be treated with more respect; they are touched with what affects themselves or the general weal, not with what flatters the vanity of the speaker; they must be moved altogether if they are moved at all; they are impressed with gratitude for a luminous exposition of their claims or for zeal in their cause; and the lightning of generous indignation at bad men and bad measures is followed by thunders of applause, even in the House of Commons. But a man may sneer and cavil, and puzzle and fly-blow every question that comes before him,—be despised and feared by others, and admired by no one but himself. He who thinks first of himself, either in the world or in a popular assembly, will be sure to turn attention away from him, instead of riveting it there. He must make common cause with them. To lead, he must follow the general bias. Mr. Tooke did not therefore succeed as a speaker in Parliament. He stood aloof, he played antics, he exhibited his peculiar talents: while he was on his legs, the question before the House stood still, the only point at issue respected Mr. Tooke himself, his personal address and adroitness of intellect. Were there to be no more places and pensions, because Mr. Tooke's style was terse and epigrammatic? Were the Opposition benches to be inflamed to an unusual pitch of "sacred vehemence," because he gave them plainly to understand there was not a pin to choose between Ministers and Opposition? Would the House let him remain among them, because, if they turned him out on account of his *black coat*, Lord Camelford had threatened to send his *black servant* in his place? This was a good joke, but not a practical one. Would he gain the affections of the people out of doors, by scouting the question of Reform? Would the King ever relish the old associate of Wilkes? What interest, then, what party did he represent? He represented nobody but himself. He was an example of an ingenious man, a clever talker; but he was out of his place in the House of Commons, where, as in his own house, people did not come to admire or break a lance with him, but to get through the business of the day, and so adjourn! He wanted effect and *momentum*. Each of his sentences told very well in itself, but they did not all together make a speech. He left off where he began. His eloquence was a succession of drops, not a stream. His arguments, though subtle and new, did not affect the main body of the question. The coldness and pettiness of his manner did not warm the hearts or expand the understandings of his hearers. Instead of encouraging, he checked the ardour of his friends; and teazed, instead of overpowering his antagonists. The only palpable hit he ever made, while he remained there, was the comparing his own situation in being rejected by the House, on account of the supposed purity of his clerical character, to the story of the girl at

the Magdalen, who was told "she must turn out and qualify." * This met with laughter and loud applause. It was a *home* thrust; and the House, to do them justice, are obliged to any one who by a smart blow relieves them of the load of grave responsibility, which sits heavy on their shoulders.* At the hustings, or as an election-candidate, Mr. Tooke did better. There was no great question to move or carry—it was an affair of political *sparring* between himself and the other candidates. He took it in a very cool and leisurely manner; watched his competitors with a wary, sarcastic eye; picked up the mistakes or absurdities that fell from them, and retorted them on their heads; told a story to the mob; and smiled and took snuff with a gentlemanly and becoming air, as if he was already in his seat in the House. But a Court of Law was the place where Mr. Tooke made the best figure in public. He might assuredly be said to be "native and endued unto that element." He had here to stand merely on the defensive—not to advance himself, but to block up the way—not to impress others, but to be himself impenetrable. All he wanted was *negative success;* and to this no one was better qualified to aspire. Cross-purposes, *moot-points*, pleas, demurrers, flaws in the indictment, double-meanings, cases, inconsequentialities,—these were the playthings, the darlings of Mr. Tooke's mind; and with these he baffled the judge, dumbfounded the counsel, and outwitted the jury. The report of his trial before Lord Kenyon is a masterpiece of acuteness, dexterity, modest assurance, and legal effect. It is much like his examination before the Commissioners of the Income-Tax—nothing could be got out of him in either case!

Mr. Tooke as a political leader belonged to the class of *trimmers;* or at most, it was his delight to make mischief and spoil sport. He would rather be *against* himself than *for* any body else. He was neither a bold nor a safe leader. He enticed others into scrapes, and kept out of them himself. Provided he could say a clever or a spiteful thing, he did not care whether it served or injured the cause. Spleen, or the exercise of intellectual power, was the motive of his patriotism, rather than principle. He would talk treason with a saving clause; and instil sedition into the public mind through the medium of a third, who was to be the responsible, party. He made Sir Francis Burdett his spokesman in the House and to the country, often venting his chagrin or singularity of sentiment at the expense of his friend: but what in the first was trick or reckless vanity, was in the last plain downright English honesty and singleness of heart. In the case of the State-Trials in 1794, Mr. Tooke rather compromised his friends to screen himself. He kept repeating that "others might have gone on to Windsor, but he had stopped at Hounslow," as if to go farther might have been dangerous and unwarrantable. It was not the question how far he or others had actually gone, but how far they had a right to go, according to the law. His conduct was not the limit of the law, nor did treasonable excess begin where prudence or principle taught him to stop short, though this was the oblique inference liable to be drawn from his line of defence. Mr. Tooke

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* "They receive him like a virgin at the Magdalen—*Go thou, and do likewise.*"
JUNIUS.

was uneasy and apprehensive for the issue of the Government prosecution while in confinement, and said, in speaking of it to a friend, with a morbid feeling and an emphasis quite unusual with him—"They want our blood—blood—blood!" It was somewhat ridiculous to implicate Mr. Tooke in a charge of High Treason (and indeed the whole charge was built on the mistaken purport of an intercepted letter relating to an engagement for a private dinner-party)—his politics were not at all revolutionary. In this respect he was a mere pettifogger, full of chicane and captious objections and unmeaning discontent; but he had none of the grand whirling movements of the French Revolution, nor of the tumultuous glow of rebellion in his head or in his heart. His politics were cast in a different mould, on the party distinctions and court-intrigues and pittances of popular right, that made a noise in the time of Junius and Wilkes; and even if his understanding had gone along with more modern and unqualified principles, his cautious temper would have prevented his risking them in practice.

Horne Tooke, though not of the same side in politics, had much of the tone of mind, and more of the spirit of moral feeling, of the celebrated philosopher of Malmesbury. The narrow scale and petty distinctions of his political creed made his conversation on such subjects infinitely amusing, particularly when contrasted with that of persons who dealt in the sounding *common-places* and sweeping clauses of abstract politics. He knew all the cabals and jealousies and heart-burnings in the beginning of the late reign; the changes of administration and the springs of secret influence; the characters of the leading men, Wilkes, Barré, Dunning, Chatham, Burke, the Marquis of Rockingham, North, Shelburne, Fox, Pitt; and all the vacillating events of the American war:—these formed a curious back-ground to the more prominent figures that occupied the present time, and Mr. Tooke worked out the minute details and touched in the evanescent *traits* with the pencil of a master. His conversation resembled a political *camera obscura*—as quaint as it was magical. To some pompous pretenders he might seem to narrate *fabellas aniles* (old wives' fables); but not to those who study human nature, and wish to know the materials of which it is composed. Mr. Tooke's faculties might appear to have ripened and acquired a finer flavour with age. In a former period of his life he was hardly the man he was latterly, or else he had greater abilities to contend against. He nowhere makes so poor a figure as in his controversy with Junius. He has evidently the best of the argument, yet he makes nothing out of it. He tells a long story about himself, without wit or point in it; and whines and whimpers like a schoolboy under the rod of his master. Junius, after bringing a hasty charge against him, has not a single fact to adduce in support of it; but keeps his ground and fairly beats his adversary out of the field by the mere force of style. One would think that "Parson Horne" knew who Junius was, and was afraid of him. "Under him his genius is" quite "rebuked." With the best cause to defend, he comes off more shabbily from the contest than any other person in the "Letters," except Sir William Draper, who is the very hero of defeat.

The great thing which Mr. Horne Tooke has done and which he has left behind him to posterity, is his work on Grammar, oddly enough

entitled "The Diversions of Purley." Many people have taken it up as a description of a game—others supposing it to be a novel. It is in truth one of the few philosophical works on Grammar that have appeared The essence of it (and indeed almost all that is really valuable in it) is contained in his "Letter to Dunning," published about the year 1775. Mr. Tooke's work is truly elementary. Dr. Lowth described Mr. Harris's "Hermes" as "the finest specimen of analysis since the days of Aristotle:"—a work in which there is no analysis at all; for analysis consists in reducing things to their principles, and not in endless details and subdivisions. Mr. Harris multiplies distinctions, and *darkens knowledge*. Mr. Tooke clears away the rubbish of schoolboy techni-calities, and strikes at the root of his subject. In accomplishing his arduous task, he was perhaps aided not more by the strength and re-sources of his mind than by its limits and weaknesses. There is a web of old associations wound round language that is a kind of veil over its natural features, and custom puts on the mask of ignorance. But this veil, this mask, the author of "The Diversions of Purley" threw aside, and penetrated to the naked truth of things by the literal, matter-of-fact, unimaginative nature of his understanding, and because he was not subject to prejudices or illusions of any kind. Words may be said to "bear a charmed life, that must not yield to one of woman born"—with womanish weaknesses and confused apprehensions. But this charm was broken in the case of Mr. Tooke, whose mind was the reverse of effeminate, hard, unbending, concrete, physical, half-savage, and who saw language, stripped of the clothing of habit or sentiment, or the disguises of doting pedantry, naked, in its cradle, and in its primitive state. Our author tells us that he found his discovery on Grammar among a number of papers on other subjects, which he had thrown aside and forgotten. Is this an idle boast? or had he made other dis-coveries of equal importance, which he did not think it worth his while to communicate to the world, but chose to die the churl of knowledge? The whole of his reasoning turns upon shewing that the conjunction *That* is the pronoun *That*, which is itself the participle of a verb; and in like man-ner that all the other mystical and hitherto unintelligible parts of speech are derived from the only two intelligible ones, the Verb and Noun. "I affirm *that* gold is yellow;" that is, "I affirm *that* fact, or that proposi-tion, viz. gold is yellow." The secret of the Conjunction, on which so many fine heads had split, on which so many learned definitions were thrown away—as if it was its peculiar province and inborn virtue to an-nounce oracles and formal propositions, and nothing else, like a doctor of laws—is here at once accounted for, inasmuch as it is clearly nothing but another part of speech, the Pronoun *That*, with a third part of speech, the noun *Thing*, understood. This is getting at a solution of words into their component parts, not glossing over one difficulty by bringing another to parallel it; nor like saying with Mr. Harris, when it is asked "what a Conjunction is," that there are conjunctions copulative, conjunctions disjunctive, and as many other frivolous varieties of the species as any one chooses to hunt out "with laborious foolery." Our author hit upon his parent-discovery in the course of a law-suit, while he was examining with jealous watchfulness the meaning of words to prevent being entrapped by them; or rather this effect might itself be

traced to the habit of satisfying his own mind as to the precise sense in which he himself made use of words. Mr. Tooke, though he had no objection to puzzle others, was mightily averse to being puzzled or *mystified* himself. All was to his determined mind either complete light or complete darkness. There was no hazy, doubtful *chiaro-scuro* in his understanding. He wanted something "palpable to feeling as to sight." "What," he would say to himself, "do I mean when I use the conjunction *That*? Is it an anomaly, a class by itself, a word sealed against all inquisitive attempts? Is it enough to call it a *copula*, a bridge, a link, a word connecting sentences? That is undoubtedly its use; but what is its origin?" Mr. Tooke thought he had answered this question satisfactorily; and loosened the Gordian knot of grammarians "familiar as his garter," when he said, "It is the common pronoun, adjective, or participle *That*, with the noun *Thing* or *Proposition* implied, and the particular example following it." So he thought, and so every reader has thought since, with the exception of teachers and writers upon grammar. Mr. Windham, indeed, who was a sophist, but not a logician, charged him with having found "a mare's-nest;" but it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tooke's etymologies will stand the test and last longer than Mr. Windham's ingenious derivation of the practice of bull-baiting from the principles of humanity!

Having thus laid the corner-stone, he proceeded to apply the same method of reasoning to other undecyphered and impracticable terms. Thus the word *And* he explained clearly enough to be the verb *add*, or a corruption of the old Saxon *anandad*. "Two *and* two make four," that is, "Two *add* two make four." Mr. Tooke, in fact, treated words as the chemists do substances; he distinguished those which are compounded of others from those which are not decompoundable. He did not explain the obscure by the more obscure, but the difficult by the plain, the complex by the simple. This alone is proceeding upon the true principles of science; the rest is pedantry and *petit-maitreship*. Our philosophical writer distinguished all words by *names of things* and directions added for joining them together, or originally by *Nouns* and *Verbs*. It is a pity that he has left this matter short, by omitting to define the Verb. After enumerating sixteen different definitions (all of which he dismisses with scorn and contumely), at the end of two quarto volumes he refers the reader for the true solution to a third volume, which he did not live to finish. This extraordinary man was in the habit of tantalising his guests on a Sunday with divers abstruse speculations, and putting them off to the following week for a satisfaction of their doubts; but why should he treat posterity in the same scurvy manner, or leave the world without quitting scores with it? I question whether Mr. Tooke was himself in possession of his pretended *nostrum*, and whether, after trying hard at a definition of the verb as a distinct part of speech, as a terrier-dog mumbles a hedgehog, he did not find it too much for him, and leave it to its fate. It is also a pity that Mr. Tooke spun out his great work with prolix and dogmatical dissertations on irrelevant matters; and, after denying the old metaphysical theories of language, that he should attempt to found a metaphysical theory of his own on the nature and mechanism of language. The nature of words, he contended, (it was the basis of his whole system,)

had no connexion with the nature of things or of thought; yet he afterwards strove to limit the nature of things and of the human mind by the technical structure of language. Thus he endeavours to shew that there are no abstract ideas, by enumerating two thousand instances of words, expressing abstract ideas, that are the past participles of certain verbs. It is difficult to know what he means by this. On the other hand, he maintains that "a complex idea is as great an absurdity as a complex star," and that words only are complex. He also makes out a very triumphant list of metaphysical and moral non-entities, proved to be so on the pure principle that the names of these non-entities are participles, not nouns, or names of things. That is strange in so close a reasoner, and in one who maintained that all language was a masquerade of words, and that the class to which they grammatically belonged had nothing to do with the class of ideas they represented.

It is now above twenty years since the two quarto volumes of "The Diversions of Purley" were published, and fifty since the same theory was promulgated in the celebrated "Letter to Dunning." Yet it is a curious example of the "Spirit of the Age," that Mr. Lindley Murray's Grammar* has proceeded to the thirtieth edition in complete defiance of all the facts and arguments there laid down. He defines a noun to be the name of a thing. Is quackery a thing, *i. e.* a substance? He defines a verb to be a word signifying *to be*, *to do*, or *to suffer*. Are being, action, suffering, verbs? He defines an adjective to be the name of a quality. Are not *wooden*, *golden*, *substantial*, adjectives? He maintains that there are six cases in English nouns; that is, six various terminations without any change of termination at all; and that English verbs have all the moods, tenses, and persons that the Latin ones have. This is an extraordinary stretch of blindness and obstinacy. That is, he translates the Latin grammar into English, as so many had done before him, and fancies he has written an English grammar; and divines applaud, and schoolmasters usher him into the polite world, and English scholars carry on the jest, while Horne Tooke's genuine anatomy of our native tongue is laid on the shelf. Can it be that our politicians smell a rat in the Member for Old Sarum? That our clergy do not relish Parson Horne? That the world at large are alarmed at acuteness and originality greater than their own? What has all this to do with the formation of the English language, or with the first condition and necessary foundation of speech itself? Is there nothing above the reach of prejudice and party-spirit? It seems in this, as in so many other instances, as if there was a patent for absurdity in the natural bias of the human mind, and that folly should be *stereotyped!*

* This work is not without merit in the details and examples of English construction. But its fault even in that part is, that he confounds the genius of the English language, making it periphrastic and literal, instead of elliptical and idiomatic. According to Mr. Murray, hardly any of our best writers ever wrote a word of English.

FROM THE "CISMA DE L'INGHILTÉRRA" OF CALDERON.

I saw her—'twas in Paris! would to Heaven,
Or that I had been blinded at the sight,
Or that to me more eyes had then been given
Than plumes to variegated birds; their light
Had then been Argus-like, or vied with even
Yon starry dome in some clear cloudless night.
But oh, her charms! those worlds of living lights
Outnumber'd all the stars of clearest nights.

I saw her—Would that had been unbeholden
A form of Heaven, too bright for mortal eyes!
Her robe was azure starr'd with planets golden,
She look'd, and I thought only, of the skies—
Thought!—but to feel with flames of love enfolden;
Of Love!—of Hell! Where then this bosom's ice?
Ah, what is love, its lightnings, and its course,
Where all resistance only adds to force?

One diamond cuts another—steel may glow
With fire, when struck by steel—kind yields to kind,
One magnet to another can bestow,
And take, attractive force; far more man's mind!
And did I wonder love this heart of snow
Should melt, when things inanimate and blind,
So hard, untractable, and senseless, feel—
As diamonds, loadstones, lightning, fire, and steel?

She danced—I danced with her! I cannot tell
What confidence my spirits did dilate
Amid that dance; its mazes emblem'd well
The heart of woman and its changeful state.
She gave me, too, a handkerchief—a spell,
A flattering pledge my hopes to animate—
An astrologic token, fatal prize,
That told too well what tears must weep those eyes.

I call'd, term'd, thought her rigours mild devices,
Hoped, suffer'd, served, with frenzy's watchful guiles,
Betray'd, told, wrote my passion's mad disguises,
Felt, fear'd, deplored my tyrant's jealous wiles;
Forgot, revived, abandon'd wild surmises;
Enjoy'd, prized, fed on her sweet winning smiles.
The tell-tale day and inarticulate night
Witness'd my passion—deep and infinite.

Scarce did the sun to elder worlds retire,
Crowning an earlier sphere with fires more bright,
When in the gates of morn a borrow'd fire,
A lesser sun I hail'd, and bless'd its light,
Flattering alone to me and my desire.
Scarce on the earth had fallen the tremulous night,
When, fearless of its treachery, in those hours
I breathed my passion to the commonwealth of flowers.

There the cool freshness of night's stilly hour,
The jasmine, that entwined the reedy bower,
The tinkling fount, that rain'd its crystal shower,
The air, that breathed delight from many a flower
Amid the leaves, their trembling paramour,—
All, all was Love! Obedient to its power
I doubt not that the fountains, birds, and flowers,
To feel that calm had each a soul like ours.

Hast thou not seen, officious with delight,
  Move through the illumined air about the flower
The bee, that fears to drink its purple light,
  Lest danger lurk within the roseate bower?
Hast thou not mark'd the moth's enamour'd flight
  Around the taper's flame at evening hour,
Till, kindle in that monumental fire
His sunflower wings their own funereal pyre?

My heart its throbs thus trembling to enfold,
  Around that thing of beauty trembling came,
And passion's slave, Distrust, in ashes cold
  Smother'd awhile, but could not quench the flame;
Till love, that grows by disappointment bold,
  And opportunity had vanquish'd shame;
And, like the bee and moth, in act to close,
I burnt my wings in settling on the rose.

Blest captive thus—had I but gain'd a prize
  Unhoped, almost in dreams unvision'd, won
By so much love! Who says that when love dies,
  Springs, from its ashes born, oblivion!—
Who says indifferent to a lover's eyes
  Change and successful passion are but one,
Nor loves, nor has loved—to the lover's name
A traitor, and an ingrate to love's flame!

The sequel of my tale were little worth
  Dionis! In her absence I have pined,
The absence of the morn as mourns the Earth
  In starless nights.—Consider well the mind,
Its wanderings, and its vain discourses, birth
  Of burning love, and you no cause will find
For wonder, that from reason's track afar
I've stray'd, without my guiding light, that northern star.

GAMESTERS AND GAMING.

"Je sais bien que le lecteur n'a pas grand besoin de savoir tout cela; mais j'ai besoin, moi, de le lui dire."—J. J. Rousseau, *Confessions.*

Do not be frightened reader; I am not about to inflict upon you twelve books "*de rebus ad eum pertinentibus*,"—concerning all I ever thought or did—I want alike the cynicism and the eloquence to lay bare the disgusting infirmities of the human heart, and to render them endurable in the perusal. The purpose for which the passage that stands at the head of this paper is selected, is merely to intimate that I write (to speak modestly) as much for my own advantage as yours. Not that I allude, or would be understood to allude to the "*quiddam honorarium*," with which the proprietor of the New Monthly Magazine *gratifies* his correspondents. "No, I've a soul above buttons;"—my meaning is, simply, that I write for my health, and make my periodical avatars in the incarnate shape of an essay or a letter to the editor, to clear off the bile and "cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." A periodical publication is, to an author of my complexion, what Cheltenham is to an East Indian; and without some such vent for the choler produced by the vices and absurdities of society, there's no saying what might be the consequence

The accumulated "peccant matter" pent up in the interior, irritating and vellicating the tender fibres of the cerebral and other delicate structures, and exciting a general subfebricular diathesis, might so inflame, rouse, stimulate, and derange the system, as to occasion that fatal explosion, or exanthematous efflorescence, a libel, which, being of a confluent and malignant sort, would infallibly commit me to the keeping of the great state physician, his Majesty's Attorney-general. Whereas, a course of periodicals, like a course of calomel, carries off little by little the material cause of the disease, sweetens the blood, and, if it does not restore the body to perfect health, at least preserves it from a fatal disorganization.

Having premised thus much for the edification of the public, and the ease of mine own conscience, I shall rush at once into the "middle of my subject," and proceed with a new dose of my accustomed remedy. It is the nature of a generous spirit, on all occasions, to take part with the oppressed; and the first tendency of every freeman is to throw the weight of his own personal influence into that scale which seems in the most imminent danger of kicking the beam. There is, in fact, something so antisocial and barbarous in the triumph of brute force, that the bare spectacle of physical infirmity begets an uncalculating sympathy with the weaker party, quite independent of all moral considerations; and it requires a considerable effort of reflection and of volition, even to witness the ducking of a pickpocket, with the requisite *sang-froid*. This, which in the abstract is a mere animal impulse, becomes sublimated into the highest civilized virtue, when it operates, under the guidance of reason, to maintain right, and to combat the abuses to which power, in the wantonness of its caprice, is prone, whenever it can find a fit opportunity for indulgence. Where such a sympathy is not endemic—where it is not even an object of popular education — liberty, if it exists at all, is held by a most precarious tenure; and the political downfal of a community so situated may be predicted nearly with an absolute certainty.

It becomes an honest periodical, therefore, to watch with a jealous eye all revolutions of popular opinion; to observe with strictness the passing likes and dislikes of the public as they arise; and to interpose whenever accident or intrigue sets men on hunting down particular classes or individuals, and rouses the passions of society into a mischievous activity. To do the British press justice, it is not deficient either in feeling or in zeal upon such occasions; and though all parties may have their retainers, there is perhaps not more than one instance of a public journal the tone of which is governed by a sordid desire to flatter popular prejudices independently of all principle, and to sell its numbers by chiming in with the error of the day. The love of fair play is inherent in every truly English editor; and it is probably to this laudable spirit of equality that we should attribute much of that fervour with which certain writers have exhausted their own ink and their readers' patience in combating for the Turks against the Greeks—for the French government against the Spaniards—and generally for all despotic monarchs against the people. The spectacle of the logical inferiority of these parties, and of their total deficiency in all sound argument, having been too much for the refined feelings of the writers

in question; they have, it may be presumed, most chivalrously rushed into the arena to take the bull by the horns, from the mere desire of re-establishing the equilibrium of the battle, and have fought obstinately in defence of the cause, for no other reason than because it is obviously indefensible. If the purity of a motive can in any instance justify the means, the necessity of this case must be allowed to warrant a trifling substitution of rage for reason, of calumnies for considerations, and of abuse for argument: and it is by this train of ratiocination that I would explain the eagerness with which the most virulent and personal publications are bought up and devoured as fast as they appear, and the unblushing frankness with which men laying the highest claim to Christian charity, (whose sanctity approaches to bigotry, and whose piety rises nearly to the temperature of fanaticism) give their staunchest support to the most active and persevering dealers in misrepresentation.

So universal is this feeling of justice and equality among Englishmen, that "a clear ring and a fair fight" might be taken for the national motto; and in this respect I own myself so truly English, that I feel a general interest in favour of every party, person, or question, that may be supposed to have the worst of it. Without going the length of Champfort, who asserts, that "*il y a à parier que toute idée publique, toute convention reçue est un sottise, car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre,*" I freely confess myself much given to distrust all fashionable prejudices; and whenever I see the current opinion setting with a preternatural strength and rapidity, I am apt at once to conclude the existence of unusual shallows.

It is in this spirit that I proceed to take up the cudgels in behalf of gaming and gamesters, a description of persons at present very much under the hatches; and that I shall endeavour to put in a good word for those of whom nobody is disposed to speak well. From the time that the general pacification of Europe had opened the door of the Continent to Englishmen, when (to use an expression of our neighbours) we were no longer *prisoners* in our own island, nor *exiled* from the pleasures of Paris, the practice of gaming took a sudden and extensive developement; and that art, which at first had been confined to the highest and most cultivated members of society, became at once a pursuit of the lower and middle classes. During this heyday of its prosperity I never let fall one word in recommendation of a practice, which, however advantageous to the community, and agreeable to the individual, seemed to stand in need neither of patronage nor support. However valuable I might have deemed the novelty, either as it respects morals or political economy; however much I might have considered the public at large benefited by its dissemination, I abstained even from good words, and turned my attention to other subjects, which seemed at the time in greater need of a little friendly assistance. But now that a recent fatality, that need not be further specified, has thrown a gloom over the leading gamblers in low life, that gambling itself has fallen upon evil days, and that no one, who is not wholly above, or below public opinion, will be seen going to "hell" in open daylight, it seems a duty to step forward, and place a shield between the shafts of calumny and the feelings of the unoffending victims of this untoward combination of accidental circumstances.

Were I to insert all that might be said in favour of gambling,—physiologically, as stirring up the blood, rousing the animal spirits, and forwarding the capillary circulation; morally, as preventing idleness, dissipating *ennui*, and counteracting the hypochondriasis of love; politically, as superseding aristocratical conspiracies; economically, as favouring the circulation of capital; sentimentally, dramatically, mathematically, gastrologically, and phrenologically, (or more properly, phrensilogically,) in ways too numerous to specify—I should not be guilty of less than, in the phrase of the trade, "one thick volume in 8vo." I shall, therefore, on the present occasion, use discretion, and confine myself to what is most important, quintessential, and original.

In the first place, touching the antiquity of gaming, which, in these legitimate days, is no small matter, the practice is older than any reigning house in Europe—older than the Courtenays—older than the Massimi of Rome, the lineal descendants from Fabius Cunctator, whose remote ancestor, in defiance of Pythagoras, first taught the pugnacious republicans, his fellow-citizens, to eat beans and bacon. Nay, it is not impossible that hop-scotch and chuck-farthing may have begun in paradise. For there are a vast many persons who cannot understand how Adam could have killed time in his primitive state without some equivalent for that which is so essential in our own days, short whist and *écarté*;—a convincing argument that the father of mankind must have played at some game of chance even before the fall. The Noachidæ also, shut up in the ark during forty consecutive rainy days, would have perished of *ennui*, without a billiard-table or a little chicken hazard. But leaving the field of conjecture, and descending to recorded history, we find that Palamedes invented, or revived, the use of dice in a time of great famine, for the purpose of silencing an insurrection of the bowels,—which leads to the mention of one important public end to be attained by gambling, namely, that in a nation subject to tithes, taxes, poor-rates, and corn-laws, by which the people become so liable to short commons, an adequate safety-valve may be provided for venting popular discontent. Let the "good people" say what they will, and the Vice Society rage as it may against skittle-grounds and ball-alleys, they will not make us believe that they would not be too happy in times of popular commotion and petitioning to see the people engaged, like the Grecians of Palamedes, over a hit at backgammon; or that even the bench of Bishops themselves would not be better pleased to see "the Major" engaged at a sly game at cards on a Sunday, than labouring every day in the week, *velis remisque*, at universal suffrage. Would it not likewise afford vast relief to ministers to behold Mr. Hume, with a pin in one hand and a card in the other, pricking down the chances at *rouge et noir*, instead of marking oversights and false calculations in the Chancellor's budget? And would not all Europe greatly delight in an adequate assurance that the Holy Allies met in congress, not upon the divisions of *ames* and *demiames*, but to settle their differences by an innocent round at "blind hooky?" For my own part, I always look forward to halcyon days, when ministers are seen oftener at White's than in Downing-street: and I would much rather have Mr. Robinson's hand eternally in his own purse in the house in Bennet-street, than dabbling with the purse of the public in another house, which shall be nameless.

That gambling is, in an economical point of view, highly favourable to the developement of national wealth, must be obvious to the meanest observer: why, otherwise, should all mankind so much prefer to make their fortune by some speculating manœuvre, to attaining it by the more regular, but tedious process of honest industry? Cotton-spinning machines and steam-engines are admirable instruments for making a large fortune rapidly; but when did they build up so rapidly the colossal wealth of a Rothschild, and enable a man to count his store by millions of pounds sterling? The spirit of gaming is not, however, confined to St. James's-street, the Stock-exchange, or to Mark-lane; it pervades the whole of trade.

That gaming, then, is so bad as some pretend, we can never be persuaded. But what is much more convincing still, the most pious of our finance ministers have for years encouraged, by their annual lotteries, ay and provoked the common people to sell or pawn their last rag to indulge a passion for play; and that, too, in the nineteenth century, when the press groans with works on morals and political economy. It is true that the police are constantly at work in hunting out and seizing hazard-tables, and the Vice Society is not less actively engaged in prosecuting gamblers on the more than suspicious evidence of vagabonds and professional informers, thus putting down one vice by the aid of a greater; but that this does not proceed from any alleged immorality of the practice is evident in this, that these operations are brought to bear only against the lower orders of gamesters. For it can never be believed that an act can be just and right in a man of ten thousand a year which is vicious and reprehensible in an artisan; and it is difficult to imagine any reason why O-E tables and roulettes should be hunted for in holes and corners, while speculators in the Funds and money-lenders are made barons of the Holy Roman Empire.

If indeed we examine the matter a little more deeply, we shall find that under various disguised forms, gambling is among the respectable employments of life. Smuggling, which, though illegal as against our own treasury, is commendable industry when directed against the exchequer of foreign nations,—is a mere game of chance, in which one prize is said to cover three blanks. So also though piracy is criminal without a letter of mark, it is good and lawful when invested with that formality: and piracy is conceived and executed in the true spirit of gambling. War is gambling upon the largest and most ruinous scale; and in this it agrees with the more ordinary games of chance, that let who will win, the "pull of the table" is equally against all the players. In both instances alike, cupidity grows with what it feeds on, and the fortunate player is but too apt to kick down all his winnings in a desperate struggle to ruin every opponent and clear the board. Thus Napoleon at Moscow was but a common instance of a heated gamester staking his all against the nothing of a parcel of beggared sharpers, and putting the prosperity of years to issue on a single stake of double or quits.

But of all the creditable forms of gambling none is more reckless and desperate than a suit at law. The "glorious uncertainty of the law" is matter of proverbial notoriety; and so much are lawyers aware that the pleasure of pleading is confined to its hazards, that every effort is employed to convert the statute-book into an encyclopædia of cha-

rades and conundrums, in which "*my first*" finds matter for an action, "*my second*" for a suit in Chancery, while "*my tout*" completely ruins both plaintiff and defendant in an appeal to the Lords. This being, as it is, a self-evident verity, it cannot be imagined that so many sad and learned personages should in all ages of the British history have started from their seats (their very wigs standing on end with horror,) with a "*nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*" in their mouths, as often as any one has ventured to hint at simplification and certainty in law,—if gambling really deserved vituperation as a vice. Nay, even when dabbling in capital crimes was proved to have been rendered a lottery speculation by the perverse complexity and severity of our criminal code, Sir S. Romilly and Sir James Macintosh made not a jot the more impression upon the dogged supporters of the "wisdom of their ancestors."

Another accredited and very wholesale mode of gambling is a contested election; by which a man is by no means disgraced, although he should place the subsistence of his whole family for the next seven years at issue, in the hope of what he may make, by being returned to some assembly in which he can repay himself for his trouble and outlay by a judicious employment of his "most sweet voice." Hunting and shooting,—both gentlemanly amusements; and for the latter of which more especially, a whole section of severities is foisted into the criminal code, and human life itself set at nought—may also be considered as a species of gaming, since the uncertainty of the chace forms the greatest part of its pleasure. Like all other games of chance, its attraction is vastly enhanced by a bet. Without this excitement, it is inconceivable that any man of sense would go through more labour than a slaughtering butcher, and destroy without compunction eighty or an hundred birds in a morning.

One very silly prejudice against gambling, which it is important to obviate, is its supposed tendency to promote suicide—a circumstance, which, if verified, must be rather considered as advantageous, for though

> Aller à l'autre monde est très grande sottise
> Tant que dans celui-ci l'on peut être de mise:

yet, as no one has a right to live, for whom Nature has not provided a place at her table, to what end should a man encumber the earth, who has gambled away his ticket of admission to the feast? In point of fact, the self-destruction of such gentry is in general a saving to the state, which otherwise must, in nine cases out of ten, pay for the rope, and bear all the other legal expenses of their *viaticum* to the world to come. Then as to the feelings of wives, &c. it is very hard indeed if a woman whose husband *se suicide* for losses at play, does not provide herself with another and a better man before the year of mourning has run round. The same arguments apply to the connexion of gambling with duels; with the additional consideration, that in the latter case two gamesters may be provided for at a time, instead of one. But if any doubt remains in the reader's mind concerning the innocence of gaming, let him remember that the most Christian government in Europe openly raises a revenue from the gaming-tables of all classes, —a government which, not content with forcing religion on its own subjects, crams it down the throats of a neighbour at the point of the

bayonet. Is it credible that the worshipers of the god of St. Louis (of course a much greater god than the god of St. Paul and St. Peter), the devotees of the Virgin, the advocates of monkery, and the persecutors of heresy, would for a moment tolerate a practice which was in reality subversive of all morality? Would even our English government, which lays less open pretensions to godliness, expend large sums in the maintenance of horse-races, if there were such horrible sin in throwing a whole province into a periodical mania of gaming? The English are famous as the greatest betters in all the known world; insomuch that there is no debateable question, from the speed of a maggot to the sublimest doctrines of religion, which has not been made by them the subject of a wager. I have heard of a country squire offering the parson of his parish to hold a cool hundred with him against the corporal being of the devil: and the history is recorded of a poor fellow who actually hung himself, in order to win a wager he had laid that he would do so. How much the English are a betting people is evinced in the singular fact, that they alone have turned prize-fighting into a source of pecuniary contention. It is not recorded that the shows of the Roman amphitheatre, or the great games of Greece ever produced a bet. No one appears to have even thought of pitting Æschylus or Aristophanes against the field; nor, when the factions of the circus ran highest, though the women pulled caps and the men intrigued for their favourite colour, did they dream of silencing an opponent with the long odds. Now though the practice of deriving pecuniary benefit from black eyes and bloody noses, and turning an honest penny by battery and manslaughter, might perhaps have been deemed barbarous and blackguard, had it subsisted among the Malays, or our natural enemies the Turks, yet, being English, none but a Jacobin and a leveller can doubt of its propriety; and nothing can be more disloyal than the present outcry against the "fancy." If after what I have said the reader is still disposed to think they are wrong, and to maintain that gaming in any of its shapes is discreditable and vicious, I will only add this one convincing argument—I'll hold him a rump and dozen he is a spooney; and, be he who he may, I say "done" first.

M.

STANZAS.

Oh let me never see controll'd
  In that sweet spring-time of the mind,
When all the feelings, young and bold,
  Speak loud and may not be confined—

Let me not see Art's fingers rude
  With cold and withering touch deface,
All that is spotless, chaste, and good,
All that is worthy to be woo'd—
  Transparent truth and native grace.

The loveliest hues that Nature gave,
  The painted insects of the year,
Are lost, if but a feather wave
  In sacrilegious sweep too near.

THE MONTHS.—NO. III.

March.

If there be a month the aspect of which is less amiable, and the manners and habits of which are less prepossessing than those of all the rest, which I am loth to admit, that month is March. The burning heats of Midsummer, (when they shall come to us at the prophetic call of the Quarterly Reviewers—which they never will,) I shall be able to bear. And the frosts and snows of December and January are as welcome to me in their turn as the flowers in May. Nay, the so much vituperated fogs of November I by no means set my face against; on the contrary, I have a kind of appetite for them—both corporeal and mental. As an affair of mere breath there is something tangible in them. In the evanescent air of Italy a man might as well not breathe at all, for any thing he knows of the matter. But in a November fog there is something satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like *breathing water*—as I suppose the fishes do.—And then the taste of them, when dashed with a due seasoning of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid. Not that I would recommend them medicinally; especially to persons of queasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for one of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, which such, by the bye, never are, there is nothing better in its way than a well-mixed Metropolitan fog. There is something substantial in it. You may "cut and come again." It is at once meat and drink, too;—something between egg-flip and omelette soufflée; but much more digestible than either. And it wraps you round like a cloak, into the bargain. No—I maintain that a London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it.—*Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad—such as Scotch mists, and the like—which are no less deleterious than disagreeable—please to ask for the "true London Particular"—as manufactured by Thames, Coal-gas, Smoke, Steam, & Co.—No others are genuine.

In fact, and *sub rosa*,—November is a month that has not been fairly done by; and for my part I think it should by no means have been fixed upon as that which is, *par excellence* the month best adapted to hang and drown oneself in;—seeing that, to a wise man, *that* should never be an affair of atmosphere. But if a month must be set apart for such a process—(on the principle of *luck*—which determines that we are bound to *begin* our worldly concerns on a particular day, viz. Saturday—and would, therefore, by parity of reasoning, call upon us to end them with a similar view to times and seasons) let that month be henceforth March;—for it has, at this present writing, no one characteristic by which to designate it—being neither Spring, Summer, Autumn, nor Winter, but only March.

But what I particularly object to in March is its winds. They say—

> "March winds and April showers
> Bring forth May flowers."

But I doubt the fact. They may *call* them forth, perhaps,—whistling over the roofs of their subterraneous dwellings, to let them know that Winter is past and gone. Or, in our disposition to "turn diseases to

commodities," let us regard them as the expectant damsel does the sound of the mail-coach horn as it whisks through the village as she lies in bed at midnight, and tells her that *to-morrow* she may look for a letter from her absent swain.

The only other reason why I object to March is that she drives hares mad; which is a great fault.—But be all this as it may, she is still fraught with merits; and let us proceed, without more ado, to point out a few of them. And first of the country;—to which, by the way, I have not hitherto allowed its due supremacy—for

"God made the country, but man made the town."

Now, then, even the winds of March,—notwithstanding all that we have insinuated in their disfavour—are far from being virtueless; for they come careering over our fields, and roads, and pathways, and while they dry up the damps that the thaws had let loose, and the previous frosts had prevented from sinking into the earth,—"pipe to the spirit ditties" the words of which tell tales of the forthcoming flowers. And not only so, but occasionally they are caught bearing away upon their rough wings the mingled odours of violet and daffodil—both of which have already ventured to

"—— Come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Can it ever be too late in the day to go on with the quotation, and say that now, too, we have

"———— Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips,
And the crown-imperial."

We have made our way into the garden at once, without intending it. But perhaps we could not do better; for the general face of Nature is not much changed in appearance since we left it in February; though its internal economy has made an important step in advance. The sap is alive in the seemingly sleeping trunks that every where surround us, and is beginning to mount slowly to its destination; and the embryo blooms are almost visibly struggling towards light and life, beneath their rough, unpromising outer coats—unpromising to the idle, the unthinking, and the inobservant; but to the eye that "can see Othello's visage in his mind," bright and beautiful, in virtue of the brightness and the beauty that they cover, but not conceal.—Now, too, the dark earth becomes soft and tractable, and yields to the kindly constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life—crumbling to the touch, that it may the better clasp in its fragrant bosom the rudiments of that gay but ephemeral creation which are born with the Spring, only "to run their race rejoicing" into the lap of Summer, and there yield up their sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrine of that nature, the spirit of which is endless constancy growing out of endless change. Must I tell the reader this in plainer prose? Now, then, is the time to sow the seeds of most of the *annual* flowering plants; particularly of those which we all know and love—such as sweet-pea, the most feminine of flowers—

that must have a kind hand to tend its youth, and a supporting arm to cling to in its maturity, or it grovels in the dust, and straggles away into an unsightly weed; and mignonette, with a name as sweet as its breath—that loves "within a gentle bosom to be laid," and makes haste to die there, lest its white lodging should be changed; and larkspur, trim, gay, and bold—the gallant of the garden; and lupines, blue and yellow and rose-coloured, with their winged flowers hovering above their starry leaves: and a host of others, that we must try to characterise as they come in turn before us.—Now, too, we have all the bulbous-rooted flowers at their best, and may take a final leave of them; for we shall see them no more:—of the tulip, beautiful as the panther, and as proud—standing aloof from its own leaves; and the rich hyacinth, clustering like the locks of Adam; and the myriad-leaved anemone; and narcissus, pale and passion-stricken at the sense of its own sweetness.

Now, too, the tender green of Spring first begins to peep forth from the straggling branches of the hedge-row elder, the trim lilac, and the thin threads of the stream-enamoured willow—the first to put on its spring-clothing, and the last to leave it off. And if we look into the kitchen-garden, there too we shall find those forest-trees in miniature, the gooseberries and currants, letting their leaves and blossoms, both of a colour, look forth together, hand-in-hand, in search of the April sun before it arrives—as the lark mounts upward to seek for it before it has risen in the morning. It will be well if these early adventurers-forth do not encounter a cutting easterly blast; or, still worse, a deceitful breeze that tempts them to its embraces by its milder breath, only to shower diseases upon them. But if they *will* be out on the watch for Spring before she calls them, they must be content to take their chance.

Now, too, the birds are for once in their lives as busy as the bees are always. They are getting their houses built, and seeing to their household affairs, and concluding their family arrangements — that when the summer and the sunshine are fairly come, they may have nothing to do but teach their children the last new modes of flying and singing, and be as happy as—birds, for the rest of the year. Now, therefore,—as in the last month—they have but little time to sing to each other; and the lark has the morning sky all to himself.

Lastly, now we meet with one of the prettiest, yet most pathetic sights that the animal world presents: the early lambs, dropped in their tottering and bleating helplessness, upon the cold skirts of winter, and hiding their frail forms from the March winds, by crouching down on the sheltered side of their dams.

Now, quitting the country till next month, we find London all alive —Lent and Lady-day notwithstanding; for the latter is but a day, after all; and he must have a very countryfied conscience who cannot satisfy it as to the former, by doing penance once or twice at an oratorio, and hearing comic songs sung in a foreign tongue; or if this does not do, he may fast if he pleases, every Friday, by eating salt-fish in addition to the rest of his fare! Now, the citizens have pretty well left off their annual visitings, and given the great ones leave to begin; so that there is no sleep to be had in the neighbourhood of May-fair, for love

or money, after one in the morning. Now, the dress-boxes of the winter-houses can occasionally boast a baronet's lady: this, however, being the extent of their attainments in that way: for how can the great be expected to listen to Shakspeare under the same roof with their shopkeepers? There is, in fact, no denying that the said great are marvellously at the mercy of the said little, in the matter of amusement; and there is no saying whether the latter will not, some day or other, make an inroad upon Almack's itself. Now, however, in spite of the said inroads, the best boxes at the Opera do begin to be worth exploring; since a beautiful Englishwoman of high fashion is "a sight to set before a king." Now the actors, all but the singing ones, in their secret hearts put up periodical prayers for the annual agitation of the Catholic Question; for without some stimulus of this kind, to correct the laxity of our religious morals, there is no knowing how soon they may cease to give thanks for three Sundays in the week during Lent. But Mr. Irving will look to this on their behalf; so they need not fear just at present. Now, occasionally during the said pious period, an inadvertent apprentice gets leave to go to "the play" on a Wednesday; and, having taken his seat in the one shilling-gallery, wonders during six long hours what can have come to the players, that they do nothing but sit in a row with their hands before them, in front of a pyramid of fiddlers, and break silence now and then by singing a psalm—for a psalm he is sure it must be, though he never heard it at church.—Now, every other day, the four sides of the newspapers offer to the wearied eye one unbroken ocean of *small type*; to the infinite abridgement of the labour of Chapter Coffee-house quidnuncs—who find that they have only one sheet to get through instead of ten; and to the entire discomfiture of the conscientious reader, who makes it a point of duty to spell through all that he pays for—avowed advertisements included;—for in these latter there is some variety, of which no one can accuse the parliamentary speeches. By the bye, it would be but consistent in The Times to bestow their ingenuous prefix of "*(advertisement)*" on a few of the last-named effusions; and if they were placed under the head of "want places," nobody but the advertiser would see cause to complain of the mistake.—Now Fashion is on the point of awaking from her periodical sleep, attended by Mesdames Bean, Bell, and Pierrepoint on one side of her couch, and Messieurs Myers, Stultz, and Davison on the other: each individual of each party watching with apparent anxiety to catch the first glance of her opening eye, in order to direct their several movements accordingly; but each having previously determined on those movements as definitively as if their legitimate monarch and directress had nothing to do with the matter: for, to say truth, notwithstanding her boasted legitimacy, Fashion has but a very limited control even in her own court—the real government being an oligarchy, the members of which are each lord paramount in his own particular department. Who, in fact, shall dispute an epaulet of Miss Pierrepoint's? and when Mr. Myers has achieved a collar, who shall call it in question?—Now Hyde-park is worth walking in at four o'clock of a fine week-day, though the trees are still bare: for there, as sure as the sunshine comes, shall be seen sauntering beneath it three distinct classes of fashionables;—namely—

first, the fair immaculates from the mansions about May-fair, who loll listlessly in their elegant equipages, and occasionally eye, with an air of infinite disdain, the second class, who are peregrinating on the other side the bar—the fair frailties from the neighbourhood of the New-road; which latter, more magnanimous than their betters, and less envious, are content, for their parts, to appropriate the greater portion of the attentions of the third class—the Ineffables and Exquisites from Long's and Stevens's. Among these last-named class something particular indeed must have happened if you do not recognise that *arbiter elegantiarum* of actresses, the Marquis of W——; that delighter in Dennêts and decaying beauties, the honourable L—— S——; and that prince-pretty-man of rake-hells and *roués*, little George W——.

Finally, March, among its other merits, is richer than any other month in illustrious birth-days: a qualification which I had inadvertently neglected to notice in regard to January, though it includes those of our own Newton, of Robert Burns, and of that musical miracle, Mozart. On the 2d of March 1564 was given to a world which was unworthy of him, Galileo Galilei—"The *starry* Galileo, with his woes." On the 8th of March 1684 was breathed into a human form that majestic spirit which afterwards was to alternately sigh and shout forth its high and holy aspirations, in the music of the Messiah. On the 15th of March, 1605, was born the gentle lover of the divine Saccharissa. On the 18th of March 1474, first saw the light that Atlas of modern art, Michel Angelo Buonarotti.—And lastly, on the 23d, 1554, Nature, in a melancholy mood, *sighed* the breath of life into the form of Tasso; and which breath, retaining the character that was thus impressed upon it, was but one long sigh for ever after.

CONSTANCY.

If Kitty's rolling full blue eyes
  Each amorous thought inspire,
Not less dark Cloe's do I prize,
  Jet black, and all on fire.

True, I love Delia's slender frame
  And ever pensive air,
Yet Phillis fans an equal flame,
  The antidote of care.

From endless change all order springs,
  Our being, thoughts, and breath,
Each hour of life its chances brings,
  And not to change is, death.

Then blame not if affection roves,
  And rival flames perplex,
But think the youth who oft'nest loves
  Is truest—to the sex.

M.

SLAVERY AND ITS ADVOCATES.

There is a species of moral obligation incumbent on all who are connected with the press, to support the cause of humanity upon every public question. If the means adopted to obtain a praiseworthy end be not those which we may think the best that could be used, still, if they have nothing wrong in them, it is idle to make a stalking-horse of them to draw off attention from other points, and to bury the main object under a mass of senseless vituperation and sullen invective. Such, however, has been the course pursued by the publications which have espoused the cause of slavery in this country—incited by private interest, for which they sacrifice every honourable principle and stifle those better feelings that are perpetually struggling to be uppermost. As may be expected, such are weak allies in a bad cause. They are the mercenary auxiliaries of an army making little more than a show on the day of battle. We do not pretend to be in the secrets of the "saints," but we cannot forget that they have been the indefatigable friends of humanity, and stood forth firmly even when they stood alone in its cause. The praise which they have fairly earned, they are entitled to keep, without misrepresentation of motive. The names of Clarkson and Wilberforce will descend to posterity with honour, when trifling religious peculiarities are forgotten. Men who merit the praise of consistency in one of the noblest causes of humanity, need not fear the feeble attacks of raillery. They may well afford to be loaded with epithets of censure, and to be styled charlatans and "humbugs," because they have not rested content with demolishing the traffic in slaves, but go farther, and endeavour to effect the ultimate abolition of slavery itself. Upon this question we fearlessly enroll ourselves on their side, and trust that the British public will continue to afford its aid to all friends of the abolition, and assist in removing this curse of Heaven, this noon-day pestilence, from their country, as the disgraceful traffic must have been removed from the ocean, had a lately deceased minister performed but half his duty to mankind at the general peace.

The object of the enemies of slavery in the proceedings which have so enraged the West Indians and their friends, was simply to ameliorate the condition of the negro, by recommending that the scourge should be no longer the excitement to colonial labour—that time should be spared to the slave for cultivating his garden without applying the Sunday to that purpose—and that every means should be allowed him, compatible with his situation, for acquiring moral and religious instruction. This has been regarded by the colonist as an unlawful interference in his private affairs. We hold that the permission of slavery is a stain upon a modern government, let its interested advocates say what they may; and that where it already exists, the removal of the stigma in the most politic manner is a solemn duty. But what has been the head and front of offence among the supporters of slave-abolition, and indeed on the part of his majesty's ministers, but that they have taken the mildest and most considerate step they could adopt, and at as good a time as could have been chosen, for effecting a just and politic object? That it was a practicable step we have seen, for the island of Tobago has adopted it, and Saint Kitts (unless the slave-owners of Barbadoes, Jamaica, and Demerara should fit out an expedition to prevent it, as

the Barbadoes people threaten to do for destroying Methodist chapels) will follow the example. Though not directly in point, Grenada has shown a liberal spirit in another way, by admitting free persons of colour to the privileges of the constitution. There was nothing in the letter of Lord Bathurst, recommending this amelioration, that could be deemed rash or Quixotic. It did not hint at emancipation, a measure of which the tenure of property, the composition of society, and the state of the negro mind and habit, forbade the contemplation but as a distant event, in which the present generation of slaves could have had little chance of partaking. So remote was such a subject from the contemplation of government, that it would not *admit the question to be discussed*, and only *confined itself to bettering the condition of the negroes, leaving farther steps to time.* This was all intended or implied in the communication to the colonies, which was so sneered at in Jamaica, and which one of the planters of Barbadoes (a Mr. Hamden—what a misnomer!) asserts caused the insurrection in Demerara. This person's assertion we do not believe. The negroes do not peruse the newspapers, but their masters do; and if that insurrection did not arise from other causes, the tocsin was sounded by the slave-owners themselves, whose unseemly conduct at the idea of an interference with *their concerns* by the British government, and their intemperance and open rioting in other islands, might well fix the attention of the slave, and induce him to believe that his masters kept something behind the curtain and did not display such anxiety for the trifling concessions alone recommended by the British minister. We believe that government will never be regarded, by the majority of the planters, as entitled to take any steps respecting the negro that may, perchance, lead now or at any future time to his emancipation. The slave, his children, and children's children for ever, are regarded by them as so many cattle—the whole and sole property of their owners, who will not be dictated to how they shall manage or dispose of them. The negro has no rights; he and his posterity are to be slaves interminably, and deserve no better fate! That there are some who think otherwise among the slave-holders we know, but we speak here of the majority. A planter possessed of a considerable estate in one of the larger islands, and a long resident on it, declared the other day in London, that could free labour be brought to bear he should be the first to hail it as highly advantageous for all; but added, if I whispered such an opinion at home I should be compelled to fly from my property.—"By the negroes?"—"No, by my brother planters!"

Too many of the planters dislike the idea of slave-instruction; their power would necessarily be abridged, more decency be observed in intercourse with the negroes, and many long-standing vicious habits be changed, to which they naturally have a repugnance. They have not been sparing in the exhibition of their bad spirit on the present occasion. In Jamaica they have repealed the registration bill, and have talked loudly and presumptuously of defying the government at home, and being free like the Americans, as if there had been any analogy between the Pennsylvanians and New Englanders of America and their cause, and that of the West Indian slave-holders!* What is Jamaica

* It is not, then, the proceedings in parliament that make the negro dissatisfied; the selfish spirit and noonday violence of the colonists are the causes, and act immediately upon the slave-population.

but the property of Britain by the right of conquest, a colony unable to support itself against its immense slave-population, without digging inglorious graves for the brave soldiery whom it is necessary to send from England for its safeguard? These colonists, then, are like the fly on the coach-wheel, swelling and buzzing in their own impotency. Have these islands cost us no life and treasure? was not the trade of the merchant to other countries shackled for their benefit, and does it not continue so? and was it too much to ask a slight concession for the cause of humanity in return? Away, then, with such boastings. Let, therefore, the consequences of their obstinacy be upon their own heads; for we boldly assert, what is as clear to us as noonday, that the negro population of the West Indies, if not instructed and prepared by degrees for eventual emancipation, and the being amalgamated into free society, will, by the unerring operation of natural causes, by and by burst its thraldom in its savage state; and fearful will the moment be.

But if any thing were wanting to show the spirit with which the planters viewed the sober request of the minister, we may turn from Jamaica to Barbadoes, where men, not of the rabble, and boastful that they are not so, demolish the dissenting chapels, and call upon all persons who are "true lovers of religion" to put an end to Methodism in the West Indies. When the governor offers a reward for the perpetrators of the outrage, he is answered by a proclamation from these brutal rioters, who style themselves "nine-tenths of the community," and even go so far as to print bills, calling upon other colonies to imitate their example. Can they now libel Wilberforce for speaking of their moral depravity? This is a specimen of what sort of stuff negro-drivers are formed, and is a melancholy picture of the social manners of Barbadoes and the hopelessness of such persons ever amicably and cordially uniting with government to blot out the national dishonour. Lovers of "true religion," no doubt, they are; and what their notion of "true religion" is, it may not be difficult to conceive!

The insurrection in Demerara, though its origin be enveloped in mystery, affords a clue by which it may be unravelled. On the proceedings in parliament and Lord Bathurst's communication reaching their ears, the rage of the planters caused the first stir. They placarded Mr. Wilberforce and the abolitionists, and their invectives were open, vulgar, and outrageous. Thus they naturally attracted the attention of their slaves. This colony once belonged to the Dutch, and was noted for the cruelty and oppression of the slave-holders. The negroes could not naturally credit that so much effervescence had burst forth among their masters on account of the demand of such small sacrifices; and being ripe for revolt from other causes, it immediately appeared. This is the probable and natural course of events, and the symptoms of insubordination in the other colonies have been caused in the same manner. The colonists have therefore their own conduct to thank for it. The obstacles presented to the permission of slave-amelioration are far greater among the slave-holders than those to moral instruction among the slaves. Letters from the colony state that one thousand negroes have been killed, hunted down, and executed, while no white persons appear to have lost their lives. The severity of these executions (if the accounts be correct) seems very extraordinary. The common mortality of slaves in Demerara is said to be greater than in any of our other colonies, and has been

accounted for by their treatment being far less mild and humane. How blindly, in their rage, have the slave-holders acted respecting their own property! It is reported that among the revolters was a slave who attended the methodists, who was married and had two children: a white man having a fancy to his wife, had taken her from him; can it be wondered he was in the list of the rebels?* Smith, a missionary, has been tried by a court martial, fortunately of British officers, and the proceedings sent to England. All the missionaries were arrested, yet against this man alone have they pretended to find any thing blameable. He was a man of pure character, who had resided twelve years in the colony, and his guilt is not yet announced.

One of the arguments of the enemies of ultimate emancipation is, that the government, having once encouraged the slave-trade, has no right to set its face against it. But if this be reason, the government might continue to fine, torture, and put the Jews to death, imprison all Catholics, keep up the trial by battle, and burn the Meg Merrilies of every village, because these were acts once sanctioned by it. Legislatures do wrong in times of mental thraldom, which it is the sacred duty of those in more enlightened times to correct. A government is fallible as well as an individual, and a perseverance in the error of a predecessor is neither right nor laudable. Former sanction, however, has in the present intance created a property which has descended to posterity and must be kept inviolate. The abolitionists have had this in view, and have not attempted to touch private property; but we assert that the government has full power to pass laws for regulating the social life of the slave as well as of the master, at least in those colonies where there is no previous clear and exclusive provision for regulating such matters. The sudden emancipation of all slaves in the colonies would be an injustice to some, and is a thing impracticable. *It never was contemplated for a moment either by the government or the friends and promoters of the abolition.* The mode was reserved for time to elucidate. As the moral feelings of the negro were rendered better, and his comforts increased, the exports from the mother country to supply his new wants would increase also, while a reciprocity of interest between the master and servant would grow up and increase to the advantage of both, and enable the slave to become free by manumission, or by purchase arising out of the fruits of his own industry. If, however, the planters will not let the mother country interfere in their concerns, we must attend to our own. We have bolstered up this system of slavery at an enormous expense; our concerns would be improved by acting justly towards ourselves, and if the whip be still to lacerate, and the slave is to be branded, flogged, and made the instrument of sensuality, and the government is left without the power of remedying these evils, let the duties which shield the planter be taken off, and let a substantial bounty be allowed to those colonies which show an inclination to go hand in hand with the government, in effecting eventual good for themselves and removing a stain from the character of the parent country.

The sneerers at the friends to the abolition of slavery are enraged

* All the whites in the West Indies who fancy it, keep Native or negro women. A female slave is as much at the disposal of her master's lust there, as a Georgian is in Turkey.

with ministers for the part they took in recommending the recent measures to the colonist. If any attempt for bettering the condition of the slaves were ever to be made, it could not have been made at a better time. The result of the first step for a gradual and slow abolition has failed, we contend, by the violent conduct of the slave-owners themselves, and it must stand still for the present. Again the hacknied common-place arguments of the negro being better off in the West Indies than in his own country; of the kind treatment he receives; of his natural rascality notwithstanding; of his vast inferiority in capacity to his white masters (a thing by no means so clear); of his being happier and better off than the English peasantry, and numerous other false and stupid arguments of the same kind, begin to be lavishly used by those who labour in supporting injustice by falsehood. Slavery under any circumstances is a wrong; under those of violence it is a heinous crime.

We forbear to notice what some denominate the abstract merits of the question, but which are in reality the most important guides to legislators on the subject. We will not go into the inalienable rights of the negro, nor to the question whether any social system in which slavery exists should be tolerated. Nor will we turn a sickening eye upon Demerara, and the picture it presents at the present moment, or examine with justice and impartiality the character, causes, and effects of such a scene, or point out in what it is likely to end. No system of slavery in any age has outdone in atrocity that of the negro under Christian governments. The trade, thank God! is no more; but the thing itself remains festering, corroding, and corrupting all within the atmosphere of its malignity; blood is still spilt, and more must be yet shed to support it, necessarily perhaps, on the principle of self-preservation. How must a judge of integrity regard the act of the slave who, not alone the victim of labour and oppression, sees every tie which endears savage life rent asunder by an oppressor; sees his wife or child, for example, forcibly taken to be the prostitute of his overseer, and having no law by which he may get redress, in the burning anguish of despair, appeals from nature to God, flies to his revenge, immolates his victim, is destroyed in the attempt, or lights the flame of revolt!—But this subject must be pursued no farther; it is a fearful thing at the present moment; it is too tremendous a matter, too full of frightful images and retributive horrors. Yet it must not be blinked by those who examine the question, nor must the eye be closed to the magnitude of the wickedness it engenders; though the nefarious supporters of slavery are accustomed to balance pounds, shillings, and pence, against all these iniquities, against justice, humanity, and the dictates of God and nature themselves.

What path, then, remains for the friends of humanity to follow in the present very difficult crisis? Insurrections, which we verily believe to be caused by the ungovernable ill-blood which the colonists exhibited on being acquainted with the measures adopted at home, have broken out among the negroes. From the display they made, it must be difficult for the negro to be convinced of the truth, as it is matter of wonder at home, that all the tumults and hubbub of the slave-owners were caused by the simple recommendation of a few humane regulations on the part of a British minister. Had the colonists

calmly considered these as they ought to have done, and not raved and fumed like madmen; placarded their streets with libels on Wilberforce; destroyed the chapels of useful and unoffending sectaries; rioted and threatened the government with their microscopic vengeance; but instead of so acting, silently assented to the measures recommended, and entered into an amicable understanding on the subject; no discontents among the negroes would have been heard of. But there is now a pretty good specimen before the public of what stuff planters are composed, and ample proof of the bad influence of the immediate vicinity of slavery. We see too, that they have never been falsely and wickedly traduced by the friends of humanity and justice, as some of their advocates would have us believe. There was, alas! too much truth in the charges made against, we fear, a very numerous portion of them. That there are many humane and kind slave-owners, good worthy men, in the colonies, cannot be doubted; men who would gladly meet every rational scheme for benefiting the slave; but these dare not speak out for fear of the majority of their fellows, who, we fully believe, will never tolerate any measure that may have the remotest chance of causing the negro or his descendants to be regarded otherwise than as the rest of their stock in trade,—and to the benefits that would result from free labour or the moral instruction of the negro and the bettering of his condition, "they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear."

The hatred of the planters to the missionaries arises from the latter mingling more with the negroes and taking a greater interest in their concerns than the stationary clergy. A minister who has acquired his quantum of Greek and Latin at college, is appointed to a living in the West Indies; he goes out there, preaches regularly on a Sunday, or "does duty" as he would at home. Unless he disregard being looked upon by the whites as overzealous and intermeddling, he will not go beyond this, though he may sometimes feel a temptation to do so. The church missionaries, and all others, must be chosen of the most irreproachable character, discreet, zealous, and regardful of nothing but the improvement of those whom they are set over; they must mingle with the negroes, or no good will accrue, devoting their time, their comforts, and wasting life itself in promoting the object they have undertaken. We repeat it, and we know the fact, that little good beyond what may arise from the fulfilment of the common-place routine of duty in the parish church, is to be expected from four-fifths of the beneficed clergy in the West Indies.

The friends of slave-abolition must now be content to rest on their oars for a time. As friends of humanity, they cannot wish to increase the miseries of the objects of their sympathy. There are great difficulties to be got over, of which not they, but the colonists themselves must bear the *onus*. These difficulties the government alone can grapple with any chance of success. But the friends of the abolition, powerful as they are in this country, may exert themselves in distinguishing those colonies which have come into their humane views. Men with sordid ideas must be ruled by the influence of gain. Could a preference be given in the home-market, for example, to the productions of those colonies that had adopted the measures recommended, it would do more in the way of enforcing them than all the

humane letters and recommendations of the abolitionists could effect for a century. Slave-holders cannot be acted upon like the members of more civilized communities. The air of slavery is fatal to the milder sympathies of our nature. As the abolitionists, then, cannot wish to see the removal of one evil effected by the operation of another; they must, we repeat it, do nothing more just at present in the shape of active proceeding; they must wait until peace among the negroes be completely restored. But let them never lose sight of their objects, the moral instruction of the negro and his preparation for a better social state, if it be only in those islands where the colonists will tolerate it. Then, if negro freedom should never be achieved by the efforts of the British nation, and continue to be thwarted by the colonists, but should ultimately be effected by those natural but terrible causes which in process of time will inevitably operate to bring it about, they will have done infinite good by lessening the intensity of the reaction and the force of the convulsion. The crown of praiseworthy exertion always comes at last, and is not less brilliant and glorious for being procrastinated. Y. J.

STANZAS. THE HEIRESS'S COMPLAINT.

Why tell me with officious zeal,
 That I am young, and rich, and fair,
And wonder how my soul can feel
 The pangs of sorrow and of care?

Why dost thou count the golden store,
 The sparkling jewels that are mine,
And name the suitors o'er and o'er
 Who breathe their incense at my shrine?

Know that I scorn the sordid train
 Whose loveless vows are bought and sold,—
Know that the heart I sigh to gain
 Despises, spurns, my worthless gold.

I love—I dare not breathe his name,
 The son of genius and of mind;
He climbs the steepy path of fame,
 Content to leave the crowd behind.

And while in halls illumined bright,
 I hear the same false flatteries o'er,
He patient wastes the midnight light
 In studious toil, in learned lore.

Seldom he seeks the giddy throng,
 And then he stands retired, apart,
And views the dance, and hears the song,
 With listless look and joyless heart.

He turns from Love's all-speaking eye;
 His mind to fame, to science clings,
Throned in a world of visions high,
 Of deep and vast imaginings.

My vaunted wealth, my flatter'd face,
 The praise of coxcombs may employ;
But *he* regards that dross as base,
 He holds that beauty as a toy.

Yet must I still reluctant wear
  These flashing gems, these robes of state,
And nightly must submit to share,
  The paltry vanities I hate.

Oh! never shall the world deride
  My passion with unfeeling jest,
While smiles of more than Spartan pride
  Can hide the tortures of my breast.

Thy tears flow fast—Now judge if gold
  Can banish anguish from its shrine,
And say if ever tale was told
  So sad, so sorrowful as mine. M. A.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—NO. II.

We took boat one afternoon, with two English gentlemen, for Scutari, to see the howling Dervishes. The Mosque was very plain; having taken our seats in the gallery, we waited for some time, while the Dervishes were engaged in drinking, as our guard, a captain of the Janizaries, informed us, to excite themselves to go through the strange exhibition that followed. A young man of the order then mounted on a flight of steps without the door, and summoned, in a very loud and mournful voice, for nearly half an hour, the faithful to attend. The Dervishes all entered, and, ranged in a long line, began to rock their bodies to and fro in simultaneous movement. But this motion soon became more rapid, and Alla and Mohammed, at first pronounced in a low and sad tone, burst from their lips with violence. They then all threw off their outer garments, sprang from the ground, and threw their arms furiously about. As their imaginations became more heated, some stripped themselves nearly naked, others foamed at the mouth; one or two old men, exhausted, sunk on the ground, and the cries of God and the Prophet might be heard afar off. It was a singular spectacle of enthusiasm and hypocrisy combined; but what ensued was more disgusting, for they took red-hot irons and applied them to their legs and feet, and other parts of their bodies, still howling out amidst their pain the name of the Eternal, in whose honour, they would have their credulous assembly believe, they suffered all this. A great part of the Dervishes are notorious libertines and profligates, as the better informed Turks are often heard to call them. They consist of various orders; some live in monasteries, others lead a wandering life through different parts of the empire, chiefly subsisting on the hospitality of the faithful. In the island of Cyprus I met with a young Dervise of this kind; his features were fair and effeminate, and his long hair fell in ringlets on his neck and bosom; on the latter he wore several pieces of stained glass, fancifully disposed; his appearance betokened any thing but devotion. Others are to be seen roving about with thick dishevelled hair, wild looks, and half naked; these profess poverty and self-denial, and are held most in reverence by the people. Many of these men, however, are sincere teachers and examples of their religion, and lead the life of pilgrims, or fix on some secluded spot, where they live abstemiously, and repay with their counsels the simple presents of the people. The most eminent of them are termed Santons, and have

handsome monuments built on their graves in the shade of trees, which are ever after regarded with peculiar veneration.

The fast of Ramadan ended a few days ago. As rigidly kept as that of the Jews: the Turk finds it severe enough to remain from one sunset to the next without a morsel; then coffee and his pipe are indeed his solace, for these are permitted. With what tumultuous joy did the believers deport themselves in a coffee-house not far from the English palace. They danced wildly in groups to the sound of the guitar and tambour, embraced one another as they talked of the night near at hand, when the first appearance of the new moon should announce that Ramadan was over, and Beiram was begun. It came at last; on that night every minaret of the grand mosques was illumined from top to bottom with innumerable rows of lamps. You could distinguish those of Achmed, Suleimanieh, and St. Sophia; it was a peculiar and splendid sight; and the vast city and its people seemed to be hushed in the stillness of midnight, waiting for the signal of festivity. The Imauns from the tops of the highest minarets eagerly bent their looks to catch the first glimpse of the new moon; the moment it was perceived, loud and joyful shouts, which spread instantly all over the city, announced that the hour of indulgence was come, and full compensation for all their denials. It was really pleasing to observe, the next day, the looks of kindness and almost fraternal feeling which they cast on each other. The poor man is often seen at this period to take the hand, and kiss the cheek of the rich and haughty, who returns the salutation as to his equal, a brother in the glorious faith of their Prophet, a heir alike to the privileges of his Paradise. Delight was pictured in every countenance; every one put on his finest apparel, and the sound of music was heard on every side, mingled with songs in honour of their religion. We are too apt to divest the Turks of domestic virtues, yet one cannot but be struck with their extreme fondness for their children; beautiful beings they often are, beyond those of any other country. In Damascus, I have many times stopped in the streets to gaze at children of six or eight years of age whose extreme loveliness it was impossible not to admire;—and afterwards in Tripolitza, I cannot forget how the love of a Turkish lady to her two youngest children, risked the murder of herself, her son and daughter, and her most intimate friend. The population of Constantinople has been much overrated; according to General Sebastiani's calculation, while he was ambassador, it does not exceed four hundred thousand; and the suburbs of Pera, Galata, Scutari, &c. with the line of villages along the shores of the Bosphorus, contain eight hundred thousand more. A considerable part of the ground the city covers is taken up with gardens. The areas of the mosques are generally planted with trees, and a fountain, sometimes richly ornamented, stands at the entrance, for a Turk seldom enters without first washing his feet, and, laying aside his shoes, he treads in his soft slippers. The solemnity of this people at their devotions is very striking; whether in the mosque or in the open air, they appear entirely abstracted from all around; and you would think from the expression of their features, that the spirit and the senses were alike devoted to this sacred duty; they are generally silent, save that the sound of Alla, pronounced in a low and humble tone, is often heard. The mosques are in general unadorned, and the architecture

quite simple; the name of God and passages from the Koran are inscribed in gold letters on the walls. A lofty corridor goes all round the interior of the building; the circular space in the middle, where the pulpit of the Imaun stands, is lighted by a dome at the top. The assembly range themselves beneath the corridor on mats and carpets; the greater part of the time is occupied in prayer.

The habits of an Oriental are very simple; the absence of every kind of public amusement and dissipation with his rigid adherence to all the usages of his fathers, makes one day the picture of every other. A Turk of good condition rises with the sun; and as he sleeps on soft cushions, divesting himself but of a small part of his dress, it costs him little trouble at the toilet. He offers up his prayer, and then breakfasts on a cup of coffee, some sweetmeats, and the luxury of his pipe. Perhaps he will read the Koran, or the glowing poetry of Hafiz and Sadi, for a knowledge of the Persian is the frequent accomplishment of the upper ranks of both sexes. He then orders his Arab horse, and rides for two or three hours, or exercises with the jerrid, and afterwards dines about mid-day on a highly seasoned pilaw. In the afternoon, the coffee-houses, where the Eastern story-tellers resort, are favourite places of entertainment; or seated in his cool kiosk, on the banks of the Bosphorus, he yields to his useless but delightful habit of musing. But the decline of day brings the Turk's highest joys: he then dines on a variety of seasoned dishes, drinks his iced sherbet, enjoys probably a party of his friends; and afterwards visits the Harem, where his beloved children are brought him, and his wife or wives, if he has more than one, with her attendants and slaves, exert all their powers of fascination for their lord. The Nubian brings him the richest perfumes; the Circassian, excelling in her loveliness, presents the spiced coffee and the rare confection made by her own hands, and tunes her guitar or lute, the sounds of which are mingled with the murmurs of the fountain on the marble pavement beneath.

The utter desolation of the unhappy Greeks forces itself on one's notice every day. The spacious quarter of the Fanal, entirely inhabited by them, is now nearly deserted. The animating spectacle, which the Bosphorus often presented at evening, of their pleasure-boats filled with Greek beauty and gaiety, has quite disappeared. Two fine palaces which stood at the water's edge were inhabited by two brothers, who held financial situations under the government. Being suspected, their heads were cut off on the same day; and their palaces, as we sailed by them, were forsaken. The sweet shaded scenes around the hamlets and cottages on the shore, where this once happy people delighted to dance in groups to the mandoline, and sing the songs of their native land, are now mute. At times, in walking along the Bosphorus, you may meet some wretched Greek flying from his pursuers, or see some murdered body floating near the shore. I mingled one day in a group of the lowest Turks, who were gazing on the corpse of one of their victims with an appearance of great satisfaction. One of them took hold of the body with a hook to throw it into the sea; but another wretch instantly stepped forwards, and stripped it first of all its clothing, when it was cast naked into the water. On visiting a fine khan, near the Fanal, which was frequented by the rich Greek merchants, not a being was to be seen save two Persian merchants, seated

smoking in the open area, with pale and still features, and their long beards dyed black. Much of the effects of the captive or slain proprietors still remained in the apartments.

What tales of blood might be told of this war of extermination! Just before our landing at the town of the Dardanelles, a large village on the opposite shore was attacked at night by a body of Turkish soldiers, and men, women, and children put to the sword, to the amount of several hundreds.

In the cruel evacuation of Parga, when its poor people knew not where to find an asylum, and each family had a distress all its own, a father and mother—I knew the circumstance well—offered an English officer their only and beautiful daughter. "Take her, signior," they said, "from the misery around, save her from Ali Pacha, treat her always with kindness, and she shall live with you." The young Greek still resides with him, but her parents most probably perished. Here, separations like this might be said to be mild, compared to some scenes, where the parents were butchered before the eyes of their children, who were borne away for the pleasures of the captor.

At Smyrna, after the first massacre in the streets, the Greeks shut themselves in their houses, but several times they made attempts to escape in boats. Having watched that the shore was clear of the enemy, they hurried on board with their families, to gain some neutral vessel in the harbour. The Turkish soldiers quickly gathered on the beach, and kept up a fire of musquetry on them. It was sad to hear the cries from the boats, and see the poor fugitives dropping as the bullets struck them.

After I left Smyrna, a singular circumstance occurred to an intimate friend and fellow-traveller, who chanced to spend a short time there. He was sitting in his apartment in the hotel one day, when a young and respectable Greek woman entered, and threw herself at his feet, weeping bitterly. She implored him to save her life, and procure her escape. Her friends had been sacrificed, and there was no one she could trust in; and the dread of being every moment discovered by the Turks was insupportable. There was no listening to this in vain. He generously sought for her an asylum under English protection, and in a few days procured her a passage in a vessel sailing for Greece, where she was sure to find friends, and presented her with a supply of money.

Among the pleasant rides around the city, is that to the Aqueducts of Justinian, and the forest of Belgrade, about fourteen miles off. Having procured horses, we left Pera early, attended by Mustapha, an honest janizary, well known to every traveller, and accustomed to go remote journeys through the empire. At a few miles' distance is the Palace of the Sweet Waters, a favourite summer residence of the Sultan. Proceeding through a pleasing country, we reached the lofty Aqueduct of Justinian, and soon after that of Bourgas. The small lakes in the heart of the forest, their lofty banks darkly covered to the water's edge, afford some scenes of peculiar beauty. We halted at a village inhabited by a few Greeks, and entered a poor coffee-house to get some refreshment. They soon produced a dish of mutton and some fruit; and, what was more acceptable, some very good white wine. In the midst of the meal some Turkish cavalry approached, amusing themselves with throwing the jerrid at each other. The affrighted Greeks instantly hid

the wine, and brought in its place a vessel of water. We wished the Turks at Mecca for spoiling our dinner: they entered, and made some very pointed inquiries; but Mustapha soon satisfied them, and, after demanding some refreshment, they departed. When the heat had abated, we directed our course towards Boioukderé: the prospect from the hills of that village and its valley, with the Turkish camp still pitched in it, the Black Sea beyond, and the river beneath, flowing between the shores of Europe and Asia, was noble in the extreme. It being evening, we turned down to Therapia; and being kindly pressed by Mr. L. to spend a day or two with him again, sent the janizary with the horses back to the city. The next day being Sunday, the garden of the French ambassador's palace, with its long rows of trees on the eminences, afforded a cool and retired promenade. Mr. M. a merchant, who lived close by, dined with us: we visited his garden in the evening, and taking seats on the terrace just over the water, had pipes brought. He was an elderly man, and a bachelor, and had left Scotland long ago. He talked of his native land with deep pleasure, and of the days of his youth. Singular, as the sun was going down on the exquisite scenery of the Bosphorus, stretched like fairy-land around us, to think and to talk so of the scenes of "lang syne," and all their dear associations! A cup of the whiskey, and a song of the Highlands, with a sight of the kilt, or his "ain dear lassie," would have been more dear to him than the Arabian coffee we were sipping, the evening-call to prayers from the Mosque, or the shrouded and still forms of the women stealing along.

The condition of the women in Turkey has little resemblance to slavery, and the pity given to it by Europeans has its source more in imagination than reality. From their naturally retired and indolent habits, they care less about exercise in the open air than ourselves. They are very fond of the bath, where large parties of them frequently meet and spend the greater part of the day, displaying their rich dresses to each other, conversing, and taking refreshments. From this practice, and the little exposure to the sun, the Turkish ladies have often an exquisite delicacy of complexion. They often sail in their pleasure-boats to various parts of the Bosphorus, or walk veiled to the favourite promenades near the cemetery, or in the gardens of Dolma Batcke, with their attendants; and they sometimes walk disguised through the streets of the city, without any observation. The government of an English wife over her own household does not equal that of the Turkish, which is absolute, the husband scarcely ever interfering in the domestic arrangements, and in case of a divorce her portion is always given up.

The practice of eating opium does not appear to be so general with the Turks as is commonly believed. But there is a set of people at Constantinople devoted to this drug; and the Theriakis, as they are called, have that hollow and livid aspect, the fixed dulness of the eye at one time, or the unnatural brightness at another, which tell too plainly of this destructive habit. They seldom live beyond thirty; lose all appetite for food; and as their strength wastes, the craving for the vivid excitement of opium increases. It is useless to warn a Theriakee that he is hurrying to the grave. He comes in the morning to a large coffee-house, a well-known resort for this purpose, close to

the superb mosque of Suleimanieh. Having swallowed his pill, he seats himself in the portico in front, which is shaded by trees. He has no wish to change his position, for motion would disturb his happiness, which he will tell you is indescribable. Then the most wild and blissful reveries come crowding on him. His gaze fixed on the river beneath, covered with the sails of every nation; on the majestic shores of Asia opposite, or vacantly raised where the gilded minarets of Suleimanieh ascend on high: if external objects heighten, as is allowed, the illusions of opium, the Turk is privileged. There, till the sun sets on the scene, the Theriakee revels in love, in splendour, or pride. He sees the beauties of Circassia striving whose charms shall most delight him; the Ottoman fleet sails beneath his flag as the Capitan Pacha: or seated in the divan, turbaned heads are bowed before him, and voices hail the favoured of Alla and the Sultan. But evening comes, and he awakes to a sense of wretchedness and helplessness, to a gnawing hunger which is an effect of his vice; and hurries home, to suffer till the morning sun calls him to his paradise again.

In this city you cannot proceed far without remarking the great number of coffee-houses and sweetmeat-shops. The former are attended from sun-rise till night. Each person brings his small tobacco-bag in his pocket, which he is very ready to offer to a stranger who is unprovided. Whatever residence a traveller enters, from that of the prince to the peasant, the universal compliment is the pipe and coffee; the latter drunk without milk, and the former of a very fine and mild quality. The janizary, a tall fierce-looking fellow, who attended me through the streets as a guard, and would talk very coolly by the way of the different Greeks he had murdered, used to amuse me at seeing him stop at a sweetmeat-shop, and purchase what would please a child in England, and devour it with as much fondness.

The situation of the English merchants settled here, is not an enviable one. Reduced to their own contracted circle, and that destitute, with one or two exceptions, of female society; no public amusements, library, or music, there is a sad monotony in their life. They are very hospitable to strangers, and do not spare any attentions to make a residence there agreeable. The chief resource to a traveller is at Lord Strangford's. At his table, or at the evening parties, were to be met individuals of different nations, chiefly Armenians and Franks; but there was a want of vivacity and interest in them, arising from the restraint produced by the unfortunate state of affairs, and all interchange of visits with the other ambassadors being at an end. At the palace at this time was Lady G. T., a younger sister of Lady H. Stanhope, and possessed of the same spirit of enterprise and courage, though less romantic and Oriental. She had just arrived from Persia, by way of Georgia, and had travelled great part of the way on horseback. At Tebriz an offer was made her of an introduction to the seraglio of the Prince Royal of Persia, but it was declined. Such an offer occurs but once in a person's life. The beautiful author of the "Letters from Turkey" would have embraced it with delight, for she was a favourite with the Oriental women, and no subsequent traveller has ever had her opportunities of knowing and describing them, or perhaps ever will. What can be more exquisite than her picture of Fatima, the Pacha of Adrianople's bride; endowed with that mild dig-

nity and sweetness of carriage so often possessed by the Turkish ladies; and seated amidst her handmaids, directing their tasks of embroidery; each of whom was selected for her beauty, but herself "so gloriously beautiful" as to excel all her visitor had ever beheld?

Before leaving Stamboul, it is but justice to say something of the singular honesty of the Turks. On landing at Galati, my effects were carried by a porter; and proceeding up one of the crowded streets, we entirely lost sight of him, and turned towards a coffee-house, as I concluded he had made off with them; but the Swedish captain of the vessel, who had been here before, declared such a circumstance was never known there. In a short time we observed the poor fellow returning down the street, and looking most anxiously on every side. In the bazaars a merchant will often go away and leave his shop and effects exposed, without the least concern. In their dealings it is rare to find any attempt to defraud; and in the whole of my journey through various parts of the empire, often lodging in the humblest cottages, and in the most remote situations, I never suffered the loss of the most trifling article among the Turks. An amusing incident befel Mr. R., a gentleman attached to the palace, during our stay here. He had lost a leg while in the navy, and, being very desirous of visiting the great bazaar, he rode through it on horseback; a privilege used by none but Turks, and in these disturbed times rather dangerous. A Bostandgi Bashee, an officer of some rank, being enraged on observing this, came up and struck with his sabre at Mr. R.'s wooden leg. The Turk's astonishment at seeing no blood flow, or wound inflicted, was very great. He lifted his sabre and cut with good will through part of the leg; but finding it all useless, he drew back, without uttering a word, and gazed intently on the Frank.

The Janizaries, of whom there are fifty thousand at present in and around Constantinople, are uncommonly fine men. If these men would submit to European discipline and the use of the bayonet, they would have little reason to fear a contest with the Russians, to whom they bear a deadly hatred. The unfortunate Selim's resolution to bring these haughty troops into discipline, cost him his throne. About two years after his relative Mahmoud was made emperor, the Janizaries began to regret that they had ever deposed him; for Selim was as eminent for his amiable qualities as for his personal beauty. A large body of them advanced tumultuously to the foot of the palace walls, and with loud cries demanded Selim. The prince, who had been kept a close prisoner, heard with the liveliest emotion the clamours of the Janizaries. Mahmoud instantly ordered the Kislar Aga, the chief of the black eunuchs, with two mutes, to despatch him. This man, the instrument of the Sultan's crimes as well as pleasures, is horribly ugly, and supposed to have great influence with his master. As they broke into the apartment, Selim instantly knew their purpose; and possessing great strength, he struck down the mutes on each side, and was making his way out of the door, to throw himself over the wall among the Janizaries, which would have given him the empire again, but the Kislar Aga wounded him in such a manner, that Selim fainted with the agony of pain, when the bowstring was instantly placed round his neck, and his body thrown over to the soldiers. The Janizaries uttered loud lamentations, and knelt round the body, weeping bitterly; but, dismayed by his death, they retired without any further effort.

THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods
  Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,
And, by the rushing of the torrent-floods,
  To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the Desert's warrior-race,
  By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe;
But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
  With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?
Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,
And where art thou?—thine arrows are not there!

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
  They hang their spears upon the cypress-bough,
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is done—
  They hear the tales of old—and where art thou?
The night-fires blaze beneath the giant-pine,
And there a place is fill'd, that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the City's throng,
  And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside,
Child of the forests! thou art borne along
  Ev'n as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide!
But will this be?—and canst thou *here* find rest?—
Thou hadst thy nurture on the Desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,
  From the Savannah-land, the land of streams?
Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may hear?
  Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams?
They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main—
Back to thy free and boundless woods again!

Hear them not! hear them not!—thou canst not find
  In the far wilderness what once was thine!
Thou hast quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind,
  And gather'd loftier aims and hopes divine.
Thou know'st the soaring thought, th' immortal strain—
Seek not the deserts and the woods again!

F. H.

"POURQUOI EXISTONS-NOUS?"—VOLTAIRE.

Doctors, though skill'd in Nature's laws,
Are posed to find a final cause
Why first she breathed upon man's clay,
And call'd him forth to light and day.
To man, they ask, can it be given,
Poor worm, to glorify high Heaven?
Or can Omnipotence require
The nasal praise of earthly quire?
And, more presumptuous still, they task
The fountain of their breath, and ask,
Can Providence its business further
By wars and famine, lust, and murther,—
In tears, in sighs and blood delighting,
The equal fruits of love and fighting?
Such are the knotty points and curious
Which men, by too much love made furious,
Turn on all sides,—as dogs an urchin,—
Yet gain no truth by all their searching.

Their reasoning, like the tread-mill's round,
Covers the same eternal ground,
And all their steps repeated o'er
Leave them—just where they were before.
Some hold man born to live alone,
To fast and pray, to sigh and moan;
Others as sapiently suppose
Life's end is seated on the nose,*
All virtue and perfection stinting
Within the narrow bounds of squinting.
So Western sages make it vicious
When men grow thinking and suspicious;
And deem it not a venial slip,
To look beyond the nose's tip.
Some recommend a spiritual purging
Of sin, by means of corporal scourging;
While some would spend our prime's best age
In vagabonding pilgrimage.
Of strange opinions there 's no dearth—
Some think our business here on earth
Is to consume the night's still noon
In closest conference with the moon;
To fly upon the visual wing
And pick up news from Saturn's ring.
There are, and surely these have reason,
Who life with mirth and pleasure season.
There are who hold, most indiscreet,
That life is one perpetual treat,
A feast, a mere debauch, a revel,
And in hard drinking seek their level.
The wiser deem the task of man
On earth is but himself to scan,
To help a brother in distress,
To the great goal of knowledge press,
T' enlarge the narrow bounds of mind,
New remedies for evils find,
Firmly to guard his country's laws,
And bravely bleed in Freedom's cause.
When the great cause of life I 'd know,
To such philosophers I 'd go:
With them I 'd laugh at all those blockheads
Who for opinion's sake would knock heads,
And limit every Christian brain
To hold, just what their own contain:
With them I 'd think, with them I 'd doubt,
And hope I 'd made the puzzle out.
But, since the Fates decree to twine,
—— —— thy thread of life with mine,
The sceptic sinks into the lover;
Nor care I longer to discover
A better cause why man should be,
Than simply to exist with thee.
Reposing on thy faithful breast,
All doubts for ever sink to rest.
On thee I gaze, and the bless'd sight
Proves that "whatever is, is right;"
While, pleased, I own, howe'er life tend,
The means must sanctify the end.

M.

* The Indian Fakeers sit for days with their eyes fixed on the point of their nose.

HAJJI BABA.

Considering the great intercourse that has of late taken place between this country and the East, and the appetite of the age for literary novelties, it is remarkable that so few works have appeared descriptive of Asiatic manners and customs. Among those Englishmen who have visited the different countries of Asia, there surely have been many of enterprise and acuteness enough to collect facts and observations, and of talents to combine them into the fascinating form of a tale, that, while it instructed, might fix the attention by affording amusement; and yet, wide as the field appears, we are aware of but one previous attempt thus to introduce the public to a more intimate acquaintance with the more private and domestic history of the natives of the East.

The cause of this singular deficiency may, perhaps, be traced to the still more extraordinary apathy evinced in this country towards every thing in general belonging to Asia. There is, however, no disputing with public taste: it is the tribunal where every literary production must be judged; and he who would have his book generally read must make it interesting. The interest attendant on personal adventure, and the identification of the reader with the narrator, by which he becomes an actor in the scenes described, is what appears to have been chiefly wanting in works relating to Eastern subjects; and it is by this interest the author of the work before us, whom we understand to be Mr. Morier, has endeavoured, and we think with much success, to fix the reader's attention to the description he gives of Persian character and manners.

The author of Hajjî Baba has evidently had in his view "Anastasius," the well-known and able work of Mr. Hope; and both (the former indeed plainly tells us so) have taken as their model our admirable old school-companion Gil Blas; and though we cannot promise the lively imagination, exquisite humour, and extensive acquaintance with human nature of the one, or the nervous style and powerful descriptions of the other, the reader will find in the adventures of Hajjî Baba, a succession of well-connected and very amusing incidents, related in an unaffected and easy style, and highly characteristic of the countries and people they describe.

The author in the character of Peregrine Persic introduces the person whose adventures he relates, in a manner that has so many touches of truth and reality about it, and the scene is so well described, that we cannot help believing the incident and all that belongs to it, with the exception of the gift of the manuscript, to be "founded on fact." On his journey homewards from Persia, while reposing in the post-house at Tocat, he is requested to attend a sick Persian, whom he recognizes as Mirza Hajjî Baba, that he had seen at the Persian court. He administers relief, and the Mirza, in gratitude for his recovered health, makes the Englishman a present of a manuscript, which he tells him contains an history of his own life, and which, having remarked the curiosity of Europeans on such subjects, he ventures to offer as the most acceptable acknowledgement in his power. The substance of part of this forms the story now given to the public, of which the following is a short sketch.

Hajjî Baba, the son of "the chief Barber in Ispahan," despising, like his prototype Gil Blas, the obscurity of his father's profession, determines to see the world, and makes his *debut* as attendant upon Osman Aga, a merchant of Bagdad, with whom he becomes acquainted in a caravanserai near his father's shop at Ispahan, and whom he accompanies on a commercial journey to Khorasan. Their caravan is, however, attacked and plundered by a party of Turcomans, and Hajjî, as well as his master, are made prisoners. Hajjî contrives to ingratiate himself so much with his new master, Aslan Sultan, that he enjoys a great degree of liberty, and after some time is so well thought of as to be chosen to accompany a marauding expedition against his native city, while his ex-master, Osman Aga, is sent into the Desert to feed camels.

The expedition is partly successful; they carry off some cash and three prisoners, supposed to be wealthy merchants, one of whom proves to be the king's poet laureate, and Hajjî is instrumental in saving the life of his old father when in the hands of a Turcoman. He is much disgusted, however, at the unfair distribution of plunder which he was so greatly the means of securing, and resolves to make his escape, but is forced to retreat with the party, who on their return through the salt desert, while lying in wait for a caravan near the road from Tehran to Mushed, encounter the train of one of the princes proceeding to the latter place as governor of the province. Hajjî in an evil hour seizes this opportunity, and permits himself to be overtaken by his pursuers, but is maltreated and narrowly escapes being put to death as a Turcoman, being at the same time robbed of both his money and horse. He makes a fruitless attempt at regaining his property, but finds that justice in Persia never goes the length of restitution.

He accompanies the cavalcade to Mushed, and is advised by a muleteer, with whom he makes friends upon the road, to seek a maintenance as a *Saka* or water-carrier, which he perseveres in, till, being injured by his exertions, he is forced to abandon it, and takes to selling adulterated tobacco; in this calling he succeeds to admiration, till he has the misfortune to attract the notice of the chief officer of police, by whom he is discovered and undergoes a severe bastinado on the soles of his feet, which so disgusts him that he quits Mushed as soon as he recovers from his bruises, and returns to Tehran. Upon the way he puts in practice certain tricks he had learnt at Mushed from a celebrated Dervish; cheats a courier out of his horse and despatches, with which he reaches Tehran, and is in consequence involved in several scrapes; but at last is taken into the service of the king's chief physician, in whose house pass many curious and amusing scenes, and he falls in love with a Cûrdish slave, with whom he enjoys a secret intercourse for some time.

The king, however, visits the doctor, and, being struck with the beauty of Hajjî's mistress, accepts of her in a present from her master, and sends her, to be educated as a dancing-woman, to one of his palaces, in readiness for his return from Sultanieh, to the dismay of her lover, who anticipates the most dreadful consequences to her and to himself, and, having long in secret detested the service of the chief physician, determines on quitting it. While he is at a loss what course to pur-

sue, an accident procures him admission into the corps of royal executioners, in which capacity he attends the Shah to his camp at Sultanieh.

Here, in a contest of roguery, he foils his friend the sub-lieutenant of the executioners, gets himself appointed in his room, and accompanies his chief and the Serdar, or general of Erivan, on an expedition against the Russians, in which the reader will find a curious detail of certain transactions that took place, and some excellent specimens of Persian gasconading.

Hajjî returns to Tehran along with the king, and his horror and remorse are awakened in the strongest manner, not only by finding that his unhappy mistress is condemned to death for the crime of being found impure within the king's harem, of which he is the cause, but that it falls to his part officially to attend at her execution; the circumstances of which are depicted with much force and feeling. Smitten with despair and almost weary of life, he flies from Tehran, intending to visit his native place and retire from the world; but finding he is pursued, he seeks the sanctuary of Fatimeh at Kom, by the advice of a Dervish, who accompanies him thither, where he assumes the demeanour of a saint and recommends himself to the chief Mollahs and high priest of the shrine, who advise him, too late, to beware of his friend the Dervish;—he finds that he has been robbed by that person of the little money he possessed, and is left pennyless. His friend the high-priest, however, procures his pardon from the Shah, who visits Kom; and Hajjî departs for and reaches Ispahan, poor as when he commenced his career, and just in time to close the eyes of his old father the barber, who leaves him his heir. Hajjî does not, however, find himself much the better for this event; and by this time soured with the world, he renounces the more warlike professions, and resolves to become a man of letters. He applies to his friend the high-priest at Kom, who recommends him as a scholar to a Mollah learned in the law, at Tehran, in whom he finds a mixture of hypocrisy and enthusiasm, that at last leads him to excite a popular tumult, which ends in his being severely punished and turned out of the city by order of the Shah. Hajjî participates in his disgrace, but returning in the dusk to look after their property, he enters a bath, to which at the same time the Mollah Bashi, or head doctor of the law, and his master's chief enemy, repairs, supposing himself in private: the Mollah enters the water, in which he is seized with a fit and drowned. Struck with affright at the prospect of being taken up as the Mollah's murderer, he meditates escape, but is mistaken in the dusk for the doctor, by his servants, who conduct him to the house of the deceased, where he goes through a variety of adventures, and then leaves Tehran, intending to escape pursuit if possible and take shelter in the Turkish dominions: he overtakes his master, Mollah Nadân, who, as a means of mutual safety, proposes an exchange of garments, by which indeed Hajjî escapes pursuit, but the poor Mollah is taken and executed as the murderer of the head of the law.

Hajjî, after many hairbreadth escapes, reaches Bagdad, where he meets with his old friend and master, Osman Aga, who receives him kindly; and with him after awhile he proceeds to Constantinople as a merchant of pipe-sticks, where he prospers, and after some time

espouses the widow of a rich Emir, who had seen and taken a fancy to him. This good fortune, however, does not continue long; puffed up with vanity he shews himself in his borrowed plumes to his countrymen in the town, who, smitten with envy, find means to give information of his true character and station to his wife's relations; and the result is that he is forced to quit his home and property in a worse condition than before his marriage.

Stung to the quick by this misfortune, Hajjî betakes himself to his stanch old friend Osman Aga, who advises patience, and shews the folly of attempting to recover by law, what he had lost by his own falsehood and folly; but he nevertheless has recourse to Mirza Firouz, his countryman, who had lately arrived as ambassador from the court of Persia to that of the Porte. Here also he is disappointed, but succeeds in attaching himself, by his usefulness, to the Mirza, who places entire confidence in him, and employs him in diplomatic affairs.

Hajjî, now acknowledged as the Mirza's confidential dependant, returns with his patron to court, laden with news; and they are received with honour, just at the time when the English embassy, appointed to counteract the views of the French government at the Persian court, had arrived, having discomfited their rivals. A very humorous and just view is here given of the opinions of the Persians, on the conduct of the two great European powers on this occasion, and the determination of that wily government to turn their disputes and competition to its own advantage; which is followed by an amusing account of the reception given to the English ambassador, and the strictures made by the natives upon the deportment and conduct of the gentlemen forming his suite.

In consequence of his intercourse, real and supposed, with Europeans, it is then proposed to Hajjî, now Mirza Hajjî Baba, to accompany Mirza Firouz, appointed ambassador to the English court, in the quality of chief secretary; and with his acceptance of this appointment, the present portion of these adventures concludes.

Such is the plan of the story, which affords sufficient scope for every kind of description; without any effort at wit, has an unassuming vein of good-humoured pleasantry; and is in general so interesting, that the attention is well kept up throughout. Every incident is founded on, or made to illustrate some usage; every conversation is a specimen of their phraseology; and the author has ingeniously introduced upon the scene, a great variety of classes as well as characters, which affords scope for depicting the Persian nation fully and faithfully. Some of the humour depending on peculiar phrases or turns of speech, and even some of the interest which depends on the knowledge of particular customs, will no doubt be lost to a large proportion of the public; but we will venture to say, that the author, so far as he has gone, has perfectly succeeded in presenting a just and lively picture of Persian character as well as manners: and we are disposed to compliment him, not only on the acuteness with which he has observed, but the clearness with which he has described the scenes and people that have passed before him, for we feel persuaded, that under feigned names and connected by an imaginary story, many of the characters and events contained in the work before us, are true ones.

The author evidently desires to interest by the light, but surely pleasing charm of playful humour; but there are scenes that prove him able, when he chooses, to touch the higher feelings. His hero is a rogue, it is true, like the majority of his countrymen, but he is not officiously held up to the reader in a rogue's most disgusting attitudes; and it is no mean praise to say, that there is not in the whole book a single passage to shock the most scrupulous virtue.

The following passage is in a strain which proves that the author possesses powers of description far beyond what the lightness of his style in general would lead his readers to expect. "The Shah had returned from Sultanieh, and still remembering the beauty of Zeenab, the Cûrdish slave and Hajjî's mistress, he commands her to appear, along with the other dancing women, to welcome his arrival: her condition incapacitates her, her frailty is discovered, and her death instantly determined on. Hajjî is in a state of the greatest alarm, when a messenger from the Shah's harem comes up to tell him that he is desired to repair to the foot of the high tower at the entrance of that place, with five men, to bear away a corpse for interment; he is horror struck, but forced, as he conceives, by destiny, nerves himself up for his dreadful task.

"With these feelings, oppressed as if the mountain of Demawend and all its sulphurs were on my head, I went about my work doggedly, collecting the several men who were to be my colleagues in this bloody tragedy; who, heedless and unconcerned at an event of no unfrequent occurrence, were indifferent whether they were to be the bearers of a murdered corpse, or themselves the instruments of murder.

"The night was dark and lowering, and well suited to the horrid scene about to be acted. The sun, unusual in these climates, had set, surrounded by clouds of the colour of blood, and, as the night advanced, they rolled on in unceasing thunders over the summits of the adjacent Albors*. At sudden intervals the moon was seen through the dense vapour, which covered her again as suddenly, and restored the night to its darkness and solemnity. I was seated lonely in the guard-room of the palace, when I heard the cries of the sentinels on the watch-towers, announcing midnight, and the voices of the Muezzins from the Mosques, the wild notes of whose chant, floating on the wind, ran through my veins with the chilling creep of death, and announced to me that the hour of murder was at hand! They were the harbingers of death to the helpless woman. I started up,—I could not bear to hear them more,—I rushed on in desperate haste, and, as I came to the appointed spot, I found my five companions already arrived sitting unconcerned on and about the coffin that was to carry my Zeenab to her eternal mansion. The only word I had power to say to them was, '*Shoud*,'—'Is it done'? to which they answered, '*Ne shoud*,'—'It is not done;' to which ensued an awful silence. I had hoped that all was over, and that I should have been spared every other horror excepting that of conducting the melancholy procession to the place of burial; but no, the deed was still to be done, and I could not retreat.

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* Or Elburz, the range of mountains behind Tehran, that separate the Province Mazemderan from that of Isak.

"On the confines of the apartments allotted to the women in the Shah's palace, stands a high octagonal tower some thirty gez* in height, seen conspicuous from all parts of the city, at the summit of which is a chamber in which he frequently reposes and takes the air. It is surrounded by unappropriated ground, and the principal gate of the harem is close at its base. On the top of all is a terrace, (a spot ah! by me never to be forgotten!) and it was to this that our whole attention was now riveted. I had scarcely arrived when, looking up, we saw three figures, two men and a female, whose forms were lighted up by an occasional gleam of moonshine, that shone in a wild and uncertain manner upon them. They seemed to drag their victim between them with much violence, whilst she was seen in attitudes of supplication on her knees, with her hands extended, and in all the agony of the deepest desperation. When they were at the brink of the tower, her shrieks were audible, but so wild, so varied by the blasts of wind that blew round the building, that they appeared to me like the sounds of laughing madness. We all kept a dead silence: even my five ruffians seemed moved: I was transfixed like a lump of lifeless clay, and if I am asked what my sensations were at the time, I should be at a loss to describe them. I was totally inanimate, and still I knew what was going on. At length one loud shrill and searching scream of the bitterest woe was heard, which was suddenly lost in an interval of the most frightful silence. A heavy fall, which immediately succeeded, told us that all was over. I was then roused, and with my head confused, half crazed, and half conscious, I immediately rushed to the spot, where my Zeenab and her burthen lay struggling, a mangled mutilated corpse. She still breathed, but the convulsions of death were on her, and her lips moved as if she would speak although the blood was fast flowing from her mouth. I could not catch a word, although she uttered sounds that seemed like words. I thought she said, 'My child! my child!' but perhaps it was an illusion of my brain."

CANZONETTA FROM THE ITALIAN.

Lady, thy hand ere yet we part—
  Think'st thou another maid can share
The love that burns within my heart?
  Then hear me while I swear—
By those eyes whose sweet expression
  First taught me the impassion'd sigh;
By those eyes whose soft confession
  Reveal'd thy young fidelity;
The heart I gave is wholly thine,
  Before thy glance subdued;
Lady! I cannot make it mine—
  I would not if I could.

D.

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* A Gez is somewhat less than a yard.

THE CIVIC DINNER.

The guests assembled in Budge-row,
 Sir Peter Pruin mumbles grace,
The covers are removed—and lo!
 A terrible attack takes place:
Knives, spoons, and glasses clitter-clatter,
 None seem to think of indigestions;
But all together stuff and chatter,
 Like gluttons playing at cross-questions.

What's that on Mrs. Firkin's head?—
 Roast hare and sweet sauce—wears a wig—
So Lady Lump is put to bed,—
 What has she got?—a roasted pig.
Your little darling, Mrs. Aggs—
 A rein-deer tongue—begins to chatter.—
How's little Tommy?—boil'd to rags;—
 And Miss Augusta?—fried in batter.—

How well he carves!—he's named by will
 My joint executor—the papers
Say Noblet's coming to fulfil—
 Some mint-sauce, and a few more capers—
Lord Byron's cantos—where's the salt?
 This trifle makes us lick our lips;
Angel's syllabubs some exalt,
 But Birch is surely best for whips.—

Nice chickens—Mrs. Fry must carry
 A tender heart—but toughish gizzard—
Do stick your fork in—little Harry
 Knows all his letters down to Izzard.—
Ex-sheriff Parkins—fine calves head—
 What's your gown made of?—currant jelly:
Fat Mrs. Fubbs they say is dead—
 A famous buttock—vermicelli—

Black puddings—pepper'd—dish'd—Belzoni;—
 A glass of—Probert's pond with Thurtell;—
Lord Petersham—bad macaroni;—
 She's a most loving wife—mock-turtle.—
Yes, Miss —— pig's face—had caught his eye,
 She loved his—mutton-chops—and so
They jumped into—a pigeon-pie,
 Some kissing crust—and off they go.

I eat for lunch—a handkerchief—
 A green goose—lost at Charing-cross;
I seiz'd the rascal—collared beef—
 And we both roll'd in—lobster-sauce.
St. Ronan's Well—Scot's collops—fetch up
 Another bottle, this is flat.—
The Princess Olive—mushroom ketchup—
 His Royal Highness—lots of fat.

Poor Miss—red-herring—we must give her
 Grand Signior—turkey dish'd in grease:
Hand me the captain's—lights and liver,
 And just cut open—Mrs. Rees.
So Fanny Flirt is going to marry—
 A nice Welsh-rabbit—muffins—mummery—
Grimaldi—ices—Captain Parry—
 Crimp'd cod—crim-con—Crim Tartars—flummery.

H.

GRIMM'S GHOST.—ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

LETTER XVI.

"The peculiar beauty of the British constitution, Sir, consists in this," said an Opposition member to M. Cottu: "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it." The Senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of Lord High Chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les Bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great: so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North Parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the Court make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The East outbid the West, and would not enter till half-after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished. A very few years ago, an Autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy Fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous East "poured from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff. Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, on the Marine Parade, gazing upon vacancy from out a bow-window which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demi-balloon. "Well," said the visitor to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put in to Brighton at this time of the year."—"I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon, "I was driven in by stress of wife." I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pudding, galante-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? Saint Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing-establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance:

the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, in Cornhill, Lady Brown, in Mansionhouse-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-drapers, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail trades; but, as this would have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable and their residences be not too Eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibitor of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best-regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the South side of Cheapside; and King-street, the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le-Grand on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate and Moorfields, northward, and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street and Tower-royal, southward, a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they

omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansionhouse-street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to redress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee, and stitching them in that position with black silk: the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party, thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black-silk upper-hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by accident stepped ancle-deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, by the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening, during the season, (for I assure you the City has its seasons—"a Negro has a soul, your honour") a large mass of hackney coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our City fashionables to the scene of festivity. Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Marylebone. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at first proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent: but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see-saw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris: while Lady Simms thanks God that *her* daughter never danced a single waltz in the *whole* course of her life. This instance of self-denial ought to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her for a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philoso-

phy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Carter, who has no very extensive connexion, in Mark Lane, but he has notwithstanding contrived to waltz himself into a subscription. He regularly takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after swinging with her round the room till the young woman is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Jane Roberts, and successively with Betsy. The exhibitor of samples, when this is well over, is as giddy as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little breath; but in about ten minutes returns to the large apartment like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "Zitti zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts afresh with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, in three consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of this young man is indeed prodigious. When the most experienced quadrillers are bowled out of the ring, he may be seen spinning by himself, like an Arabian Dervise. He is no great beauty, his head being several degrees too big for his body; but this disproportion does not extend lower down, for Lady Roberts says there is not a better-hearted young man in all Portsoken Ward. According to the rules of the establishment, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except gentlemen of the common council: their senatorial duties are paramount. About three Fridays ago an odd incident occurred. One Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hackney coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating up-stairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for dear life. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "shew fight," but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain: the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stockbroker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-court in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coated driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

The managing committee meet monthly, at the King's Head in the Poultry, picking their road on a pavement strewed with live turtle, "with what appetite they may." Precisely at two o'clock Mr. Willis makes his appearance, with a large blue bag full of application cards, accompanied by proper certificates: these latter consist of the portrait of the candidates, a statement of their stature, age, &c. Each of the female candidates sends also her right shoe, to exhibit the size of her foot. I doubt whether the latter custom be any thing more than *Brutum Fulmen*. For certain it is, that I have seen feet at Almack's on a Friday, that never could have passed the ordeal of criticism. The gravity with which claims are here discussed, would not discredit a meeting of Privy Councillors to debate on the Recorder's report. Little Miss Fifield was recently debated upon. Her residence in Bond-court, Walbrook, just placed her out of the select line, or as

Lady Roberts denominated it, on the wrong side of the post: and the committee were upon the point of passing to the order of the day, when Willis, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Ladies, have mercy upon her: she is but young: and her poor uncle, who is now dead and gone, kept the Grasshopper tea-shop, at the corner of Paul's Chain." The appeal was not to be resisted, and little Miss Fifield got her subscription. It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning an incident, which, in the glorious days of immortal Rome, would have entitled our Lady Patronesses to six civic wreaths. The Lord Mayor of London, at the third meeting in last June, drove up to the door in his gorgeous private carriage, but, not having brought his ticket with him, his Lordship was refused admittance, and was constrained to finish the evening at half-price at the Tottenham-street Theatre. I have already mentioned the generating of a mass of disaffection in the excluded fauxbourgs. Lady Pontop, the wife of Sir Peter Pontop, a coal-merchant in Tower Royal, is among the loudest of these malcontents. This lady, who has been nicknamed the City Duchess, has been heard to utter threats about "knocking up Almack's," and mutters something about establishing a rival concern. The Lady Patronesses, however, laugh to scorn these symptoms of rebellion, and say that Cheapside has not lived to these days in comfort and credit, to be bearded by Tower Royal! A slight accident occurred last Friday se'nnight, which might have been attended with heavy effects. Young Carter, the broker, was quadrilling with Jemima Roberts: he had passed the ordeal of the Mount Ida step, wherein the shepherd is destined to foot it several seconds with three rival goddesses, and had looked as stiff and as sheepish as young men usually do at that effort, when he came suddenly and unexpectedly, *dos-a-dos*, against huge Miss Jones, who, though denominated a single woman, would make three of the ordinary size of the softer part of the creation. The consequences were obvious: the lady, weighty and elastic, stood firm as a rock, and "the weakest went to the wall," young Carter, the slender broker, being precipitated head-foremost against the wainscot.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion, the ladies and their partners walk the *Polonaise* round the room. Last Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking precedence of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stiltons, that mock the eye with the semblance of pine apples, at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the Patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as, at dinner, cheese comes before figs. I am aware that certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far West in quest of diversion. "If you must have a ball," say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or at the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glows with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr. Toms move with a lighter heel, when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

ALFAIMA'S LAMENT.*

Is a dungeon fit home for a queen,
  Where the day-spring ne'er pours its light!
Must she in Grenada once seen
  In the splendour and pomp of a diadem bright—
  In the purple of power and bathed in delight,
    Be captived, forsaken, forlorn,
    An object of pity and scorn!

Beauty, royalty, innocence, now
  Alas! ye can serve me no more;
To the cruel Boabdil I bow,
  To the rage of a husband and tyrant, before
  Youth's time is gone by or the minutes are o'er,
    When life is all hope, and we think
    Rich draughts without limit to drink.

Ye Zegris, perfidious and base,
  Ye slaughter'd my friends unaware;
Not enough was the blood of their race,
  But with them ye dared pierce with the shaft of despair,
  With calumny's arrow a heart that must bear
    To be victim, in fulness of woes,
    To the virtue and worth of your foes.

Ye say I'm not true to the bed
  Of a monster of jealousy;
That love's flame for another I've fed;
  But the love of my honour is first love with me;
  And if in the depths of my soul there should be
    One blush of ill passion conceal'd,
    It shall ever be kept unreveal'd.

O Grenada! O my sad home!
  Do there none of thy warriors remain?
Not one that to save me will come
  And enter the lists for his queen, and regain
  Her freedom once more? Are they all with the slain?
    O Muça, haste thou to my aid,
    Lest I perish belied and betray'd!

My country, my parents, my throne,
  Is the morn, the sweet morn of my days,
Not its hopes and its wishes alone,
  But its mantle of grandeur, its incense of praise,
  To be trod in the earth? are its glorious rays
    To be shorn from my royalty's brow,
    Polluted and darken'd as now?

The wolf keeps his haunt and his lair,
  The eagle his mountain-nest free,
The peasant his home, and in air
  The birds soar in sunshine and liberty—
  But the Queen of Grenada is captive, and she
    Must in sorrow and misery lie,
    Or dare, 'reft of honour, to die.

O Mahomet! weak is thy power
  When innocence suffers in vain;
When evil the good may devour—
  When thou canst not the strong from oppression restrain!
  I abjure thy religion, I own not thy reign,
    I will worship a God I can trust,
    To avenge me the cause of the just.

* See the history of Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.—NO. IV.

Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter Scott is undoubtedly the most popular writer of the age—the "lord of the ascendant" for the time being. He is just half what the human intellect is capable of being: if you take the universe, and divide it into two parts, he knows all that it *has been;* all that it *is to be* is nothing to him. His is a mind "reflecting ages past"—he scorns "the present ignorant time." He is "laudator temporis acti"—a "prophesier of things past." The old world is to him a crowded map; the new one a dull, hateful blank. He dotes on all well-authenticated superstitions; he shudders at the shadow of innovation. His retentiveness of memory, his accumulated weight of prejudice or romantic association, have overlaid his other faculties. The cells of his memory are vast, various, full even to bursting with life and motion; his speculative understanding is rather flaccid, and little exercised in projects for the amelioration of his species. His mind receives and treasures up every thing brought to it by tradition or custom—it does not *project* itself beyond this into the world unknown, but mechanically shrinks back as from the edge of a prejudice. The land of abstract reason is to his apprehension like *Van Diemen's Land*, barren, miserable, distant, a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts, and adventurers. Sir Walter would make a bad hand of a description of the *millennium*, unless he could lay the scene in Scotland five hundred years ago, and then he would want facts and worm-eaten parchments to support his style. Our historical novelist firmly thinks that nothing *is* but what *has been*; that the moral world stands still, as the material one was supposed to do of old; and that we can never get beyond the point where we are without utter destruction, though every thing changes, and will change, from what it was three hundred years ago to what it is now—from what it is now to all that the bigoted admirer of the "good old times" most dreads and hates.

It is long since we read, and long since we thought of our author's poetry. It would probably have gone out of date with the immediate novelty, even if he himself had not made the world forget it. It is not to be denied that it had great merit, both of an obvious and intrinsic kind. It abounded in vivid descriptions, in spirited action, in smooth and flowing versification. But it wanted *character*. It was poetry "of no mark or likelihood."* It slid out of the mind, as soon as read, like a river; and would have been forgotten, but that the public curiosity was fed with ever-new supplies from the same teeming, liquid source. It is not every man that can write six quarto volumes in verse, that shall be read with avidity, even by fastidious judges. But what a difference between *their* popularity and that of the Scotch Novels! It is true, the public read and admired the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and so on; and each individual was contented to read

* *Note by the Editor.*—The writer of this paper, and not the Editor, must be considered as here presuming to be the critical arbiter of Sir Walter's poetry. A journal such as this cannot be supported without the aid of writers of a certain degree of talent, and it is not possible to modify all their opinions so as to suit every body's taste.

and admire because the public did: but with regard to the prose-works of the same (supposed) author, it is quite *another-guess* sort of thing. Here every one stands forward to applaud on his own ground, would be thought to go before the public opinion, is eager to extol his favourite characters louder, to understand them better than every body else, and has his own scale of comparative excellence for each work, supported by nothing but his own enthusiastic and fearless convictions. It must be amusing to the *Author of Waverley* to hear his readers and admirers (and are not these the same thing?*) quarrelling which of his novels is the best, opposing character to character, quoting passage against passage, striving to surpass each other in the extravagance of their encomiums, and yet unable to settle the precedence, or to do the author's writings justice—so various, so equal, so transcendant are their merits! His volumes of poetry were received as fashionable and well-dressed acquaintances: we are ready to tear the others in pieces as old friends. There was something meretricious in Sir Walter's ballad-rhymes; and like those who keep opera *figurantes*, we were willing to have our admiration shared, and our taste confirmed by the town: but the Novels are like the mistresses of our hearts, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and we are jealous that any one should be as much delighted, or as thoroughly acquainted with their beauties as ourselves. For which of his poetical heroines would the reader break a lance so soon as for Jeanie Deans? What "Lady of the Lake" can compare with the beautiful Rebecca? We believe the late Mr. John Scott went to his death-bed (though a painful and premature one) with some degree of satisfaction, inasmuch as he had penned the most elaborate panegyric on the Scotch Novels that had as yet appeared! The Epics are not poems, so much as metrical romances. There is a glittering veil of verse thrown over the features of nature and of old romance. The deep incisions into character are "skinned and filmed over"—the details are lost or shaped into flimsy and insipid decorum; and the truth of feeling and of circumstance is translated into a tinkling sound, a tinsel *common-place*. It must be owned, there is a power in true poetry that lifts the mind from the ground of reality to a higher sphere, that penetrates the inert, scattered, incoherent materials presented to it, and by a force and inspiration of its own melts and moulds them into sublimity and beauty. But Sir Walter (we contend, under correction) has not this creative impulse, this plastic power, this capacity of reacting on his materials. He is a learned, a literal, a *matter-of-fact* expounder of truth or fable:† he does not soar above and look down upon his subject, imparting his own lofty views and feelings to his descriptions of nature—he relies upon it, is raised by it, is one with it, or he is nothing. A poet is essentially a *maker*; that is, he must atone for what he loses in individuality and local resemblance by

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* No! For we met with a young lady who kept a circulating library and a milliner's-shop in a watering-place in the country, who, when we inquired for the "Scotch Novels," spoke indifferently about them, said they were "so dry she could hardly get through them," and recommended us to read "Agnes." We never thought of it before; but we would venture to lay a wager that there are many other young ladies in the same situation, and who think "Old Mortality" "dry."

† Just as Cobbett is a *matter-of-fact reasoner*.

the energies and resources of his own mind. The writer of whom we speak is deficient in these last. He has either not the faculty, or not the will, to impregnate his subject by an effort of pure invention. The execution also is much upon a par with the most ordinary effusions of the press. It is light, agreeable, effeminate, diffuse. Sir Walter's Muse is a *modern-antique*. The smooth, glossy texture of his verse contrasts happily with the quaint, uncouth, rugged materials of which it is composed; and takes away any appearance of heaviness or harshness from the body of local traditions and obsolete costume. We see grim knights and iron armour; but then they are woven in silk with a careless, delicate hand, and have the softness of flowers. The poet's figures might be compared to old tapestries copied on the finest velvet: they are not like Raphael's *Cartoons*, but they are very like Mr. Westall's drawings, which accompany, and are intended to illustrate them. This facility and grace of execution is the more remarkable, as a story goes, that not long before the appearance of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, having, in the company of a friend, to cross the Frith of Forth in a ferry-boat, they proposed to beguile the time by writing a number of verses on a given subject, and at the end of an hour's hard study, they found they had produced only six lines between them. "It is plain," said the unconscious author to his fellow-labourer, "that you and I need never think of getting our living by writing poetry!" In a year or so after this, he set to work, and poured out quarto upon quarto, as if they had been drops of water. As to the rest, and compared with the true and great poets—what is he to Spenser, over whose immortal, ever-amiable verse Beauty hovers and trembles, and who has shed the purple light of Fancy, from his ambrosial wings, over all nature? What is there of the might of Milton, whose head is canopied in the blue serene, and who takes us to sit with him there? Sir Walter has no voluntary power of combination: all his associations (as we said before) are those of habit or of tradition. He is a merely narrative and descriptive poet, garrulous of the old time. The definition of his poetry is a pleasing superficiality.

Not so of his "Novels and Romances." There we turn over a new leaf—another and the same—the same in matter, but in form, in power how different! The Author of Waverley has got rid of the tagging of rhymes, the eking out of syllables, the supplying of epithets, the colours of style, the grouping of his characters, and the regular march of events, and comes to the point at once, and strikes at the heart of his subject, without dismay and without disguise. His poetry was a lady's waiting-maid, dressed out in cast-off finery: his prose is a beautiful, rustic nymph, that, like Dorothea in Don Quixote, when she is surprised with dishevelled tresses bathing her naked feet in the brook, looks round her abashed at the admiration her charms have excited. The grand secret of the author's success in these latter productions is that he has completely got rid of the trammels of authorship; and torn off at one rent (as Lord Peter got rid of so many yards of lace in the "Tale of a Tub") all the ornaments of fine writing and worn-out sentimentality. All is fresh, as from the hand of nature: by going a century or two back and laying the scene in a remote and uncultivated district, all becomes new and startling in the present advanced period. Highland manners, characters, scenery, superstitions, northern dialect

and costume, the wars, the religion, and politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, give a charming and wholesome relief to the fastidious refinement and "over-laboured lassitude" of modern readers, like the effect of plunging a nervous valetudinarian into a cold-bath. The Scotch Novels, for this reason, are not so much admired in Scotland as in England. The contrast, the transition is less striking. From the top of the Calton-Hill, the inhabitants of "Auld Reekie" can descry, or fancy they descry, the peaks of Ben Lomond and the waving outline of Rob Roy's country: we who live at the southern extremity of the island can only catch a glimpse of the billowy scene in the descriptions of the author of Waverley. The mountain air is most bracing to our languid nerves, and it is brought us in ship-loads from the neighbourhood of Abbot's-Ford. There is another circumstance to be taken into the account. In Edinburgh there is a little opposition, and something of the spirit of cabal between the partisans of works proceeding from Mr. Constable's and Mr. Blackwood's shops. Mr. Constable gives the highest prices, but, being the Whig bookseller, it is grudged that he should do so. An attempt is therefore made to transfer a certain share of popularity to the second-rate Scotch novels, issuing from Mr. Blackwood's shop. This operates a diversion, which does not affect us here. The Author of Waverley wears the palm of legendary lore alone. Sir Walter may indeed surfeit us: his imitators make us sick!—It may be asked—it has been asked, "Have we no materials for romance in England? Must we look to Scotland for a supply of whatever is original and striking in this kind?" And we answer, "Yes!" Every foot of soil is with us worked up: nearly every movement of the social machine is calculable. We have no room left for violent catastrophes; for grotesque quaintnesses; for wizard spells. The last skirts of ignorance and barbarism are seen hovering (in Sir Walter's pages) over the Border. We have, it is true, gipsies in this country as well as at the Cairn of Dernclengh; but they live under clipped hedges, and repose in camp-beds, and do not perch on crags, like eagles, or take shelter, like sea-mews, in basaltic, subterranean caverns. We have heaths with rude heaps of stones upon them; but no existing superstition converts them into the Geese of Micklestane-Moor, or sees a Black Dwarf groping among them. We had a Parson Adams, not quite a hundred years ago; a Sir Roger de Coverley, rather more than a hundred! Even Sir Walter is ordinarily obliged to pitch his angle (strong as the hook is) a hundred miles to the North of the "Modern Athens," or a century back. His last work indeed is mystical, is romantic in nothing but the title-page. Instead of "a holy-water sprinkle dipped in dew," he has given us a fashionable watering-place; and we see what he has made of it. He must not come down from his fastnesses in traditional barbarism and native rusticity: the level, the littleness, the frippery of modern civilisation will undo him, as it has undone us!

Sir Walter has found out (oh, rare discovery!) that facts are better than fiction; that there is no romance like the romance of real life; and that, if we can but arrive at what men feel, do, and say in striking and singular situations, the result will be "more lively, audible, and full of vent" than the fine-spun cobwebs of the brain. With reverence be it spoken, he is like the man who having to imitate the squeaking of a pig upon the stage, brought the animal under his cloak with him.

Our author has conjured up the actual people he has to deal with, or as much as he could get of them, in "their habits as they lived." He has ransacked old chronicles, and poured the contents upon his page; he has squeezed out musty records; he has consulted wayfaring pilgrims, bedrid sibyls; he has invoked the spirits of the air; he has conversed with the living and the dead, and let them tell their story their own way; and by borrowing of others, has enriched his own genius with everlasting variety, truth, and freedom. He has taken his materials from the original authentic sources, in large concrete masses, and not tampered with or too much frittered them away. He is only the amanuensis of truth and history. It is impossible to say how fine his writings in consequence are, unless we could describe how fine nature is. All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon (wide as the scope is—the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery) lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character or fanciful belief come thronging back upon our imaginations. We will merely recall a few of the subjects of his pencil to the reader's recollection; for nothing we could add by way of note or commendation could make the impression more vivid.

There is (first and foremost, because the earliest of our acquaintance) the Baron of Bradwardine, stately, kind-hearted, whimsical, pedantic, —and Flora MacIvor (whom even *we* forgive for her Jacobitism), the fierce Vich Jan Vohr, and Evan Dhu, constant in death, and Davie Gellatly roasting his eggs or turning his rhymes with restless volubility, and the two stag-hounds that met Waverley, as fine as ever Titian painted, or Paul Veronese:—then there is old Balfour of Burley, brandishing his sword and his Bible with fire-eyed fury, trying a fall with the insolent, gigantic Bothwell at the 'Change-house, and vanquishing him at the noble battle of Loudon-Hill; there is Bothwell himself, drawn to the life, proud, cruel, selfish, profligate, but with the love-letters of the gentle Alice (written thirty years before) and his verses to her memory, found in his pocket after his death: in the same volume of "Old Mortality" is that lone figure in Scripture, of the woman sitting on the stone at the turning to the mountain to warn Burley that there is a lion in his path; and the fawning Claverhouse, beautiful as a panther, smooth-looking, blood-spotted; and the fanatics, Macbriar and Mucklewrath, crazed with zeal and sufferings; and the inflexible Morton, and the faithful Edith, who refused to "give her hand to another while her heart was with her lover in the deep and dead sea:" and in "The Heart of Mid Lothian" we have Effie Deans, that sweet, faded flower, and Jeanie, her more than sister, and old David Deans, the patriarch of St. Leonard's Crags, and Butler, and Dumbiedikes, eloquent in his silence, and Mr. Bartoline Saddle-tree and his prudent help-mate, and Porteous swinging in the wind, and Madge Wildfire, full of finery and madness, and her ghastly mother—again, there is Meg Merrilies, standing on her rock, stretched on her bier with "her head to the East," and Dirk Hatteraick (equal to Shakspeare's Master Barnardine) and Glossin, the soul of an attorney, and Dandy Dinmont with his terrier-pack and his pony Dumple, and the fiery Colonel Mannering, and the modish old Counsellor Pleydell,

and Dominie Sampson*—and Rob Roy (like the eagle in his eyry) and Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the inimitable Major Galbraith, and Rashleigh Osbaldistone and Die Vernon, the best of secret-keepers; and in "The Antiquary," the ingenious and abstruse Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, and the old beadsman, Edie Ochiltree, and that preternatural figure of old Edith Elspieth, a living shadow, in whom the lamp of life had been long extinguished, but that it is fed by remorse and deepening recollections, and that striking picture of the effects of feudal tyranny and fiendish pride, the unhappy Earl of Glenallan; and the Black Dwarf, and his friend Habbie of the Heughfoot, the cheerful hunter, and his cousin, Grace Armstrong, fresh and laughing like the morning; and the "Children of the Mist," and the baying of the blood-hound that tracks their steps at a distance (the hollow echoes are in our ears now,) and Amy and her hapless love and the villain Varney, and the deep voice of George of Douglas that addressed these words to Mary Queen of Scots—"Your Majesty wished for Rosabel to assist you in your flight, and Rosabel is here!"—and the immoveable Balafré and Master Oliver the Barber, and the quaint humour of "The Fortunes of Nigel," and the comic spirit of "Peveril of the Peak," &c. &c. &c. What a host of associations! What a thing is human life! What a power is that of genius! What a world of thought and feeling rescued (almost) from oblivion! How many hours of *wholesome* heartfelt amusement has our author given to the gay and thoughtless! How many sad hearts has he soothed in pain and solitude! It is no wonder that the public repay with lengthened applause and gratitude the pleasure they receive. He writes as fast as they can read, and he does not write himself down. He is always in the public eye, and they do not tire of him. His worst is better than any other person's best. His *backgrounds* (and his latter works are little else but backgrounds capitally made out) are more attractive than the principal figures and most complicated actions of other writers. His works, taken together, are almost like a new edition of human nature. This is indeed to be an author!

The political bearing of the Scotch Novels has been a considerable recommendation to them. They are a relief to the mind, rarified as it has been with modern philosophy, and heated with ultra-radicalism. At a time also when we bade fair to revive the principles of the Stuarts, it was interesting to bring us acquainted with their persons and misfortunes. The candour of Sir Walter's historic pen levels our bristling prejudices on this score, and sees fair play between Roundheads and Cavaliers, between Protestant and Papist. He is a writer reconciling all the diversities of human nature to the reader. He does not enter into the distinctions of hostile sects or parties, but treats of the strength or the infirmity of the human mind, of the virtues or vices of the human breast, as they are to be found blended in the whole race of mankind. Nothing can shew more handsomely, or be more gallantly executed. There was a talk at one time that our author was about to take Guy Faux for the subject of one of his novels, in order to put a more liberal and humane construction on the Gunpowder Plot, than

* Perhaps the finest scene in all these novels is that where the Dominie meets his pupil Miss Lucy the morning after her brother's arrival.

our "no Popery" prejudices have hitherto permitted. Sir Walter is a professed *clarifier* of the age from the vulgar and still lurking old-English antipathy to Popery and slavery. Through some odd process of *servile* logic, it should seem that in reviving the claims of the Stuarts by the courtesy of romance, the House of Brunswick are more firmly established in point of fact, and the Bourbons, doubtless, become legitimate! In any other point of view, we cannot possibly conceive how Sir Walter imagines "he has done something to restore the declining spirit of loyalty" by these novels. His loyalty is founded on *would-be* treason: he props the actual throne by the shadow of rebellion. Does he really think of making us enamoured of the "good old times" by the faithful and harrowing portraits he has drawn of them? Would he carry us back to the early stages of barbarism, of clanship, of the feudal system, as "a consummation devoutly to be wished?" Is he infatuated enough, or does he so doat and drivel over his own slothful and self-willed prejudices as to believe that he will make a single convert to the beauty of Legitimacy, that is, of lawless power and savage bigotry, when he himself is obliged to apologise for the horrors he describes, and even render his descriptions credible to the modern reader by referring to the authentic history of these delectable times?* He is indeed so besotted as to the moral of his own story, that he has even the blindness to go out of his way to have a fling at *flints* and *dungs* (the contemptible ingredients, as he would have us believe, of a modern rabble) at the very time when he is describing a mob of the twelfth century—a mob (one should think) after the writer's own heart, without one particle of modern philosophy or revolutionary politics in their composition, who were to a man, to a hair, just what priests and kings and nobles *let* them be, and who were collected to witness (a spectacle proper to the times) the burning of the lovely Rebecca at a stake for a sorceress, because she was a Jewess, beautiful and innocent, and the consequent victim of insane bigotry and unbridled profligacy. And it is at this moment, when the heart is kindled and bursting with indignation at the revolting abuses of self-constituted power, that Sir Walter *stops the press* to have a sneer at the people, and to put a spoke, as he thinks, in the wheel of upstart innovation! This is what he "calls backing his friends"—it is thus he administers charms and philtres to our love of Legitimacy, makes us conceive a horror of all reform, civil, political, or religious, and would fain put down the "Spirit of the Age." The author of Waverley might just as well get up and make a speech at a dinner at Edinburgh, abusing Mr. MacAdam for his improvements in the roads on the reasoning that they were nearly *impassable* in many places "sixty years since;" or object to Mr. Peel's "Police Bill," by insisting that Hounslow-Heath was formerly a scene of greater interest and terror to highwaymen and travellers, and cut a greater figure in the Newgate Calendar, than it does at present. Oh! Wickliff, Luther, Hampden, Sidney, Somers, mistaken Whigs, and thoughtless Reformers in religion and politics; and all ye, whether poets or philosophers, heroes or sages, inventors of arts or sciences, patriots, benefactors of the human race, enlighteners and civilizers of the world, who have, so far, reduced opinion to reason and power to

* "And here we cannot but think," &c. on to "the remainder of this description." See pp. 154-5, second volume of Ivanhoe, near the end of Chap. IX.

law, who are the cause that we no longer burn witches and heretics at slow fires, that the thumbscrews are no longer applied by ghastly, smiling judges, to extort confession of imputed crimes from sufferers for conscience sake, that men are no longer strung up like acorns on trees without judge or jury, or hunted like wild beasts through thickets and glens, who have abated the cruelty of priests, the pride of nobles, the divinity of kings in former times, to whom we owe it that we no longer wear round our necks the collar of Gurth the swineherd and of Wamba the Jester, that the castles of great lords are no longer the dens of banditti from whence they issue with fire and sword to lay waste the land, that we no longer expire in loathsome dungeons without knowing the cause, or have our right hands struck off for raising them in self-defence against wanton insult, that we can sleep without fear of being burnt in our beds, or travel without making our wills, that no Amy Robsarts are thrown down trap-doors by Richard-Varneys with impunity, that no Red-reiver of Westburn Flat sets fire to peaceful cottages, that no Claverhouse signs cold-blooded death-warrants in sport, that we have no Tristan the Hermit or Petit-Andrè crawling near us like spiders, and making our flesh creep and our hearts sink within us at every moment of our lives; ye who have produced this change in the face of nature and society, return to earth once more and beg pardon of Sir Walter and his patrons, who sigh at not being able to undo all that you have done! Leaving this question, there are two other remarks which we wished to make on the Novels. The one was to express our admiration at the good-nature of the mottoes, in which the author has taken occasion to remember and quote almost every living author, whether illustrious or obscure, but himself—an indirect argument in favour of the general opinion as to the source from which they spring;—and the other was to hint our astonishment at the innumerable and incessant instances of bad and slovenly English in them; more, we believe, than in any other works now printed. We should think the writer could not possibly read the Manuscript after he has once written it, or overlook the press.

POETICAL SCENES.—NO. II.

THE ASTROLOGER.

[Scene.—*A Chamber in the house of Cornelius Agrippa.*]

Blaise *(an old Steward)*, Andreas *(a Servant.)*

Blaise. When I am rich, and pile mine Indian gold
In warehouses and cellars till they choke,
(Dost hear, friend Andreas?)—mark me!
And. O rich lord!
Blaise. I'll have thee for my parasite,—thee.
And. O rare!
Blaise. Thou shalt go arm'd,—arm'd to the heel, and fight—
And. Stay,—stay, your worship.
Blaise. What, knave, canst not fight?
And. Can I? ask Lappo, else: but shall I shame
My calling, master? 'tis to salve, not cut.

Blaise. True, marry, true: thou shalt be cook,—perhaps.
And. I'll lard your sides, Sir; trust me.
Blaise. We'll be kings.
And. O' the pantry! [*aside.*
Blaise. We'll be emperors—stay, *I* only:
Thou shalt be great, but less. I'll have no stewards;
For all are cheats.
And. I know it.
Blaise. They wring poor tenants
Till they sweat bribes: they mulct the rich: they milk
All purses, and leave honest Hope to starve:
I'll none.—Who's here?

[Lappo *enters.*]

Lappo. 'Tis I.
Blaise. Lappo, my child,
Come hither. What want'st thou, Lappo?
Lappo. Sir, I ha' got
Some coin, here,—fifty good—three bad—stay—fifty—
Blaise. Trouble thy brain not, Lappo: what would'st buy?
Lappo. They've cost me ten years' pinching. D'ye think, your worship,
Our conjuror here would sell me a piece o' fortune?
And. Ay, marry, an acre;—if our master bids.
Blaise. I'll ask him, Lappo.
And. Ha! Be joyful, Lappo.
Wilt have a piece o' the blue? or cramm'd with stars?
Blaise. Hush! planets, Andreas, planets.—I will do't,
My Lappo: Thou shalt have Aquarius' drops,
Gold, gold.
And. Or a horn o' the ram, Sir?
Lappo. No, no, no.
I'll none o' the ram, your worship; none o' the horns.
My wife's a quarreller.
And. Ha, ha, ha! poor Lappo.
I know her, your worship: 'tis a tyrannous shrew.
She talks in a gallop.
Blaise, Ha! we'll mend thy fortune,
Poor Lappo; thank the stars: So—Ha! he comes.

[Agrippa *enters.*]

Agrip. Good morrow to your fortunes. 'Sdeath! who's here?
Lappo. 'Tis only Lappo.
Blaise. (*aside*) 'Tis a poor soft creature.
H'as saved some fifty coin, and would buy luck.
He'll pay thee, learn'd Agrippa, like a wit.
Agrip. Better we'll hope: *their* coin is stamp'd by air.
Words, words; no more, Sir.
Blaise. Ha, ha, ha; 'tis good,
'Tis good, by Venus. Is not Venus mine?
Agrip. Thy star, thy planet.
Blaise. Listen. This learn'd sage
Saith, Venus—queen of hearts, queen of blue eyes,
And rosy cheeks, and dimples, smiles on *me*.
And she has a—what?
Agrip. A satellite.
Blaise. Ay, ne'er known
Till *I* did invade the stars. 'Tis Plutus, Sirs,
Your god of ducats and pistoles; which means
That love and luck (with me) do run together.

Aud. & Lap. O rare! O rare!
Blaise. Ah, ha! is 't rare? Now, Lappo,
Open the mouth o' thy bag, and bid it speak.
Agrip. Now, friend, thy wish?
Lappo. I—oh!—I 'd have—a mill.
Blaise. A—what? O fool!—Take fortune by the ears.

Voice without.

Room! room! make room!
Agrip. What 's this?—quick, stand aside.
Pray heaven no spies.

[Lord Surrey *and* Sir Thomas Wyatt *enter.*]

Wyatt. Now, which is the cunning man?
Agrip. I am Agrippa.
Wyatt. If thy beard speak true,
'T has fed on a world of winters. Hark ye, Sir;
My friend here, a brave knight, would kill an hour.
You 've tricks, Sir?
Agrip. (aside) 'Tis Lord Surrey.—Sir, no tricks.
I bare the future—
Wyatt. Ay, ay, thou unhood'st the stars,
Shew'st their bright eyes, and so forth.
Agrip. I have a glass,
Wherein, as in a dream, past days appear,
By dint of magic; and the absent shines
Like a thing clear before ye: You shall see 't.
Sirs, I 'll return. [*Exit.*
Wyatt. Be quick, Sir. Now, my Lord,
We 'll mask our face in wonder, lest this quack
Doubt our belief.
Surrey. The knave has a shrewd look.
Wyatt. A rich look, for he lives by 't.
(A curtain is drawn up, and a mirror appears.)
Surrey. Ha! what 's here?
A blank!—Is this his magic?
Wyatt. Ay, what else?
Surrey. Stay! stay! a mass of cloud quits the dull surface.
Agrip. (entering) What see you, Sir?
Surrey. Backwards methinks I look, *(A picture is seen in the glass.)*
As on a dream which once enrich'd my sleep.
'Twas then, as now, I saw two shapes like these,
Figured in stone, and quaint. A thousand years
Had flung its melancholy light upon them:
Winter had died—and died, and Spring and Autumn:
And yet they stood, alive, young as the dawn.
Agrip. Look once again. What see'st thou now?
(The scene changes.)
Surrey. I see
A wilderness of marble, lost in cloud;
Pillars, pyramidal heights (over whose heads
Goes sweeping darkness) and enormous fanes,
Tombs, and strange buildings, (one which stands alone
A town of towers,) Osirian aqueducts,
A waste of interminable sands—'tis gone:
Thou art too quick.
Wyatt. (aside) Faith, 'tis a clever knave.
(Florence is seen.)

Surrey. Ha! Florence!
Wyatt. By Jove, '*tis* Florence, as thou say'st.
There's the blue river with its striding bridge;
Look! look! there's Piero's house,—and there Giraldo's—
And that's the Abati's—look! and there's a statue
Of gloomy Dante in the sunny street:—
'Tis plain as day. *(A room is seen.)*
Surrey. What's here?—*her* chamber!
Wyatt. Now, by Mercury,
Thou hast some brains, Agrippa. Albeit thy trade
Be but a juggle, thou dost juggle well.
Agrip. Your friend thinks better, Sir.
Surrey. Thine art unfolds
The gates of doom, and I see all my hopes.
Look! where she lies. Was sleep e'er fed like this?
Upon her warm white breast and amorous lip
Sleep preys, yet not consumes. The painted rose
Shrinks in compare, hiding its crimson heart,
And the pale queen of flowers forsakes her throne.
Look! she breathes incense, and the Persian silks
Flush'd to a thousand dyes, catch love—and live!
See where her sandall'd foot comes peeping forth,
And her full breast swells from the golden zone,
Into whose whiteness (a soft heaven) descend
The serpent-ringlets, black as night,—look! look!
O Geraldine! fair dream! not fairer wast thou
When I ran tilting at the Florence ring,
And bore upon my spear the fame o' the day,
Crown'd with thy rose-red favours.
Wyatt. See, she moves.
Rare limbs! How airily motion stirs! She wakes.
Surrey. Now look upon the light, thou infidel.
Look on her, and be great:—'Tis Geraldine.
If thou dost shoot thine arrowy wit again,
Never hope Heaven, but die. *Is* she not fair?
Wyatt. A pretty girl, for certain.
Surrey. What, Sir?—'Sdeath!
If in thy world of witches thou hast one,
But *one*—whose swarthy brow shall stand the sun
Near her—an instant—look! I give her to thee.
O thou transcendant one! Wisdom grows mad
To look on thee. What lives there, East or West,
In fable or history, which is now not poor
Beside thy wealth of beauty? O thou paragon
Of Surrey's heart, mistress—and crown'd desire
Of all his dreams! Star of his hope,—set not!
Wyatt. She fades,—she fades.
Surrey. Stay, sirrah: I'll enrich thee.
Stay!——There is nothing. Have I dreamt to-day?
Wyatt. 'Tis plain, we have smelt poppies. Here, Agrippa.
We pay thee for thy pictures.
Agrip. Noble knight!
If thou wilt bring thy friend again, at dusk,
He will see things shall touch him.
Wyatt. We may try thee.
Now, my Lord, let us go: the day is dead.
Surrey. Agrippa, we will face thy glass again.
Shall I still doubt him?
Wyatt. No; he juggles well.

Is thy mind gone, or dost thou worship shadows
Awake!—

Surrey. On nights like these,—less calm perhaps,
Sea-girls and fashions from the deep (unlike
Us of this world, yet fair) come up, with locks
Bedabbled in the ooze, and round their necks
Wearing green stones and shells and ocean flowers,
And then they weave strange songs, and while they sing
The sailor trembles in his tossing home,
And winds awaken, and the West grows dark
Before their incantations. Some (men say)
Will haunt near vessels sleeping on the seas,
And load the night-air with sad human tones,
Until the soul is taken by pity. Ay—
Smile, Sir. O fetter not your rebel mirth.
You were, of old, a riotous infidel.
Beauty and Love, Death and the Poet's dreams
Are all beyond thee.

Wyatt. Spare me.—Let us go.

Surrey. Be it as you will. Farewell, most learn'd Agrippa,
I'll look upon thy wondrous glass again.
Take this—(*gives gold*)—Keep Surrey in thy memory.

Agrip. Farewell, sir knight! Farewell, princely Surrey!

[*Exeunt.*]

STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.*

In a Third Letter to a Friend.

I concluded my last letter with the achievements of Lord Wellesley at the Beef-steak Club, and turn from the noble Marquis to a person who not long since enjoyed much more substantial power than the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Saurin, who for more than fifteen years had exercised an authority little short of absolute dominion, had been removed from office with such peremptory haste, as almost amounted to disgrace. The support given by Mr. Plunket to the Six Acts made the cabinet over-willing to accede to the stipulations of the Grenville party, that he should be restored to the situation for which he had displayed so many unequivocal requisites. Saurin was promptly sacrificed. Few men are more sensitive than this virulent politician,

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* I have been informed that, not Mr. Murphy himself, but some of his friends have greatly complained of the allusion contained in my last letter to one of the political incidents in that gentleman's life. If my motives in making that allusion were even as uncharitable as it appears they have been charged to be, I might still reply that Mr. Murphy has made himself conspicuous in public life, and that occasional animadversion is the inevitable price which public men must consent to pay for their notoriety;—but I have too much respect for the individual in question, and for those who I understand have complained on his behalf, to resort to this hackneyed justification. It is easier and fairer to declare at once, that if offence has been taken, none was intended. The political sentiments and conduct attributed to Mr. M. at a period of great danger and distraction, would equally apply to many eminent Irishmen, with whose principles it cannot be matter of reproach to say of any man that he was associated;—and if the subject was glanced at in a tone of incautious levity, it was because the writer was little conscious of putting forward an accusation, imagining that the party concerned, from his known urbanity and good sense, would be among the first to join in the smile which the allusion might provoke.

who carried into his retirement those deep and dark emotions which, however hidden by a superficial congelation in characters so externally cold as his, do not boil and fret with the less vehemence from being secret and unheard. Even in prosperity his mind had manifested its vindictive tendencies. All the long sunshine of fortune could not make it completely bright, or divest it of its gloomy and monastic hue. When placed upon the top of provincial power, and virtually the Proconsul of Ireland, he exhibited a strange inveteracy of dislike to all those who attempted to thwart his measures. If this spirit could not refrain from shewing itself, when every circumstance contributed to allay it, his political disasters impelled it into new activity and force. Few indeed will deny that the ignominy, and I may add the wrong, which he had sustained at the hands of those to whom he had made the ill-requited sacrifice of his old republican opinions, was calculated to gall the most apathetic nature. He had been discharged, like a menial, without notice, to make room for the man towards whom he had long entertained a political and almost personal aversion. Yet he endeavoured to carry a sort of dignity into his retreat, and, wrapping himself in the cloak of principle, exclaimed "Meâ virtute me involvo." The mantle was a little tarnished, nor was it difficult to discern the writhings of the wounded politician underneath. Even this thin and threadbare covering was soon after torn away. His famous epistle to Lord Norbury was discovered. There is in Ireland a kind of Spartan notion of criminality. It is not so much the perpetration that constitutes the offence, as the discovery. The detection of this document, in which an Attorney-general had taken upon himself to exhort a Chief Justice to employ his judicial influence in the promotion of a political purpose, created universal surprise. Few could persuade themselves that a man so conspicuous for his wily caution, could have thus committed himself with the facetious Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. When the letter was first spoken of, the partisans of Mr. Saurin exclaimed that it was a rank forgery; but when it was actually produced, and it became evident that it was written in the official autograph, they stood amazed. This unfortunate disclosure of the system upon which his government had been carried on, tended not a little to augment the gall which so many circumstances had conspired to accumulate; and when the *ex-officio* proceedings were instituted by his successor, no man was more vehement than Mr. Saurin in his reprobation of the high prerogative proceeding. He protested (and he is in the habit of enforcing his asseverations by appeals to the highest authority, and by the most solemn adjurations) that in his opinion the conduct of Mr. Plunket was the most flagrant violation of constitutional principle which had ever been attempted. He seemed to think that the genius of Jeffries had by a kind of political metempsychosis been restored in the person of William Cunningham Plunket. He became so clamorous in his invocations to liberty, that he almost verified the parable in the Scriptures. The demon of Whiggism, after a long expulsion, seemed to have effected a re-entry into his spirit, and to have brought a sevenfold power along with it. He was much more rancorously liberal than he had ever been, even at the period of his hottest opposition to the Union. Little did he think, in this sudden but not unaccountable paroxysm of constitutional emotion, that his own authority would be

speedily produced as a precedent, and that his great rival would find a shelter under the shadow of so eminent a name." It was not, however, to convivial declamations that his invectives were confined. The press was resorted to, and a pamphlet entitled "A Year of Lord Wellesley's Administration" appeared. It was written with skill, but without power. It was destitute of real eloquence, but exhibited that species of dexterity which a veteran practitioner in Chancery might be expected to display. It was believed that if not actually written by Saurin, he supplied the materials. The poison was compounded by other hands. This book was a good deal read, but owed its circulation rather to the opinions which it inculcated, than to the language in which they were conveyed. Having succeeded in exciting the public mind to an adequate tone of irritation, Mr. Saurin resolved to push his attack into his enemy's territory, and to invade him in the House of Commons. The selection which he made of one of his instruments for this purpose was a little singular. His oratory illustrates a phrase of the satirist, "tenero supplantat verba palato." The spirit of Saurin, however, breathed some of its masculine nature into his soul, and he exhibited a sort of Amazon intrepidity in his encounter with Mr. Plunket. His coadjutor was more appropriately chosen, and a certain noble Lictor was felicitously selected for the scourging of the Attorney-general. That the latter was guilty of some indiscretion in revenging the affront which was offered to the viceregal dignity, his firmest advocates do not now dispute. He was probably actuated by an honest desire to pierce into and disclose the penetralia of Orangeism, but this object he might perhaps have attained without committing the rioters for high treason against the representative majesty of the noble Marquis. He lent himself not a little to the personal exasperation of that distinguished nobleman. Lord Wellesley regarded the Bottle affair not only as a violation of his honour, but as an attempt upon his life. It has been happily observed in a very excellent pamphlet, written by Mr. Æneas M'Donnel (the author of the Letters of Hibernicus, in the Courier), that in the year 1817 Lord Wellesley had, in a speech in the House of Lords, expressed a hope that the Ministers would not allow themselves to be frightened with *glass bottles*. He now looked with no ordinary awe upon these vitreous engines of destruction. Death appeared to have been uncorked, and like Asmodeus in Le Sage's novel, who rises in smoke from the mysterious phial of a conjurer, the king of terrors ascended upon the imagination of his lordship in the foam of porter and the exspuitions of ginger-beer. The illustrious statesman beheld the Parcæ seated in the front row of the upper gallery. Nor was this conviction of treasonable intent confined to the viceregal bosom. The whole Privy-council, with one exception, participated in his apprehensions with a courteous feeling of sympathetic complaisance. It is said, indeed, that a single person, Doctor Radcliffe, the Judge of the Prerogative Court, and who as such holds a place in the Irish cabinet, remonstrated against the committal for high treason. His voice was however too still and small to be attended to; and mere ruffianism was exaggerated into formidable guilt. Mr. Plunket accordingly undertook a task, to which, with all his talents, the event proved him to be unequal. He had not only to contend with a certain rashness that constitutes a predominant feature in his charac-

ter, but with a previous indisposition, which was fully as much personal as political, that was created against himself. He has no party in the country. He has not the talent of attaching men to his interests by the strong ties of individual regard. Saurin is in this particular essentially his superior. The unaffected affability of the latter, which is wholly free from "enforced ceremony," has secured to him the strict adhesion of his political partisans, and tended in some degree to mitigate the hostility of his opponents. The manners of Mr. Plunket are peculiarly impolitic and unhappy. It is said that the authoritative frigidity of his demeanour is the result of mere heedlessness. But what business has a statesman to be heedless? The austerity of his occasional recognition is not a little annoying to the self-respect of the individuals who chance to fall within the scope of his unobservant vision. It may be figuratively as well as literally said, that he is short-sighted. It was the sagacious Alva, I think, who said that he could purchase a man with a touch of his bonnet. Mr. Plunket seems generally indisposed to pay even this low price for a commodity which is at once so valuable and so cheap. Yet upon occasion, and when he has some immediate object in view, he assumes a sort of clumsy condescension. His temporary politeness is like a new garment that sits uneasily upon him. At the approach of a college election the film is gradually removed from his eyes. He kens a voter at a mile's distance, and acquires a telescopic vision. He is no Coriolanus in his candidateship. It was quite pleasant to see him during the last election standing upon a wet and drizzling day on the steps of the college examination-hall, with his hat in his hand, and while the rain fell upon his broad and haughty forehead, soliciting the glance of every scholar that happened to pass him by, and congratulating the students upon the premiums which they had obtained, and for which they were no doubt indebted to the estimable instructions of their tutors, who united to their great talents the no less valuable faculty of having a vote. I am far from meaning to say that at an election the very extravagances of courtesy are not almost legitimate. It is the subsequent and almost instantaneous contrast that renders these caprices of demeanour so ridiculous. A week or two after his return, the sight of Mr. Plunket becomes impaired. The dimness increases in a month, and in a year he is stone-blind. This infelicity of manner is a great drawback upon his many excellent qualities, and has produced no little alienation. His advocates are influenced in their support, rather by a sense of duty than by any individual partiality. It should be added, that he has been guilty of a grievous mistake in the distribution of his patronage. In place of endeavouring to extend his influence among those who had already rendered and who were still able to confer upon him political services, he gave places to his sons. This was an error (for it deserves no stronger designation) which Saurin did not commit. The latter commanded all the patronage of the government at the Bar. His spirit was felt in every appointment. He sat in the centre of the system which he had himself elaborated, and "lived in every line." But Plunket, after having indulged in his parental partialities, allowed the Solicitor-general to supersede him at the Castle. The latter who, although a recruit from the Saurin faction, often casts "a lingering look behind," has made good use of the official nonchalance of his confede-

rate, and snatched the horn of plenty from his hands. It was matter of universal surprise, that when recent vacancies in the situation of assistant barrister had occurred, Mr. Plunket had not exercised his influence in the nomination of some members of the liberal party. His friends apologized for him by alleging that he was relaxing from his political labours at Old Connaught (his country residence), and listening to the cawing of the rooks in the lofty avenues of that magnificent villa, while Mr. Joy was busily employed in feathering the nests of his partisans, and turning the reveries of his absent friend into political account. I mention these circumstances because they afford an insight into the character of this very able man; and although they do not fall into the natural order of events, explain the absence of sympathy, in the great emergency into which he was suddenly thrown. He had, indeed, a few old and staunch supporters, the friends of his youth, and to whom he is most honourably and immutably attached; but they were lost amidst the crowd of railers who triumphed in the anticipation of his fall; and that he would have fallen is most likely, but for a discovery which produced an immediate and powerful revulsion in the public mind. It occurred to a professional gentleman, Mr. Foley, whose recollection was less evanescent than the memory of Mr. Sealy Townsend (the gentleman who had actually drawn the ex-officio informations for Mr. Saurin as well as for his successor), that a precedent might be found for this stretch of the prerogative even in the constitutional dictatorship of the Ex-Attorney-general. It is indeed a matter of surprise that Mr. Sealy Townsend should not have remembered so important a fact. In no less than two instances had Mr. Saurin resorted to the exercise of this formidable authority, and employed upon both occasions the professional labours of Mr. Townsend, who is what is generally called "Devil to the Attorney-general." Considering the tenacity of his memory, of which he is peculiarly boastful, it is not a little singular that all trace of his official lucubrations should have been erased from "the book and volume of his brain." So distinguished is Mr. Townsend for the permanence of his recollections, that there are those who insinuate that even its failings lean to memory's side, and that his very oblivion is the result of reminiscence. Whether he remembered to forget I shall not venture to decide, but certain it is, that in this important conjuncture the integrity of his recollection was like the chastity of Haydee, and

"He forgot
Just in the very moment he should not."

Mr. Foley, having ascertained by an inspection of the records that Mr. Saurin had fulminated two of the prerogative bolts, where the bills of indictment had been ignored, hastened to communicate the discovery to Mr. Plunket, who is said to have been overjoyed at the intelligence. He felt like a man who had been fighting without arms, and in the very crisis of the combat was supplied with weapons of irresistible power. The effect produced in the House of Commons is well known. The disclosure struck the ascendancy faction in Ireland like a palsy. The hopes of the liberals rose in proportion to the declination of the opposite party; and when soon after Sir Abraham Bradley King was produced at the bar of the House of Commons, it was expected that Orangeism would be at length unmasked, and that its sanguinary tur-

pitude would be left without a veil. The examination of the "Pro Patriâ" baronet (this person had been originally a stationer) was watched with the most intense anxiety. He had been hailed by Lord Sidmouth as the chief conciliator of Ireland, was created a baronet by his Majesty for the getting up of a convivial amnesty, and immediately after the departure of the King poured out a libation to "the glorious memory," and, as he elegantly expressed it, "threw off his surtout." It was now anticipated that he would be obliged to divest himself of his inner Orange garment, and disclose all the loathsome rags that were concealed beneath. But these expectations were blasted in the bud. Sir Abrăham, who had received a wholesome hint, made a mock tender of martyrdom, and furnished, in the impunity of his defiance, matter of astonishment to the empire, and of indignation to Ireland. He returned in triumph to Dublin, with Mr. Plunket bound at his chariot-wheels. I saw the Attorney-general in the Four Courts shortly after his arrival. His face was full of care, and haggard with disappointment and self-reproach. There was a lividness in his eyelids, and a wanness in his cheek, which denoted a spirit pining under the sense of an unmerited humiliation, which he vainly struggled to conceal. How unlike he looked to the distinguished person, who, a little while before, unpensioned and unplaced, was in the full enjoyment of that high renown, for the diminution of which no emoluments can compensate, and who, instead of being the provincial utensil of the British cabinet, was almost the foremost man in the first assembly in the world.

The next public event of sufficient importance to take a place in these epistolary annals, was the first of that series of alleged miraculous interpositions, of which England as well as Ireland has heard so much. You will scarcely expect that I should enter upon a discussion of their authenticity. The subject is too sacred to be lightly treated; and for a grave and detailed discussion what limits would suffice? I shall therefore pass on at once to the notice of a person, certainly of no ordinary kind, whom they have been the means of calling forth to public view, and who has in consequence acquired a degree of general notoriety, and of importance among his own persuasion, unenjoyed by any Catholic priest or prelate of Ireland since the days of the celebrated O'Leary. You anticipate that I must be alluding to Doctor Doyle, the titular bishop of Leighlin and Kildare. This gentleman is descended from one of those respectable families in this country that have, as to the worldly attribute of wealth, been irretrievably ruined by the politics of Ireland. So recently as in the lifetime of his father, the penal code laid its vulture-grasp upon the patrimonial inheritance, and wrested it for ever. Upon approaching to man's estate he found himself in education and alliances a gentleman—in prospects and resources an Irish Catholic. To a person so circumstanced exile had its charms; so, shaking the dust of his natal soil from his feet, he passed into Portugal, where he perfected his education in one of the universities of that country, and became an ecclesiastic. He returned to Ireland about ——— years ago. His learning and talents, both of which are great, procured his nomination to the Professorship of Logic in the Catholic college of Carlow, and subsequently to the titular bishoprick which he now enjoys. In this country, where the deepest and most frequent crimes of the peasantry have a State-origin, a Catholic pastor,

who regards his flock, cannot abstain from intermingling political allusions in his public exhortations; and however resolutely it may be denied, it is an unquestionable fact that many an insurgent congregation is tamed into submission to their destiny by the voice of peace and warning that issues from the altar. In this part of his religious duties Dr. Doyle was long remarkable for his moderation. Upon the last general commotion in the South, about sixteen months ago, he published a pastoral address, so adapted to its object by the spirit of Christian eloquence and charity which it breathed, that Mr. Plunket did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece worthy of the meek and virtuous Fenelon. It was calculated to be of equal service to the government and the established church; but a hierarch of the dominant faith was untouched by its merits, and in one of *his* addresses, or as it was more correctly entitled, his *charge*, responded by a puerile and blundering insult upon the religion of a man whom he should have embraced as a brother, and might in many points have studied as a model. This unprovoked anathema, combined with the various exciting events that followed in rapid succession, roused Dr. Doyle to a vindication of his creed, and (a still more popular theme) to some elaborate and cutting retorts upon the most precious and vulnerable attribute of Irish orthodoxy—its temporalities. He has boldly denied the divinity of tithes, and has brought to bear a most provoking array of learning and logic upon their *Noli-me-tangere* pretensions. A deadly controversy has ensued, and still rages. I. K. L., the signature which Dr. Doyle has adopted, has been answered and denounced by sundry beneficed alphabetical characters, and tithe-loving anagrams, for these champions of the church seem reluctant to commit their names, and deep and wide-spreading is the interest with which the combat is observed. Upon the merits of questions so entirely beside my pursuits I cannot venture to pronounce; but as far as the mere exhibition of wit and knowledge and controversial skill is concerned, it seems to me that I. K. L. has hitherto continued master of the field. "You are a Jacobin and a Catholic," cries the Rev. F. W.—"You are too fond of gold and silver," retorts I. K. L.—"Would you plunder the established church of its vested comforts, you Papist?" exclaims T. Y. X.—"Would you drive a coach and six along the narrow path that leads to Heaven?" rejoins the pertinacious I. K. L.—"Where are your authorities for your monstrous positions?" demands a third adversary, muffled up in an aboriginal Irish name turned inside out.—"I refer you (replies I. K. L. here evidently quite at home) to the Fathers, whom you clearly have never read, and in particular to St. Augustine, who wrote the book *De Doctrina Christiana*, which you have blunderingly attributed to Pope Gelasius, and which book contains no such passage as you have cited from it, the said passage being in another book, to wit, that against the Eutychian heresy, which in the opinion of Baronius and M. Cano was never written by Pope Gelasius; and for further illustrations of my views, *vide passim*, Erric, Prosper, D'Marea, Cardinal Lupus, Cervantes and Fijo, if you know any thing of Spanish; Pliricus, Vincent of Lerins, Pallivicini, Vigilantius, Œcolampadius, and the Fudge-family." Here is a good six months' course of reading for I. K. L.'s biliteral and triliteral opponents; and the happy results will, no doubt, be communicated in due season to the public.

The profusion of erudition and contempt with which Dr. Doyle plies his adversaries, led me to imagine before I saw him that he must be a man of a pompous and somewhat overbearing carriage, but his appearance and his manners (which I am told are courteous and playful) have quite a different character. He is not more, I understand, than forty years of age, and does not seem so much. He is indeed the most juvenile-looking prelate I ever saw. His smooth round face and ruddy complexion, and his slender and pliant form, seem to belong rather to a young recruit of the church than to one of its established dignitaries. His face has a very peculiar expression—intelligence throughout, strength and an honest scorn about the mouth and lips, and in the eyes a mingled character of caution and slyness, produced by their downcast look and the overhanging of thick and shady lashes, as if he made it a point of prudence to screen from hostile observation the light and indignation, and perhaps now and then the triumph, that glow within. The remark may be fanciful, but it struck me that I could discover in his controlled and measured gait the same secret consciousness of strength and the same reluctance to display it. Perhaps I might extend the observation to the entire of the Catholic hierarchy. How different their air and movements from those of corresponding rank in the more favoured sect! See in the streets a prelatical sample of ascendancy, and with what a buoyant and lordly swing, like a vessel laden with worldly wealth and wafted before a prosperous trade-wind, he rolls along! With what pride and energy, and deep-seated reliance upon the eternity of tithes, he thrusts out one holy and pampered leg before the other! He tramples upon Irish ground with the familiar superiority of one who feels that an ample portion of its fertile soil is irrevocably dedicated, by divine conveyance, collaterally secured by common and statute law, to the uses of his sacred corporation. But the bishop of the people—how dissimilar his attitude and gesture! He picks his cautious steps as if the way were lined with penal traps, and checks the natural impulse of humanity to appear abroad with the firm air and carriage of a man, lest a passing alderman, or tutored parrot from an Orange window, should salute his ears with some vituperative cant against his politics and creed. I would suggest, however, to Dr. Doyle that he need not fear to throw out his limbs as he has done his mind. The enemies of his country have already tendered him the homage of their hatred; that of their fear and respect will inevitably follow.

Soon after the publication of Doctor Doyle's pamphlet, a tract upon the Miracles appeared, which is known to have been written by Baron Smith, and which is distinguished by the metaphysical eloquence and the refined astuteness of that enlightened and highly-gifted Judge. Of this and of other writings of that eminent person it was my intention to give some account, as well as of the author himself, who is among the most remarkable men in Ireland; but this letter has already exceeded its legitimate bounds, and I must postpone my delineation of the Baron, and my purposed criticism upon his writings, until my next communication.

THE SURPRISE OF ALHAMA.

Boabdil wanders, sad and slow,
Alone and in the garb of woe,
Sighing where'er his footsteps go,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

He hears with rage the city's fate,
And slays the courier at the gate,
Then prostrate falls, but cries too late,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

At length he mounts his favourite steed,
And to the Alhambra bends his speed,
Still groaning in his bitter need—
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

He enters in his palace wall,
He bids his trumpets sound the call;
Yet grieving at the city's fall,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

He wakes the drum's soul-stirring charm,
That tells his valiant Moors to arm;
Still crying 'mid the loud alarm,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

His soldiers range in battle form;
He views them ripe for war's red storm,
Crying with grief and anger warm,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

An ancient chief approaches nigh—
"Wherefore, O king, the battle cry?"
The monarch answers with a sigh,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

"My friends, my soldiers, true and bold,
The Christians' hated cross behold
O'er my Alhama basely sold,—
'Ah, where is my Alhama!'"

An Alfaquin with hoary beard
His prince addresses—not a word
He utters till the cry is heard,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

"We marvel not at that, O king:"—
Again the words of suffering
Fresh cause of interruption bring—
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

The sage resumed—"Thou treacherously
Didst slay our bravest chivalry,
Or didst expel—thou well may'st cry,
'Ah, where is my Alhama!'

"For this thou meritest disgrace,
Nay, death itself, with all thy race"—
The king but groan'd in piteous case,
"Ah, where is my Alhama!"

L.

THE MONTHS.—NO. IV.

April.

"No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living CALENDAR:
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.
Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth."
WORDSWORTH.

APRIL is come—"proud—pied April"—and "hath put a spirit of youth in every thing." Shall our portrait of her, then, alone lack that spirit?—No—not if words can speak the feelings from which they spring. "Spring!" See how the name comes uncalled for—as if to hint that it should have stood in the place of "April!"—But April *is* Spring—the only spring month that we possess in this egregious climate of ours. Let us, then, make the most of it.

April is at once the most juvenile of all the months, and the most feminine—never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover;—coying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her—and then weeping till she gets them back again. High-fantastical as the seething wit of a poet, that sees a world of beauty growing beneath his hand, and fancies that he has created it; whereas, it is *it* has created him a poet: for it is nature that makes April, not April nature.—April is, doubtless, the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake—so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is, to May and June, what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two and twenty. It is, to the confirmed Summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition—what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is, indeed, the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? When a promise of delight is fulfilled, it is over and done with; but while it remains a promise, it remains a hope: and what is all good, but the hope of good? what is every *to-day* of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of to-morrow?—April, then, is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of Summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" Autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

"It bears a glass which shews us many more."

As for April herself, her life is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears—and tears, and sighs, and smiles—till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May. It is like—in short, it is like nothing in the world but "an April day." And her charms—but really I must cease to look upon the face of this fair month generally, lest, like a painter in the presence of his mistress, I grow too ena-

moured to give a correct resemblance. I must gaze upon her sweet beauties one by one, or I shall never be able to think and treat of her in any other light than that of *the Spring:* which is a mere abstraction —delightful to think of, but, like all other abstractions, not to be depicted or described.

Before I proceed to do this, however, let me inform the reader, that what I have hitherto said of April, and may yet have to say, is intended to apply, not to this or that April in particular—not to April eighteen hundred and twenty-four, or fourteen, or thirty-four; but to April *par excellence*—that is to say, what April ("not to speak it profanely") *ought to be*. In short, I have no intention of being *personal* in my remarks; and if the April which I am describing should happen to differ, in any essential particulars, from the one in whose presence I am describing it, neither the month nor the reader must regard this as a covert libel or satire. The truth is, that, for what reason I know not—whether to put to shame the predictions of the Quarterly Reviewers—or to punish us islanders for our manifold follies and iniquities—or from any quarrel, as of old, between Oberon and Titania—but certain it is that, of late

> "The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
> And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown
> An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set: the Spring, the Summer,
> The chilling Autumn, angry Winter, change
> Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
> By their increase, now knows not which is which."

It is of April, then, as she is when Nature is in her happiest mood, that I am now to speak; and we will take her in the prime of her life, and our first place of rendezvous shall be the open fields.

What a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow!—And the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky powdered with snowy stars. In making our way between them, to yonder hedge-row, that divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath—for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon. I have been hitherto very chary of appealing to the poets in these pleasant papers; because they are people that, if you give them an inch, even in a span-long essay of this kind, always endeavour to lay hands on the whole of it. They are like the young cuckoos, that if once they get hatched within a nest, always contrive to oust the natural inhabitants. But when the daisy—"la douce Marguerite"—is in question, how can I refrain from pronouncing a blessing on the bard, who has, by his sweet praise of this "unassuming common-place of nature," revived that general love for it, which, until lately, was confined to the hearts of "the old poets," and of those young poets of all times, the little children?—But I need not do this; for he has his reward already, in the fulfilment of that prophecy with which he closes his address to his darling flower:

> "Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
> Dear shalt thou be to future men,
> As in old time."

Does the reader,—now that I have brought before him, in company with each other, this "child of the year," and the gentlest and most eloquent of all her lovers,—desire to hear a few more of the compliments that he has paid to her, without the trouble of leaving the fields, and opening a book? I can afford but a few; for beneath yonder hedge-row, and within the twilight of the copse behind it, there are flocks of other sweet flowers, waiting for their praise.

> "When soothed awhile by milder airs,
> Thee Winter in the garland wears
> That thinly shades his few gray hairs;
> *Spring cannot shun thee;*
> And Autumn, melancholy wight!
> Doth in thy crimson head delight
> When rains are on thee."

(By the by, I cannot let pass this epithet, "melancholy," without protesting most strenuously against the above application of it. Seldom indeed is it that the poët before us falls into an error of this kind; and it is *therefore* that I point it out.)

> "In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
> Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane
> * * * *
> And oft alone in nooks remote
> We meet thee, like a pleasant thought
> When such are wanted.
>
> Be violets, in their secret mews,
> The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
> Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
> Her head impearling;
> * * * *
> *Thou* art the poët's darling.
>
> If to a rock from rains he fly,
> Or some bright day of April sky,
> Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
> Near the green holly,
> And wearily at length should fare,
> He need but look about, and there
> Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
> His melancholy.
>
> If stately passions in me burn
> And one chance look to thee should turn,
> I drink out of an humbler urn
> A lowlier pleasure;
> The homely sympathy, that heeds
> The common life our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
> Of hearts at leisure."

What poetry is here! It "dallies with the innocence" of the poet and of the flower, till we know not which to love best.—But we must turn at once from the fascination of both, and not allow them again to seduce us from our duty to the rest of those sweet "children of the year" that are courting our attention.—See, upon the sloping sides of this bank beneath the hedge-row, what companies of primroses are dedicating their pale beauties to the pleasant breeze that blows over them, and looking as faint withal as if they had senses that could "ache" at the rich sweetness of the hidden violets that are growing here and there

among them. The intermediate spots of the bank are now nearly covered from sight by the various green weeds that sprout up everywhere, and begin to fill the interstices between the lower stems of the hazel, the hawthorn, the sloe, the eglantine, and the woodbine, that unite their friendly arms together above, to form the natural inclosure—that prettiest feature in our English scenery—or at least that which communicates a picturesque beauty to all the rest. Of the above-named shrubs, the hazel, you see, is scarcely as yet in leaf; the scattered leaves of the woodbine—of a dull purplish green—are fully spread; the sloe is in blossom, offering a pretty but scentless imitation of the sweet hawthorn-bloom that is to come next month; this latter is now vigorously putting forth its crisp and delicate filligree-work of tender green, tipped with red; and the eglantine, or wild rose, in all its innocent varieties, is opening its green hands as if to welcome the sun. Entering the little copse which this inclosure separates from the meadow, we shall find, on the ground, all the low and creeping plants pushing forth their various-shaped leaves—stars, fans, blades, fingers, fringes, and a score of other fanciful forms; and some of them bearing flowers: among these are the wood-anemone, the wood-sorrel, and the star of Bethlehem; also the primrose is to be found here—but not so rich and full-blown as on the open sunny bank. Overhead, and level with our hands and eyes, we find all the young forest trees (except the oak) in a kind of half-dress—like so many village maidens, in their trim bodices, and with their hair in papers. Among these are conspicuous the graceful birch—hanging its head like a half-shamefaced, half-affected damsel; the trim beech—spruce as a village-gallant dressed for the fair; the rough-rinded elm—grave and sedate-looking, even in its youth, and already bespeaking the future "green-robed senator of mighty woods;"—these, with the white-stemmed ash, the alder, the *artificial*-looking hornbeam, and the as yet bare oak, make up this silent but happy company, who are to stand here on the same spot all their lives, looking upward to the clouds and the stars, and downward to the star-like flowers, till we and our posterity (who pride ourselves on our superiority over them) are laid in that earth of which *they* alone are the true inheritors. But who ever heard of choosing a warm April morning, to moralize in? Let us wait till winter for that—and in the mean time pass out of this pleasant little copse, and make our way windingly towards the home garden.

If the garden, like the year, is not now absolutely at its best, it is perhaps better; inasmuch as a pleasant promise but half performed partakes of the best parts of both promise and performance. Now all is neatness and finish—or ought to be; for the weeds have not yet begun to make head—the annual flower seeds are all sown—the divisions and changes among the perennials, and the removings and plantings of the shrubs, have all taken place. The walks, too, have all been turned and freshened, and the turf has begun to receive its regular rollings and mowings. Among the bulbous-rooted perennials, all that were not in flower during the last two months, are so now; and though in March we (somewhat prematurely) took a final leave of the tulip, the hyacinth, the daffodil, the various kinds of Narcissus, &c. yet if the season, up to the commencement of this month, has been *seasonable*, we may encounter them still, if due care has been taken in the planting and tending of them. Indeed the richest and rarest kinds

of tulip are scarcely yet in blow. But what we are chiefly to look for now are the fibrous-rooted and herbaceous perennials. There is not one of these that has not awoke from its winter dreams, and put on at least the half of its beauty. A few of them venture to display all their attractions at this time, from a wise fear of that dangerous rivalry which they must be content to encounter if they were to wait for a month longer: for a pretty villager might as well hope to gain hearts at Almack's, as a demure daisy or a modest polyanthus think to secure its due attention in the presence of the glaring peonies, flaunting roses, and towering lilies of May and Midsummer. Among the shrubs that form the enclosing belt of the flower-garden, the lilac is in full leaf, and loaded with its heavy branches of bloom-buds; the common laurel, if it has reached its flowering age, is hanging out its meek modest flowers, preparatory to putting forth its vigorous summer shoots; the larch has on its hairy tufts of pink, stuck here and there among its delicate threads of green. But the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite green which pervades it everywhere, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may—as it lasts but a little while—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world after its long winter death, that in fact constitutes *the Spring;* and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones—but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green, after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things. This is the principal charm of Spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is, the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over and almost hides every thing else, in the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences, and distinctions, and resemblances, there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond-blossom, which comes while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow—the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond.—The peach and nectarine, which are now in full bloom, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell shape—and their divisions open or shut, as the cherishing sun reaches or recedes from them.—But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most *promising* in its general appearance, is that of the cherry—clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each

branch.—The pear blossom is also very rich and full; but the apple (loveliest of all!) is scarcely as yet open.

I am afraid we must now turn away, however reluctantly, from the rest of those sweet sights that April presents to us in the country, or we shall leave ourselves neither space nor inclination to glance at its other claims elsewhere. But we must first listen for a moment to the spring melody that now breaks involuntarily from the love-inspired hearts of the happy birds. And first let us hearken to the cuckoo, shooting out its soft and mellow, yet powerful voice, till it seems to fill the whole concave of the heavens with its two mysterious notes—the most primitive of musical melodies. Who can listen to those notes for the first time in Spring, and not feel his school days come back to him? ——and not, as he did then,

> ——"look a thousand ways
> In bush, and tree, and sky?"—

But he will look in vain; for lucky—(or rather *un*lucky, to my thinking) is he who has ever *seen* a cuckoo—for they are the shyest of all birds. I saw one once, for the first time, last May, flutter heavily out of an old hawthorn bush, and flurr awkwardly away across the meadow, as I was listening in rapt attention to its lonely voice; and I fear that the sight will, for the future, take away all the mystery of the sound, and with it the best half of its beauty.

If we happen to be wandering forth on a warm still evening, during the last week in this month, and passing near a roadside orchard, or skirting a little copse in returning from our twilight ramble, or sitting listlessly on a lawn near some thick plantation, waiting for bed-time, we may chance to be startled from our meditations (of whatever kind they may be) by a sound, issuing from among the distant leaves. That is the nightingale's voice. The cold spells of winter, that had kept him so long tongue-tied, and frozen the deep fountains of his heart, yield before the mild breath of Spring, and he is voluble once more. It is as if the flood of song had been swelling within his breast ever since it last ceased to flow, and was now gushing forth uncontrollably, and as if he had no will to control it: for when it does stop for a space, it is suddenly—as if for want of breath.—In our climate the nightingale seldom sings above six weeks; beginning usually the last week in April. I mention this because few are aware of it; and many who would be delighted to hear him, do not think of going to listen for his song till after it has ceased. I believe it is never to be heard after the young are hatched.

There are several other singers that make their *debût* in the bird-concerts this month. But as their song is not *peculiar* to this period, and we have still many things to attend to that are, we must pass them by for the present. In fact, we must quit the country altogether, *as* the country;—first, however, mentioning that now begins that most execrable of all practices, Angling. Now man,—"lordly man"—first begins to set his wit to a simple fish; and having succeeded in attracting it to his lure, watches it for a space floundering about in its crystal waters, in the agonies of death; and when he is tired of this *sport*, drags it to the green bank, among the grass and moss and wild flowers, and stains them all with its blood!*—The "gentle" reader may be sure

* "And weltering, dies the primrose with his blood."—*Graham*.

that I would willingly have refrained altogether from forcing upon his attention this hateful subject—especially amid such scenes and objects as we have just been contemplating: but I was afraid that my silence might have seemed to give consent to it.

We must now transport ourselves to the environs of London, and see what this happy season is producing there: for to leave the very heart of the country, and cast ourselves at once into the very heart of the town, would be likely to put us into a temper not suited to the time. Now, on Palm Sunday, boys and girls (youths and maidens have now-a-days got above so childish a practice,) may be met early in the morning, in blithe, but breakfastless companies, sallying forth towards the pretty outlets about Hampstead and Highgate, on the one side the water, and Camberwell and Clapham on the other—all of which they innocently imagine to be "the country"—there to sport away the pleasant hours till dinner-time, and then return home with joy in their hearts, endless appetites in their stomachs, and bunches of the sallow willow with its silken bloom-buds in their hands, as trophies of their travels.

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it—setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he were a tailor itself, should lose his *caste*, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics—wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as Sir John—the "rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys" from the summit of Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to say "It is our royal pleasure to be drunk!"—who shall dispute the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they *have* no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And, in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it: for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement—which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend:—for of all callings, the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor. During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy today, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him—but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home—where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it: and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for

throwing away the greater part of his quarter's savings without having any thing to show for it—and gets gloriously drunk with the rest, to prove his words; passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watch-house. And on Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics!—So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which, fun forbid that I should pass over silently.—If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest;—following the hounds all day long,—at a respectful distance;—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his nether person;—and finishing the day by joining the Lady Mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house;—if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them!

I have little to tell the reader in regard to London exclusively, this month: which is lucky, because I have left myself less than no space at all to tell it in. I must mention, however, that now is heard in her streets, the prettiest of all the cries which are peculiar to them—"Come buy my primroses!"—and but for which, the Londoners would have no idea that Spring was at hand. Now, spoiled children make "fools" of their mamas and papas;—which is but fair, seeing that the said mamas and papas return the compliment during all the rest of the year.—Now, not even a sceptical apprentice but is religiously persuaded of the merits of *Good*-Friday, and the propriety of its being so called—since it procures him two Sundays in the week instead of one.—Finally,—Now, exhibitions of paintings court the public attention, and obtain it, in every quarter;—on the principle, I suppose, that the eye has, at this season of the year, a natural hungering and thirsting after the colours of the Spring leaves and flowers, and rather than not meet with them at all, it is content to find them on painted canvass!

THE RITTER BANN. A BALLAD.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
  Came back, renown'd in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry
  And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
  Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
  Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he knew,—
  Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listen'd to,
  In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
  A fresh and fair old man:
His reverend air arrested even
  The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
  Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's colour went and came,
  And loud he spoke in ire.

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
  Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
  Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the abbot interposed,
  "This case your ear demands;"
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
  In both her trembling hands:

"Remember, each his sentence waits;
  And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
  Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded undispensed by Church,
  Your cousin Jane in Spring;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
  For churchmen's pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
  Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
  Was wrench'd by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
  Crying, 'Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills;'
  But word arrived—ah me!—

You were not there; and 'twas their threat,
  By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
  The seal on her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy in
  A ship at Hartland bay,
By his aid from her cruel kin
  I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
  Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
  To Elijah, gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
  From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
  In grief and gloom he heard.

For they that wrong'd you, to elude
  Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush Sir, as you should—
  Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vow'd
  To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begg'd our bread,
  But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
  She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness proof
  As child e'er grew like man.

'Twas smiling on that babe one morn
  While heath bloom'd on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
  As he hunted past our door.

She shunn'd him, but he raved of Jane,
  And roused his mother's pride ;
Who came to us in high disdain,—
  'And where's the face,' she cried,

'Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
  So wretched for his wife ?—
Dost love thy husband ? Know, my son
  Has sworn to seek his life.'

Her anger sore dismay'd us,
  For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
  There was none to aid our want.

So I told her, weeping bitterly,
  What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
  The tears stood in her een.

And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
  My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
  Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
  The abbot, standing by :
"Three months ago a wounded man
  To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
  And hand obdurate clench'd,
Speak of the worm that never dies,
  And the fire that is not quench'd.

At last by what this scroll attests
  He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
  His guilt had wrung with grief.

'There lived,' he said, 'a fair young dame
  Beneath my mother's roof,
I loved her, but against my flame
  Her purity was proof.

I feign'd repentance, friendship pure ;
  That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
  Be copied from her neck.

As means to search him, my deceit
  Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
  And Jane's reported scorn.

The treachery took: she waited wild;
  My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wish'd; she clasp'd her child,
  And swoon'd, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
  Quench not my flame, but stir
The very hate I bore her mate
  Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
  Joy flush'd the face of Jane;
And whilst she bless'd his name, her smile
  Struck fire into my brain,

No fears could damp; I reach'd the camp,
  Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
  'Twas long and well laid on.

This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
  My foe's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
  And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
  The Turks at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."——
  The abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page who pour'd
  It out, and knelt and smiled :—
The stunn'd knight saw himself restored
  To childhood in his child.

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
  Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
  The darling little one.

"And where went Jane?"—"To a nunnery, Sir—
  Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
  "And has she ta'en the veil?"—

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
  Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy play'd with the knight's broad star,
  As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
  The abbot further said;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
  More deep than cloister's shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
  Scarce love perhaps for life."—
"Hush, abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
  "Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
  The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
  Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
  Unnumber'd hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
  Of the Knight embracing Jane.

ON THE MODERN SPANISH THEATRE,* NO. I.

Decline of the Ancient Theatre.

HOWEVER painful it may be to acknowledge, men of great genius, and capable of adding fresh glory to literature, have been the first to desert the path which reason and philosophy suggest, and to pervert the taste of the multitude, ever prompt to follow in the train of novelty.

We shall see presently how this applies in the case before us. The most eminent Spanish writers (since Boscan and Garcilaso improved the national rhyme by the happy introduction of Italian mètre) were not only distinguished for the delicacy and sublimity of their conceptions, but at the same time created a new poetical language, easy, expressive, and harmonious. Solicitous alone of expressing clearly what they conceived strongly, and abundant in their resources, they disdained the ordinary mode of giving vigour to a conception, which generally has no other effect than to obscure and enfeeble it. Their poetry did not consist in the mechanical arrangement of words, nor in the symmetrical distribution of cadences; it was to be found in their ideas, recollections, and sensations, in the affections and passions which they sought to create, and which they did create. All the pomp, splendour, and music of their versification were the mere court-dress which they put on after the essential part of their poetry was completed, as the artist makes smoothness and polish the last part of his labour. To obtain so great a result, however, requires a genius more creative than frugal nature concedes to many.

The juvenile compositions of Don Luis de Gongora†, and above all his romances, excited high expectations; and though they did not indicate any extraordinary inventiveness, yet they discovered an enthusiasm which augured highly for their author. All that was necessary, was a diligent study of the classics to refine his taste, and the lapse of years to correct his inexperience. He was remarkable for the happy choice of his subjects, the facility and grace with which he treated them, and the flexibility of his verse, which proclaimed him as the person destined to raise it to perfection. Who would have supposed that this promising writer would have been the founder of that perverted school which first adulterated the poetry, and ultimately occa-

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* The present article has been sent us by one of the most distinguished modern Spanish writers on the stage, who has sought in England an asylum against the tender mercies of the most "absolute king."

† *Don Luis de Gongora y Argose*, was born in Cordova, July 11th, 1568, and died there May 26th, 1627. His family was illustrious, and his father was long one of the governors of his native city. After completing his studies at Salamanca with great distinction, he resided at Madrid many years, in the best society, under the patronage of the Duke of Lerma and the Marquess de Siete-Yglesias—both favourites of Philip IV. In his forty-fifth year he embraced the profession of an ecclesiastic, and was made chaplain to the Duke, his patron, who also made him a prebendary in the cathedral of Cordova. Fatigued with the gaiety and dissipation of the capital, he retired thither. Gongora is regarded in Spain as the founder of the school of *purists* (*cultevanismo*), and in this respect possesses a fatal celebrity. Amongst his most distinguished disciples are Villamediana, Rosas, Paravicino, and Tamayo. It should be observed that the *romances* and some of the lighter pieces which Gongora wrote in his youth, are far from deserving the anathema which is commonly launched against his other compositions.

sioned the decadence of Spanish literature? Gongora, to a vivacity the most excessive, united a self-love great without example. The first applauses intoxicated him; he thought that he stood alone amongst poets, and freely abandoned himself to all the perils of such a conviction. He wrote without measure and without correction; and instead of improving he manifestly retrograded. As the applause he had received arose from other motives than he had conceived; as they were less the rewards for what he had done, than incentives to higher performances,—so, when the hopes he had excited were dissipated by the negligence of his manner and the degradation of his taste, they were changed into criticisms and censures. Other writers, less vain and self-attached than Gongora, would have opened their eyes at this change in the public sentiment, and would have felt that toil and perseverance were the only means of reconquering a lost reputation; but in Gongora it produced no other effect than to exasperate him against a sentence which his presumption denounced as unjust. But great as his blindness was, it could not prevent his discerning the dangerous shoals on which his false taste was continually throwing him. The lyric poetry of Spain boasted at that time of productions so perfect in form and so exquisite in taste, that they might be regarded as finished models and standards by which to estimate the character of any new writer: such were the eclogues of Garcilaso and Balbuera, the canzons and epistles of Rioja, the elegies of Herrera, the sonnets of Arguijo, the satires of the Argensola, the ballads of Villegas, the epigrams of Baltasar del Alcazar, and a great many other contributors to the national poetical wealth. Every candidate for the laurel in these respective paths, was called upon to run the same race, and attain at least to the same goal.

How few are capable of such an exertion! Gongora wanted the power, and in the end his frequent failures undeceived him. He discovered the inutility of any longer following a path which would not carry him more than half way on his career, and that it was easier to find out a short cut than to struggle on to the end. On a sudden he abandoned his former style, and adopted another, which was entirely his own,—if indeed the name of style can be applied to an unintelligible gibberish, a mere idle accumulation of sounding words, devoid of any rational meaning. The most extravagant sentiments—the most absurd metaphors—the most violent inversions, were not however entirely able to destroy the fluency and smoothness of his verses, in consequence of the natural flexibility of the language in which he wrote. A true Cagliostro in poetry, he bent all his efforts, and wasted all the best years of his life, to pass off for gold of the finest quality, that which he, better than any one else, knew to be despicable alchymy.

Vulgar readers admired enthusiastically this poetical apostasy of Gongora; and the very excess of his boldness they ascribed to the greatness of his genius. At that time the mania of rhyming was prevalent in Spain: nobles and plebeians were infected with it, and every thing like judicious and tasteful composition was despised. To the eyes of a careful observer, Madrid presented a singular appearance, not a little increased by the recollection of the state of the Spanish court during the two preceding reigns. Under Philip II. it was sombre and terrific; under his imbecile successor it was tranquil and regular.

Philip IV. on the contrary, made it the seat of gallantry and pleasure; or more correctly speaking, the ministers who governed in his name, kept him immersed in dissipation, in order that he might never devote himself to the interests of the public. But the young prince, though indolent and unfitted for political pursuits, was nevertheless not without understanding. With a gentle disposition—affable in his intercourse —fond of the arts, and not without a talent for poetry—it was so evident from an early age that his inclinations were in favour of a private life, that they removed from him every subject which required any severe application or any strong mental exertion. What more could these ambitious and powerful persons desire? It was easy for them to please him and to please themselves. The national cheerfulness was revived, the public spectacles were increased, and all the motives of popular admiration greatly multiplied. The deadened genius of the country was quickened again to life by academies and controversies. All who had any distinction in the literary world were summoned to the palace, and were placed at their monarch's side, graced with honours and rewards. In the palace, likewise, was erected a splendid theatre, where were represented the most famous comedies in the Spanish drama, and others were written and acted there for the delight of the monarch poet and his friends. There were also given in succession a splendid series of balls, to which were invited all the gaiety and beauty of the restless capital. The chivalrous courtesy of past times was revived, and the fair sex once more assumed their supremacy in all its plenitude.

Having already said that Philip sometimes indulged in verse-making, it is almost idle to add that his courtiers did the same, and that the contagion extended even to the followers of the court. What at first was adulation, soon became a fashion, and afterwards a necessity. Hardly a simple squire was to be found in Madrid whose mornings were not occupied in penning "Sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow," to be recited at the Tertullia in the evening. All this diminished the difficulties of the art, or rather of the trade of rhyming, to the infinite tribe of versifiers—invitâ Minervâ; and nothing could be more seasonable than the theory of Gongora, whose single rule was to disregard all rules. Hence the marvellous rapidity with which the contagion spread, and the inutility of all the efforts made by sensible men to stay its dissemination. Amongst these, the most strenuous defender of the cause of taste was the mysterious Tome de Burguillos, who attacked the *purists* with the arms of ridicule. This was the name by which, according to some, Lope de Vega disguised himself when he gave loose to his merry humours. But neither Burguillos, nor Quevedo, nor any of the antagonists of innovation, obtained their ends; and the contest ended in communicating not a little of the contagion to themselves.

This complete victory over good taste and reason animated the *Gongorists* so highly, that they immediately invaded and made themselves masters of the whole literary republic. Poets and prose-writers were all equally affected: all were touched with the evil; and he whose style was the most inflated, was regarded as the most sublime,—sublime and obscure being synonimous terms in the dialect of that age.

The drama was unable to escape from the epidemic, especially as from its very nature it is, more than any other art, brought into close

contact with the aberrations of public taste. The stage is not only a mirror which reflects our features, but it is an echo which repeats our accents. Comic dialogue must always be fashioned from the society which it represents. If the coxcombs of Paris had not affected in their language a squeamish delicacy, it is certain that Marivaux would not have written in so mannered a style, and that his proselytes would not have so long continued to debase the inheritance of Moliere with their wretched affectations.

At this time was expelled from Spanish dramatic literature, that natural ease with which Lope de Vega, Solis, and Moreto, treated even the most difficult subjects, without diminishing the delicacy of their conceptions, or the inimitable harmony of their rhyme; and in their stead were substituted the most elaborate affectation, the most puerile metaphysics, and the most inexcusable extravagance. Even the plots of the drama, or the *Argumentos*, felt the effects of this miserable coxcombry. Facts the least probable, and the production of which, on the stage, was wholly unprofitable to the community, obtained the preference over all others. Whenever they were deficient in wildness and extravagance, the defect was supplied by the introduction of sundry improbable and exaggerated episodes. There was a kind of fatalism or irresistible impulse, which hurried the unhappy authors to the summit of extravagance. They were obliged to look about for personages to deliver the follies they wrote, and were driven (at least those who wished to be consistent in their extravagance) to construct fables capable of admitting the introduction of such personages. This is the chief cause of the greater part of the irregularities which prevailed, and the reason why history was falsified in its leading facts, and well-known occurrences; why the customs and manners of widely-separated people were confounded together; and why the grossest faults in geography and chronology were committed without number. The only object of the writers seemed to be, to give free current to the pen, and to scribble over a certain quantity of paper. One poet went so far as to produce in the same comedy three mythological divinities, a Capuchin friar, a duchess of Cyprus, and a number of miners from the Sierra de Francia. At the siege of Troy one author introduces artillery, and another makes Charlemagne drink chocolate. The licentiousness at last reached so far, that even words themselves were not safe from violence; and whenever they did not suit the rhyme or the metre, they were mutilated so as to fit it, or else others were invented so strange, that we have not even at the present day discovered their signification:

> Entiendes Fabio lo que voi deciendo?—
> Toma si lo entendio.—Mientes Fabio;
> Que yo soi quien lo digo, y no lo entiendo.
>
> *Soneto de Tome de Burguillos.*

("Do you understand what I am saying to you, Fabius?"—"Yes, Thomas. I understand it."—"You lie, Fabius; for even I, who am telling it to you, do not understand it myself.")

Thus it may be seen, that the Castilian language was not the least sufferer in this invasion of literary Vandalism. Let it not be supposed, however, that there were not amongst the dramatists, as well as the lyrists, writers who endeavoured to neutralize the fatal effect

of this contagion. There were some who attempted it, and succeeded, as far as regarded themselves. It may be observed of Calderon, that whilst he derided, in nearly all his familiar comedies, the whole system of *purism*, and put into the mouths of his clowns the most cutting sarcasms on Gongora and his followers, yet he himself fell into equal extravagance, when he sought to elevate his style. In his heroic comedies still greater opportunity was afforded for this bad taste; and accordingly there is in them more negligent expressions and pompous hyperboles, than in all the productions of his contemporaries put together. It seems almost impossible that the author of the *Dama Duende*, a model of grace, taste, and probability, should have written *La fiera, el rayo, y la piedra* ó el *Castillo de Lindabridis*; and should have addressed a horse in one of his most celebrated plays, thus:—

> "——Hippogrifo violento
> Que ha corrido *parejar* con el viento;"

and should have thus described one of his characters—"*Langrave de Turingia* EN ASIA!"

Whatever be the nature of poetical licence, it certainly ought not to extend to the conversion of Æolus into a dray-horse, or to the forcible transportation of a harmless district of Germany to the farther shores of the Mediterranean. But what shall we say of his *Autos Sacramentales*, in which, returning to the infancy of the Spanish drama, and producing on the stage the *mysteries* of the earlier poets, he presents to the Spaniards of the 17th century, the same rhapsodies which were scarcely tolerated by their predecessors of the 15th? In these are personified all the virtues and the vices: real disputes are kept up on the most abstract questions: moral entities are confounded with real beings, made to converse with them and to employ all the precise and affected terms of the new dialect; and in order that nothing might be wanting to complete these dramatic monsters, the poet took care to introduce some one to act the part of the *traitor* and another that of the *clown*. The first was intended to represent *avarice*, the other, *falsehood* or *drunkenness*!! Let it be here observed as some evidence of the state of corrupted taste, that these *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon, and his *heroic comedies*, were the only pieces which had the honour of being acted before the royal family in the court theatre, whilst his beautiful comedies *de Capa y Espada* (of ordinary life) remained in the obscurity of his desk, or seemed only as aliment to vulgar curiosity. In aftertimes, Calderon displayed qualities so brilliant, and merit so intrinsic, that the severest criticism overlooked these faults in its admiration of his numerous and surpassing beauties. There is a level in the literary, as well as in the political balance. It is enough that the sum of excellence should weigh down that of defect. But how are we to excuse the defects of those who have only a spark of excellence to oppose against the frequent and severe censure of criticism?—such an injudicious lenity, instead of contributing to the advancement of the arts, would only tend to perpetuate their degradation.

With the death of Calderon, the decline and ruin of the ancient Spanish drama was completed. He was the only writer who maintained it in its old splendour. From that event to the death of Charles II., we rarely find a single production which is worth being mentioned. The

deserted stage was left to the fatal mercy of the blindest ignorance; and without decency or restraint, without enthusiasm or judgment, the wildest and most disgusting abortions were engendered, so that sooner or later it would have sickened the very public which had corrupted it, had not the war of the Succession intervened, and with it the termination of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, to the relief of the people and the restoration of the stage.

During the long tract of this memorable struggle, whilst so many grave interests were discussed, the theatres were closed or deserted. The Muses are too timid to encounter the perils of battle, and too feeble to be heard amidst the din of civil dissension. The peace, which fixed the crown of Spain on the brow of Philip V., was not very serviceable to the national arts. This foreign prince, whom the bayonet alone was able to naturalize, had exactly developed himself during the latter years of his grandfather's reign, when a crafty female thought it necessary to cover with the veil of systematic hypocrisy, the scandal of a fresh concubinage. Neither by education nor inclination did Philip belong to the famous age of Louis XIV.: indolent, sensual, ignorant, and superstitious; the blind instrument of his rivals, the puppet of his ministers, and the slave of his confessors he was, of all monarchs, the one least fitted to supply the necessities or regenerate the literature of Spain. He was a gift from France, which brought with it a terrible lesson, that might have benefited Spain in more recent times.

Ferdinand VI., though not possessing any greater talent or less prejudice than his father, contributed, no doubt, in some degree, to revive his drooping country, thanks to the long peace which marked his reign. The beneficent impulse which was given to the arts and belles lettres, did not, however, extend to the national drama. The exclusive affection of the king for *ultramontane* music, spread amongst the people of Madrid, and absorbed all their attention. Immense sums were lavished in the re-edification of the theatre of *Buon Retiro*, for the representation of the most celebrated operas of the day, by the most expensive foreign singers, and with an unparalleled magnificence. The public theatres were left to their unhappy fate, and the dramatic productions of this reign were confined to a few historical farces, with the same unpleasant *smack* which belonged to their predecessors, and to a few translations from the most wretched Italian pieces. Of these, the only ones which are at all tolerable, were the production of an author called Termin del Rey, a native of Saragoza.

It was reserved for the reign of Charles III., to witness the revival of the Spanish theatre, but with an increased splendour, and a distinct nature and form from those of the other branches of our national literature. To consider carefully the obstacles which were overcome, and to appreciate the value of the exertions necessary to complete success, both on the part of authors and rulers, will be the subject of another article.

WRITTEN IN EGYPT.

Parent of nations! Arts' proud sire!*
  Upon thy pyramid I stand,
While the sun flings his beams of fire
  Over thy desolated land.
Now, far as the strain'd eye can scan,
  A sandy ocean sleeps around,
Nothing speaks out of living man
  Save me and mine—there is no sound
  Of aught amid this solitude
To break the silence of the waste,
  And fancy paints in mournful mood,
Wild visions of th' ideal past.
  For now the mind is left to guess,
  How fair was once this wilderness;
As death upon some lovely frame
  Tells life once breathed in beauty there,
That th' extinguish'd taper's flame
  Once flash'd its radiance on the air;
Thus shadowing forth from their decay
The glories of a perish'd day.
The crown that gemm'd thy awful brow,
Thine arts, thy power—where are they now!

No wandering Arab can be seen
  Within the horizon's sweep,
And I am living 'mid the scene
  Where the tiar'd Pharaohs sleep—
And I am trampling o'er the dead,
  Full fifty ages vanished:—
  Those vanish'd dead—but who were they?
They pass'd and left no name:
  Haply ambition in their day
  Had never shewn the toiling way
To cheat posterity with fame.
What ruin'd cities may be hid
Around this lofty pyramid,
  Whelm'd in the desert sand;
In whose long streets the gazer's eye
Once saw amid antiquity
  This wonder of his land,
Yet knew not who had rear'd it high,
But guess'd as erringly as I.
  Yet the same heaven look'd out in light
  Upon the toiling busy sight,
Uprearing then its glorious brow,
  At morning's dawn as it does now.

O Land of that famed sound which hung
  Round Memnon's mystic shrine!
I gaze upon thy ruins flung
  Like wrecks upon the brine.
I think of Memphian chivalry
  Amid thy Red-Sea lost,
  Of Necho and his swarthy host,
Th' avengers of their destiny
  In a long after-age.
Of giant Thebes that now defies
  The waste of years and human rage
Beneath these burning skies:

Her very wrecks are mighty still;
They scorn our strength and mock our skill.
Here, in the light of beauty's eye
That charm'd him with its witchery,
The Roman lost a world.
Here Cæsar's mighty rival died,
And, one poor foot of earth denied,
With scorn was headless hurl'd;
And he who captived king and throne,
Had not a grave to call his own.
Mark, ye who sail ambition's tide,
The bitter sum of human pride!

But wherefore call up ancient years?
Enough within my view appears
To minister to thought:
The desolation reigning here
Speaks to the mind in accents clear
Things schoolmen never taught.
Behold, the horizon's self is clad
In a strange hue and livery sad,
Like th' impressive calm that reigns
Mournful o'er earthquake-riven plains,
That the "mind's eye" can see full well,
But language hath no skill to tell;
Seeming to grieve the mighty day
Of its pass'd glories rent away;
Even their very record flown,
Unwrit, unregister'd, unknown.

The camel waits his lord below;
The turban'd guides my musings break;
I must away—yet ere I go
One parting glance around me take,
Then bury 'mid a Moslem crew
This pyramid's majestic view—
Fane, tomb, whate'er thou art—adieu! L.

OUR TRAVELLING MANNERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

Geneva, 1823.

Mr. Editor,—I have a word or two to say on what M. Simond has recorded of *nous autres Anglais* at Geneva. The picture which he has thought proper to give of us, is, throughout, a forced caricature—false, in many places, in fact, and, in nearly all, in argument. If I recollect right, the Edinburgh Review notices this passage, but only to make one part of it the text of a spirited and *tranchant* diatribe against that sullen and sulky reserve which has of late been so distinguished in English manners. But the Editor of the Edinburgh Review has made the notice of Mr. S.'s work far more agreeable than the book reviewed, by throwing his own proverbial brilliancy over M. Simond's style and matter. The Edinburgh editor, I say, has gone off at a tangent to the attack of this crying sin of our society, and has taken no further notice of the very undeserved charge which served as a hint to give it rise. For my own part, in the remarks I am about to make, I feel myself free from national prejudice. My leaning has always been the other way; my great horror of exclusiveness and John Bullism has driven me perhaps too

much into the opposite feeling. But I always give "the devil his due," and will not deny it to my countrymen.

M. Simond says, that the Genevese were always favourably inclined to the English, from the connexion which existed between them before the Revolution, occasioned by so many Englishmen receiving a considerable part of their education at Geneva, and thus forming friendships which continued through life, and were renewed, as occasion offered, from time to time. The separation necessitated by the subsequent political events was, he says, strongly felt. The Genevese always retained their former predilections, and were disliked by Napoleon on that very account. He is recorded to have said "*Ils parlent trop bien Anglais pour moi.*"

M. Simond then continues thus: [I quote from the English copy, as it is not a translation, but a counterpart of the French by the author himself. There are considerable variances in the following passage between the two,—the English expression being throughout much softened, and in one or two places differing materially from the French.]

"Who would not have supposed that when, after a separation of twenty or twenty-five years, the English again appeared among the Genevans, they would have been the best friends in the world? Yet it is not so. English travellers swarm here as every where else; but they do not mix with the society of the country more than they do elsewhere, and seem to like it even less. The people of Geneva, on the other hand, say, their former friends the English are so changed they scarcely know them again. They used to be a plain downright race, in whom a certain degree of *sauvagerie* only served to set off the advantages of a highly-cultivated understanding, of a liberal mind, and generous temper, which characterized them in general: their young men were often rather wild, but soon reformed, and became like their fathers. Instead of this we see, they say, a mixed assemblage, of whom lamentably few possess any of those qualities we were wont to admire in their predecessors; their former shyness and reserve is changed to disdain and rudeness. If you seek these modern English, they keep aloof, do not mix in conversation, and seem to laugh at you; their conduct, still more strange and unaccountable in regard to each other, is indicative of contempt and suspicion: studiously avoiding to exchange a word, one would suppose they expect to find an adventurer in every individual of their own country not particularly introduced, or at best a person beneath them. You cannot vex or displease them more than by inviting others to meet them whom they may be compelled to acknowledge afterwards. If they do not find a crowd, they are tired; if you speak of the old English you formerly knew, that was before the Flood; if you talk of books, it is pedantry, and they yawn; of politics, they run wild about Bonaparte! Dancing is the only thing which is sure to please them; at the sound of the fiddle, the thinking nation starts up at once; their young people are adepts in the art, and take pains to become so, spending half their time with their dancing-master. You may know the houses where they live by the scraping of the fiddle, and shaking of the floor, which disturb their neighbours. Few bring letters; they complain they are neglected by the good company, and cheated by the innkeepers. The latter, accustomed to the *Milords Anglais* of former times, or at least having heard of them, think they may charge accordingly, but only find *des Anglais pour rire*, who bargain at the door, before they venture to come in, for the leg of mutton and bottle of wine on which they mean to dine. Placed as I am between the two parties, I hear young Englishmen repeat what they have heard in France,—that the Genevans are cold, selfish, and interested, and their women *des precieuses ridicules*,—the very milliners and mantua-makers giving themselves airs of modesty and deep reading!—that there is no opera nor *Theatre*

*des Variétés ;** in short, that Geneva is the dullest place in the world. Some say it is but a bad copy of England, a sham republic, and a scientific, no less than a political counterfeit. In short, the friends of Geneva, among our modern English travellers, are not numerous, but they are select. These last distinguished themselves during the late hard winter by their bounty to the poor—not the poor of Geneva, who were sufficiently assisted by their richer countrymen, but those of Savoy, who were literally starving. If English travellers no longer appear in the same light as formerly, it is because they are not the same class of people who go abroad, but all classes, and not the best of all classes either. They know it, and say it themselves; they feel the ridicule of their multitude, and of their conduct; they are ashamed and provoked; describe it with the most pointed irony, and tell many a humorous story against themselves. Formerly the travelling class was composed of young men of good family and fortune, just of age, who after leaving the University went the tour of the Continent, under the guidance of a learned tutor, often a very distinguished man—or of men of the same class, at a more advanced age, with their families, who, after many years spent in professional duties at home,† come to visit again the countries they had seen in their youth, and the friends they had known there. When an Englishman left his country either to seek his fortune, to save money, or to hide himself; when travellers of that nation were all very rich or very learned,‡ of high birth yet liberal principles (éclairés et libéraux), unbounded in their generosity, and with means equal to the inclination; their high standing in the world might well be accounted for, and it is a great pity that they should have lost it. Were I an Englishman, I would not set out on my travels until the fashion were over."—*Simond's Switzerland*, vol. 1, pp. 356—9.

This is the substance of what M. Simond says concerning English travellers abroad. If it had been written by a returned French *emigré*, saturated with the miserable prejudices of the *ancien regime*, I could perfectly have understood and accounted for it. But from a man professing liberal and philosophical opinions—a man laying claim to enlightened experience and knowledge—above all, a man who made America the country of his adoption, and who formed his dearest connexion in that country—from such a man I confess I am strongly surprised to meet with these sentiments. I am as much alive as it is possible for any foreigner to be to the worse than ridicule of that sullen self-concentration which of late has marked fashionable manners in England; but I do aver, without fear of contradiction, that this stupid, silly, and vain characteristic originated wholly with, if it be not engrossed by, those very classes to which M. Simond regrets that the monopoly of travelling is not still confined. The truth is, that the English are, beyond all calculation, a more intellectual nation than they were five-and-twenty years ago. The circumstances of the times have thrown them forward

* In the French, it is added as part of the complaint of the young Englishmen *ni des filles.* Why M. Simond suppresses it in the English copy I know not, unless it be that he supposes our countrymen who have been at Geneva will read his work, and know the utter fallacy of the statement. Nothing can be more amusing and absurd than the airs which Geneva gives itself on this point. The strictness of its women is the *refrain* of all descriptions of its society,—a most groundless assumption indeed. In proportion to the size, there is no sort of difference in this respect from Paris or London. Even in the Italian towns, which bear so loose a name, there is not half so much apparent vice as in proper and prudish Geneva.

† M. Simond seems not to have understood his own meaning—"*les devoirs de leur position,*" is very different from "professional duties."

‡ There is no mention of the "very learned" in the French edition.

more than a century of common existence would have done. There has been more advancement of every kind in England since the year 1790, than from the reign of King William up to that time. And what is the consequence? Why, precisely what has been pointed out by the writer in the Edinburgh Review, in the admirable critique of which I have made mention—that the self-privileged, finding their kibes closely trodden on by the clouted shoe, intrench themselves behind the barrier, or rather the stagnant moat of sulkiness and silence, and affect to disdain that talent and acquirement at which they find it easy to sneer, but beyond their powers to attain. To use a very happy expression which I have somewhere seen, "they are silent because they have nothing to say, and look stupid because they are so." Now I cannot in any way perceive how English travellers are less pleasing and intellectual from their being no longer exclusively confined to a class which was the first to lead the way, and is still distinguished by this identical sin of manners, against which M. Simond with justice exclaims. But, in point of fact, the main accusation which he brings against them is, that poorer and less noble men travel than heretofore. As to their lack of nobility, it is, I hope, at this time of day, unnecessary to speak. The times, I thank Heaven, are long past when a man's merit is judged by the number of his quarterings. The aristocracy of mind is the only one which now gains respect in England. A man need no longer, like Gil Blas, pull his patent of nobility from his bureau, as a preliminary to attention. A stupid peer and a clever plebeian will soon see which attracts, as which deserves, the most notice and esteem. No man of rank in England, with a common understanding, rests his pretensions now-a-days on that claim. He would be ashamed to do so. He knows and feels that it is the "gowd," not the "guinea-stamp" which is of value.* He piques himself on being a gentleman of cultivated mind, not on his fifty descents. But M. Simond talks of men under the rank of 10,000*l.* a-year travelling, in a tone much more conformable to the ideas and calibre of M. Déjeans, at whose house I am writing, than of a man who pretends to reasoning and liberal feeling. Forsooth, the English will no longer submit to be plundered, to be *robbed* in fact; and therefore they are *les Anglais pour rire!* When our countrymen on the Continent consisted solely of raw lads from college, with a large allowance from the old lord, and of priggish tutors, who thought their importance was proportionate with the quantity of money spent by their *élèves*, it was quite natural that the English should acquire a character of being rich and lavish, in other words, of being cheated through the nose. But when other classes of men came to travel, who could not afford to pay for the privilege of being laughed at, they made a stout battle against the doctrine of Englishmen being charged double for every thing, which has partly, and partly only, succeeded. This, of course, is by no means relished by innkeepers, couriers, and postilions; but even with them I question strongly whether it has in any degree lessened their respect for our country. No one ever respects the man he has cheated; on the contrary, he is inclined to hold him in contempt. Formerly when a French or Italian shopkeeper asked one of his country-

* The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.—Burns.

men an extravagant price, the answer was, "Do you take me for an Englishman?" that is, "Do you take me for a purse-proud fool, who is weak enough to be pleased with the miserable consideration that is gained by paying twice as much for a thing as it is worth?" But, as an Italian courier said the other day to a friend of mine, "*Quello non si dice più.*" Now, for the life of me, I cannot see the *ridicule* of no longer submitting to knavery and extortion.

But there is another question besides that of our being changed, namely that of the Genevans not having changed at all. If, as I think, I may undeniably lay down, we are advanced and improved, it is quite natural that we should no longer be very strongly delighted with the company of people who still remain at our forsaken point. Two children of ten years' old are very good company for each other,—but, if one were to remain at ten years old, while the other continued to grow up, I think at twenty he would find his former associate, in a considerable degree, insipid. In the first place, the Genevans do not do that for which M. Simond blames us,—they do not travel—and consequently their ideas remain as strictly confined as their town, shut in as it is by gates closed scrupulously at eleven o'clock every night. I am far from saying that it is incumbent on every man to travel; but if *none* do, there will be no influx of enlarged opinions to carry off the stagnation of a confined state of existence. The Genevans are wedded closely to their old customs, and are content to repose under the shade of their former intellectual laurels. They rest upon their oars, confiding in the force of their previous strokes, forgetting that, if they remain unrenewed, the boat will soon cease to have way through the water. The Genevans of old times were, perhaps, much on a par with the English—the Genevans of the present day are far and far behind them, and are consequently *voted bores*—Can any thing be more simple?

As for the little slap at the English, for being "grown gentlemen taught to dance," it is, as a generality, not a caricature but a *fiction*. That there may be some heavy-headed, light-heeled blockheads, who cause the kit to squeak and the floor to shake, is very possible; but I fear, that the great majority of our countrymen retain the 'bad eminence' of being the worst dancers in Europe.

With reference to our numbers, I again see any thing but the ridiculous in that. They are a proof not only of our teeming population and *national* wealth *, but of the thirst of knowledge and instruction which pervade all ranks of the people. They are a proof, moreover, of the immense body, even in what are called the middling classes of society, who have gained that instruction, or rather perhaps that *dégourdissement* and expansion of idea which are to be acquired only by going abroad. It is said that every attorney's clerk during the long vacation—that every city apprentice during the dead months of the year,—runs over to Paris, if not to Switzerland. I answer, at once, so much the better. If they do not acquire much actual knowledge, they at all events shake off that contraction and exclusiveness which are the necessary results of living only in one scene and among one set of people. They discover that the world is not bounded by Westminster Bridge, or the Straits of

* It is surely unnecessary for me to point out the distinction of the credit to be assumed for personal and national riches.

Dover—that there are more things than were "dreamt of in their philosophy." And will it be denied, that this custom gives as its result a vast addition of enlightenment and expansion to the national mind?—Ought we not to encourage, rather than to repress, that which lessens the intensity of *self* with which English judgments and conclusions are so justly reproached? The higher, and consequently the idler, classes of all countries, will always have a due degree of foreign intercourse; but, for the middling ranks—ever the most important body of society—to acquire knowledge, or at least freedom and liberality of opinion by these means, is a thing which is, perhaps, now for the first time, beginning to exist in the instance of our countrymen—and which, I again and again repeat, ought in every way to be promoted and fostered, instead of impeded and sneered down.

I am very well aware, that among a body like this, there must be a great number of very ridiculous persons, whose ignorance of foreign habits, and even languages, will lead them into scrapes sufficiently absurd. It is very well to laugh at these things when they occur, but why record them as the characteristics of the race, and attempt to deter others by insinuating, if not asserting, that this must infallibly be their lot also? Now, that these things are not frequent and usual, is evident from their being so caught up and repeated when they do happen; and at all events, if one or two such circumstances were to befall each traveller at first, his rapidly increasing familiarity with the Continent would soon prevent their recurrence. And, at the worst, what feathers are they in the scale against the sterling advantages by which they are repaid!

M. Simond has been in England, and has written one of the fullest accounts of it ever published. But I am greatly surprised at its author seeming to regret the days when *les milords Anglais* were the only English travellers in Europe*. He has the reputation—of doubtful justice as it seems to me—of holding liberal sentiments, and possessing feelings of political generosity. I cannot at all reconcile this with the passages of his work which I have transcribed. The rapid advance (and I again say it cannot be denied) which England has made during the last thirty years, has been mainly, if not entirely, owing to the increase of popular knowledge and exertion. There has been, not a political, but a moral revolution in England during that period; we are essentially less aristocratic in society, both in its broad and its confined sense, if we are not in institutions. At the time of which M. Simond writes, our lords, though *nobles*, were neither *éclairés* nor *liberaux;* at least, there did not exist then, as now, a sort of necessity for them to be, to a certain extent, the one, and a good proportion of them to be, at least, in some degree, the other. It is true, that among *some* of the higher orders in England, the aristocratic spirit was never so strong, I may say so virulent, as it is at this moment, and that exactly for the reason that it is less generally of force. They feel that the *prestige* of their rank is slipping, like an eel, from their hold, and they consequently grasp it the tighter. But the mere circumstance of a man being *milord*, will not now, as it almost always did then, suffice for his wel-

* I have since read this book, and much of my surprise at the passage on which I have been commenting, has, in consequence, evaporated.

come reception in society. Society is now a *pic-nic*, and the man who does not bring his share of the feast will not be admitted as a member, whether noble or plebeian. How is it then that M. Simond regrets the exclusiveness, the prejudice, the reliance upon mere rank and wealth, which distinguished the days to which he reverts with such fondness? I cannot but rejoice, on my country's account, as well as on every other, that they no longer exist. As in other cases, "the good old times" is a most complete misnomer. λ.

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd:
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the Conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the Conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the Captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—Bring him flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the Bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young Bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early Dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white-rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurst.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are Love's last gift—Bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—Bring flowers, bright flowers!

F. H.

BOOK-MAKERS.

———" An endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land—
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke." POPE.

NOTHING is more common than an inclination to over-rate the importance of the age which is honoured by our presence, and of the events which are passing under our own eyes. When we observe, in the writings of the centuries that are gone, the tone of exaggerated admiration in which contemporary transactions and discoveries are alluded to, we cannot refrain from a smile, and bestow on our forefathers the self-complacent "Poor things! they knew no better," which we give to the shrewd but puny contrivances of children, who do the best they can with the blunted tools and coarse instruments with which we trust them. We find it, however, difficult to believe that posterity will glance over *our* achievements and improvements with the same contemptuous pity; and we fancy, in opposition to both reason and experience, that the light of our fame can never wax dim, and that "our study's godlike recompense" will be the marvelling admiration of all succeeding ages, even though man should continue to be born and to die for the thousand million of years which the Persians attribute to their Iy-anian dynasty. Yet we ourselves outlive our own wonder, stare no longer at gas-lights or Waterloo-bridge, forget our danger from Bonaparte, and our safety from Davy's lamp; balloons surprise us as little as umbrellas; were it not for repeated broad hints we should cease to remember the efficacy of Macassar oil; and we can sometimes scarcely believe that shoes were ever made not right and left, or shirts with plaited frills; that fires had once no guards, and Westminster Abbey no garden; that country dances were ever patronized by the fashionable, or waltzing ever objected to by the modest. Still less will our descendants, dazzled in their turn by their own merits and improvements, keep a constant and steady gaze upon ours: forgotten, *sooner or later*, will be the Breakwater and the Pavilion, Scotch novels and English hexameters, Congreve's rockets and Gill's copper caps, the splendour of our military fame and the brightness of Warren's blacking. The generations to come will wonder at our mistakes in the *ologies*, pity our ignorance of the Niger and the North Pole, and kindly commiserate those for not living later, who are themselves glorying that they live just when they do. But there is *one* point on which the Englishman of to-day may proudly take his stand, almost as secure of equality with the future, as he is certain of pre-eminence over the past. Our posterity may, indeed, apply the powers of steam to paying the national debt; they may light and watch Dartmoor, and Macadamize roads in the Moon; they may excel us in every various science and every art but *one*:—in that of making and multiplying books we must ever hold our superiority, here we must still exceed belief, and put competition at defiance. In the land of literature we are like locusts; we seem resolved to gather every twig of laurel from Parnassus, and to drain the fountains of the Muses dry; and we labour with selfish eagerness to prevent any author of a future age from boasting, like Ariosto, that his book contains, "Cosa non detta in prosa mai nè in rima," or, as Milton translates it, "Things unat-

tempted yet in prose and rhime." The brains of one half of the world are labouring to give out, what the brains of the rest are trying to take in; the eyes of both parties suffer in the contest; and who can wonder at the prevalence of Ophthalmia, and of determination of blood to the head? Johnson's wise advice to authors that "they should keep out of each other's way," has become impracticable; they form no longer a small and distinct species whose marks are easily recognised, and whose *habitat* may be guessed with tolerable accuracy: the author who now wished to avoid his kind, must condemn himself to perpetual seclusion; he must fly from a pastrycook's shop, and a panorama, as from Rivingtons and the British Institution; suspect peers' robes and red coats, satin slips and smock frocks; roses in the hair would inspire no confidence; even in the recesses of the nursery bay leaves might be mingled with toys, and danger be lurking under pianofortes; and a lounge in Bond-street would be scarcely less alarming than a visit to the Lakes. Fortunate it is, that as the numbers of the *genus irritabile* have increased, their mutual animosity has diminished, and that at the sight of a fellow-candidate for literary fame no longer "Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur." In fact, authors are tired of laying the foundation of a liver-complaint every time they look out of their window; and they are aware that if a rencontre with a rival scribbler "possessed a man with yellowness," it would be impossible to take a walk without coming home in the jaundice. But alas! with their jealousy of each other has vanished also the awe and interest with which those *who had written a book* once inspired the rest of the world. Since poets, historians, and philosophers, are to be seen in all directions, they attract little attention; with their rarity has expired their consequence; they no longer confer distinction on the party where they are guests, nor atone for its other defects by their presence. A bevy of them is less rare and less valuable at a dinner, than a haunch of venison well dressed; and one of each sort will scarcely be accepted as an equivalent for ice at the conversazione of an indigent blue-stocking. Familiarity has produced its usual effect: authors are chatted with as unceremoniously as if they had never been *in print;* nobody stares at them unless they are as tall as Belzoni, nor whispers about them unless they have written something treasonable or licentious; and there is scarcely a poet in the kingdom, a description of whom a young lady out of her teens would deem worthy of an insertion in her journal, unless he went without a neckcloth, or had written about kissing. Even authoresses, *once* considered as extraordinary as Amazons, *once* as much avoided as if, like the girl in the fairy-tale, every time they opened their mouths came out toads and frogs, *once* supposed to be a race* "che di lavarsi non ebbe mai diletto," are now clean, comfortable, common-place creatures, who figure in quadrilles, cut their nails, dress fashionably, and will flirt and talk nonsense with any man old enough to have discarded those nursery fears which made him fancy a blue-stocking and an ogress synonymous terms. For my own part, I have so completely conquered these childish alarms, that I am *fond* of entering into arguments with young ladies on politics and metaphysics, till, as Milton expresses it, "wisdom in discourse with *them,* loses discountenanced, and like folly shews;" a female mathematician excites in me no horror,

* Who took no pleasure in washing themselves.

unless her nose is inexcusably red; and I have little doubt that in a short time I shall scarcely start, if my partner at a ball tells me she had been detained at home till a late hour by the necessity of correcting proofs, and that, when I am told I have been dancing with the authoress of two or three epic poems, I shall only reply by giving a slight shudder, and uttering a cold "Indeed!"

But not only is there a formidable increase in the numbers of authors of every sex, age, and degree—the physical and mental powers of each individual has, or *ought to have* received a most extraordinary accession of strength. Not only do more write, but each writes more. The proverb of "Presto e bene, non si conviene," is either unbelieved, or unheeded; the works of each writer fill three or four shelves of a library; and while new ones start daily into life and activity, their predecessors seem to think that Lady Shrewsbury's fate is upon them, and that on their continued labours their very existence depends. The life of the noble builder of Chatsworth, Worksop, &c. fell a sacrifice to a severe frost, which stopped the progress of her workmen, and accomplished the predictions concerning her death; but what degree of cold can benumb the fingers, or "cool the raging motions" of a modern author?

> "Rien ne peut arrêter sa vigilante audace:
> L'été n'a point de feu, l'hiver n'a point de glace."

Such, indeed, is the marvellous rapidity with which authors now compose, that we are sometimes induced to suspect that recent discoveries in science and mechanics, the steam-engine, the galvanic battery, and the hydrostatic press, have been in some manner applied, not only to facilitate manufactures formerly executed by the hand, but those also which we have been accustomed (occasionally from courtesy) to attribute to the labours of the brain. Mr. Babbage has given the public a hint of this kind by his description of a machine for solving equations; and we confess that we see no other satisfactory way of accounting for the mysteriously rapid production of hundreds of quartos. Even the great unknown magician, forsaking those occult arts by which he formerly bound spirits to do his pleasure, and to astonish the world by the rapidity of their performances while they enchanted it by their beauty, has, we fancy, availed himself of more material and mechanical agents in his last production. "St. Ronan's Well" appears to owe half its bulk to some such expedient as Mr. Babbage's wheel, and the master-mechanic seems only to have employed his personal and supernatural powers on particular passages.

It is recorded of Tostatus, the Spaniard, that he wrote three times as many leaves as he lived days; and Lope de Vega is said to have covered paper in a yet greater proportion; but in our glorious age exertions of this kind are too frequent to deserve or to obtain notice. Horace's maxims are neglected, Boileau speaks in vain, and idle or incapable would that writer be considered who should keep the printer's devils waiting for copy while he was practising the latter's advice:

> "Travaillez à loisir, quelque ordre qui vous presse,
> Et ne vous piquez point d'une folle vitesse.
> Hâtez vous lentement, et sans perdre courage
> Vingt fois sur le métier, remettez votre ouvrage,
> Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez;
> Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effaçez."

Yet we have gained more in swiftness than in strength; there are now few giants in the land of literature. Alas! we are rather like pigmies with seven-leagued boots, who, as it were, hop and skip over those regions through which our mightier predecessors marched slowly and majestically. We bring forth often, the pains of parturition seem removed, the time of gestation is short (sometimes, indeed, the newspapers will announce the birth of twins two or three times in one year to the same parent); but Nature observes her usual laws, and our issue are, for the most part, sickly and short-lived. Few of them survive a twelvemonth; and those who are not, after that period, reduced to ashes, are closely imprisoned, and a sacred silence maintained as to their existence. We act as if it were our ambition to resemble the wonderful lady who had three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth, and saw all her puny bantlings die before her; rather than the less prolific mother who bears one stout and healthy child to honour her while she lives, and speak her praises when she is no more. "Unum sanè, sed Leonem."

Production necessarily implies and encourages consumption. Hundreds would not write if thousands did not read. Every body must see by the state of our literary markets that a great deal of *something* is eaten; and it is now more the quality than the quantity that distinguishes the carnivorous blue-stocking from the silly girl who eats nothing but trash; the student with the digestion of an ostrich who swallows rusty tomes of law or divinity, from the delicate coxcomb whose stomach refuses any thing heavier than the sonnets, newspapers, and reviews. King, the poet, is said to have perused above twenty-two thousand books and manuscripts in eight years—every young lady now does as much, if you will only allow her to count each volume of a novel, every magazine and afterpiece, and to reckon the crossed letters which she receives from her female friends in lieu of the manuscripts. King's were probably not much longer, and far less difficult to decypher and to comprehend.

We all seem to be running reading-races with our neighbours; and when "we ply the memory and load the brain," it is often only to shew that we can gallop faster, and carry more weight than other people. To remember is troublesome, to understand is scarcely necessary, but to read is indispensable; and those who know nothing of Milton or Pope would blush to be behindhand in the literature of the day. Scholars study, ladies skim, ploughmen spell, and all the world resemble La Fontaine's library-rats—

> "—— qui, les livres rongeans,
> Se font savans jusqu'aux dents."

In consequence of this rage for reading, this craving thirst for "*something new*," of which it may truly be said, "crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops," the race of book-makers and book-sellers has undergone a complete alteration as to character, temper, and appearance. The latter are no longer rough, extortionate, and austere; the former no longer thin, shabby, and melancholy. Publishers are enabled to give encouraging prices for new works, and authors to wear good coats and look like gentlemen. Liberal bargains are made over liberal dinners, care and anxiety are banished from the countenance of each con-

tracting party, one knows he shall have no difficulty in selling what the other feels he had no trouble in writing, and a work in two thick quarto volumes, price three or four guineas, will issue from the press without having added one wrinkle of care to the face of either author or publisher. The title, indeed, may now be considered the only important and only troublesome part of a work; for books are not like roses, and it cannot be said of many of our most popular productions that they "with any other name would sell as well." *Here*, therefore, an author bestows all of genius and of fancy with which Nature has blessed him: to *this* he sacrifices his yet-unbitten nails; for *this* alone "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolls; *this* is the only part of modern composition injurious to personal appearance, the only part

"Qui ride le front, allonge le visage."

It is in this respect that writers of tours and travels have great advantages; for it is scarcely possible very much to vary their titles. When a man crosses the water to Calais, and comes home by Dieppe, he of course immediately publishes a moderately sized octavo, and it is a great comfort to him that the name must *inevitably* be, either "A Tour in France," or "An Excursion through Normandy and Picardy," with the date of the year annexed to distinguish it from a hundred other works of the same nature. No wonder that travelling is so fashionable when it is so easy to get the expenses paid by Mr. Colburn or Mr. Murray. The process is most simple. A description of Dover begins the book, then follow sea-sickness and custom-house delays, a French post-boy and a table-d'hôte, a Roman Catholic procession with a dozen pages on superstition, and a conversation with an old soldier about Bonaparte, with a dozen pages on politics. The work is complete, and the traveller prints and sells information, which he would consider too trifling and too generally known to dispense gratuitously in company. So it is with more extended tours: Switzerland and Italy are inexhaustible subjects; and though half the world has seen them, and half the other half has described them, succeeding travellers continue to publish their note-books and journals, and, if they did not luckily contradict each other, would leave those who follow them nothing to learn. Going abroad is indeed now so common and so vulgar that it is almost more genteel to stay at home; and a person who has travelled the five hundred miles *out* of England, which constitute capability for the Travellers' Club, is much less of a curiosity than one who has travelled the same distance *in* it. The cataracts of the Nile are better known than the Falls of the Clyde; those rave about St. Peter's who never saw St. Paul's; and like the Scotchman who hurried home from Italy to see a magnificent view on his own estate, of which he had first received intelligence from a foreigner—so Englishmen will be put to the blush at Versailles and St. Denis by puzzling questions about Windsor and Westminster Abbey. A book in praise of our own country is perhaps the only sort of book that would not pay the expenses of publication; it would have the dulness of a sonnet to one's wife, and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded as an appeal in behalf of British manufacturers. Not till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they

condescend to visit or to describe our own lovely scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and Westmoreland, must *per force* excite ecstasies and employ pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference, Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan Cathedral shrink before York Minster. Rather than not add his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelming our land, a predestined author would accomplish his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Box-hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham Common."

Wide, indeed, deep, full, and strong now flows the stream of bookmaking; and while the public continue to keep up its source by their wealth and encouragement, there seems little chance that the traffic upon it will diminish. It is covered with vessels of all sizes and all descriptions, "each songster, riddler, every nameless name" launches gaily his little funny,

> "Millions and millions on the banks we view,
> Thick as the stars of night, or morning dew;"

every one watching an opportunity to push from the shore; and the pilot of a cock-boat embarks as fearlessly, and hoists his sail as proudly, as he who has to steer one of those noble first-rates which are England's glory, and the world's admiration. In vain some cautious friend exclaims ere an inexperienced youth leaps into his crazy vessel,

> "O quid agis? fortiter ocupa
> Portum—Tu, nisi ventis
> Debes ludibrium, cave!"

Off every one pushes in careless, proud security; and let the voyage end in honour or disaster, still when they disembark they cry

> "Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

W. E.

THE GRAVE. FROM THE GERMAN.

How deep and quiet is the tomb—
 Its brink how dark and dread!
Veiling in an impervious gloom
 The country of the dead.

The nightingale's sweet melody
 Is never warbled there,
And friendship's votive roses lie
 Wither'd upon the bier.

There widow'd brides forsaken wring
 Their hands in wild despair,
Vain in its depths their moans they fling,
 With the young orphan's prayer.

Yet where for happiness beside
 Shall wretched mortals fly,
When that dark gate alone may hide
 Their hoped tranquillity!

There hearts are driven storm-tost by woes,
 That ne'er knew rest before,—
Where else shall they obtain repose,
 But where they beat no more?

L.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. III.

Alexandria.

We left the "Pride of the East" at last, at sight of which, the Prophet might have smiled with much greater reason than he did at that of Grand Cairo. We sailed from Constantinople on board an English vessel bound to Smyrna. Having cast anchor near the town of the Dardanelles on the following morning, we went on shore to visit the site of the ancient Abydos, about two miles distant. A lofty tumulus, with some remains of walls on the side towards the sea, mark the spot. The distance across the strait to where Sestos is supposed to have stood, is scarcely a mile; and any strong and practised swimmer might pass it without much difficulty. I was little aware then, that this passage was destined to be a fatal one a few weeks afterwards, to a young and very amiable traveller; who perished, in consequence of attempting to imitate Leander and Lord B., of a violent fever, brought on by over-exertion, and the being so long in the water. It was a lovely moonlight night when we lost sight of the shores of the Dardanelles; and a fine wind bore us towards Scio. On board were two natives of the northern part of England, who had gone to Persia with the hope of getting rich by engaging in a cotton-manufactory, set on at Tebriz by a young English merchant. The latter had lost all his little property in the attempt, having been deluded, he said, by false representations; and at last, after a long and difficult journey over land with the two natives of Lancashire, had succeeded in reaching Constantinople. To hear the latter, in their broad provincial dialect, relate their adventures in Persia; their passage over mountains covered with snow and plains parched with heat, half starved at one time and abused or pursued at another, was very amusing. Amidst the tumults and massacres of Stamboul, a piece of peculiar good fortune befel me, in the engaging my romantic and invaluable servant, Michelle Milovich, a Sclavonian: had I been a Moslemin, I would ever after have blessed the Prophet for causing that day to shine on me. He spoke seven languages, had read a great deal, and travelled yet more, was perfectly brave, conversed with much intelligence, and to wander through new scenes was his passionate delight: "I have heard, Sir," he first addressed me, "you are going to Egypt, and shall be very happy to attend you there. I have travelled over the greater part of the world, but cannot die in peace till I have seen the Pyramids and the ruins of Thebes." My only companion in many a solitude and sorrow, more than once the preserver of my life, and always devoted and faithful; how can I ever think of him without attachment, or forget his tears when we parted?

On the fourth morning, as the sun rose, we were close to the Isle of Scio. Its appearance is very singular: six or eight miles from the shore is a lofty chain of barren and purple rocks, which shut out all view of the interior, and the space between these and the sea, is covered with delightful gardens and verdure, which inclose the town on every side, except towards the main.

The fine climate of this isle, the profusion of delicious fruits, the beauty of its women, and the friendly and hospitable character of the people, caused it to be preferred by travellers to any other of the Greek islands.

In the evening, when the setting sun was resting on the craggy mountains and the rich gardens at their feet, the shores and the shaded promenades around the town were filled with the Greek population, among which were multitudes of the gay and handsome women of Scio, distinguished for their frank and agreeable manners.

On landing, we went to the Consul's house: he was a Sciote, and received us with much civility. His wife and daughter, who were both very plain, made their appearance, and sweetmeats and fruit, with coffee, were handed round. The day was sultry, and the water-melons and oranges, which were in great abundance, were very refreshing. The unfortunate Sciotes were the most effeminate and irresolute of all the Greeks. The merchants lived in a style of great luxury, and the houses of many of them were splendidly furnished. From the commencement of the revolution, they contrived to preserve a strict neutrality; and, though often implored and menaced by their countrymen, refused to fight for the liberties of Greece, or risk the drawing on themselves the vengeance of the Turks. So well had they kept up appearances, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them: till, unfortunately, one day a Greek leader entered the harbour with some ships, having a body of troops on board, who were landed to attack the citadel, in which was a small Turkish garrison; and the Sciotes, fancying the hour of freedom was come, passed from one extreme to the other, rose tumultuously, and joined the troops. The fort was soon taken, and the garrison, together with the Turks who were in the town, was put to the sword. This was scarcely accomplished, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbour; and the Greek forces, who had come from Samos, too inferior in number to cope with them, instantly embarked, and took to flight, leaving the island to its fate. Those islanders who had taken part with them, consisted chiefly of the lower orders, and two hundred of the chief merchants and magistrates repaired on board the ship of the Capitan Pacha, and made the most solemn protestations of innocence, and unqualified submission to the Porte. The admiral received them with great civility, expressed himself willing to forget all that had passed, and ordered coffee and a variety of refreshments. But no sooner had the Pacha landed his forces, about six thousand men, than he gave the signal for the massacre. The details given me afterwards by Sciotes who had escaped, were enough to harrow up the soul. During the massacre, the Turks, exhausted, sheathed at times their bloody sabres and ataghans, and, seated beneath the trees on the shore, took their pipes and coffee, chatted, or fell asleep in the shade. In the course of a few hours they rose refreshed, and began to slay indiscriminately all who came in their way. It was vain to implore mercy; the young and gay Sciotes, but a few days before the pride of the islands, found their loveliness no shield then, but fell stabbed before their mothers' eyes, or flying into the gardens, were caught by their long and braided tresses, and quickly despatched. The wild and confused cries of pain and death were mingled with the fierce shouts of Mohammed and vengeance; the Greek was seen kneeling for pity, or flying with desperate speed, and the Turkish soldier rushing by with his reeking weapon, or holding in his hand some head dripping with blood. The close of day brought little reprieve; the moonlight spreading vividly over the town, the shores, and the rich groves of fruit-trees, rendered escape or concealment almost impossible.

But, as the work of death paused at intervals from very weariness, the loud sounds of horror and carnage sunk into those of more hushed and bitter woe. The heart-broken wail of parents over their dying and violated child—the hurried and shuddering tones of despair of those to whom a few hours would bring inevitable death — the cry of the orphan and widowed around the mangled forms of their dearest relatives, mingled with curses on the murderer, went up to heaven! But the pause for mourning was short—the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the clash of arms and the dismal war-cry of the Ottoman soldiery "Death!—death to the Greeks—to the enemies of the Prophet—Allah il Allah;"—and the Capitan Pacha in the midst, with furious gestures, urged on his troops to the slaughter. Every house and garden were strewed with corpses: beneath the orange-trees, by the fountain side, on the rich carpet, and the marble pavement, lay the young, the beautiful, and the aged, in the midst of their loved and luxurious retreats. Day after day passed; and lying as they fell, alone, or in groups, no hand bore them to their graves, while survivors yet remained to perish. At last, when all was over, they were thrown in promiscuous heaps, the senator and the delicate and richly attired woman of rank mingled with the lowest of the populace, into large pits dug for the purpose, which served as universal sepulchres.

Twenty thousand are computed to have perished during the few days the massacre lasted. Happy were the few who could pass the barrier of rocky mountains, beyond which they were for the time secure, or were received into some of the boats and vessels on the coast, and thus snatched from their fate. It was my fortune afterwards to meet several times with these wretched fugitives, wandering in search of an asylum; so pale, worn, and despairing, they presented a picture of exquisite misery—girls of a tender age on foot, sinking beneath the heat and toil of the way, yet striving to keep up with the horses that bore the sick and disabled of the party: and mothers with their infants whom they had saved, while their husbands and sons had perished. One who had been a lady in her own land, weeping bitterly, related to me the murder of all her children, who were five young men. Many a young Sciote woman was to be seen, her indulgent home lost for ever, her beauty and vivacity quite gone, with haggard and fearful looks seeking in other lands for friends whom she might never find.

About two or three hours walk along the shore is the spot where Homer is said to have kept his school; it is a rock within which are still visible the remains of seats cut out. The poet certainly displayed an excellent taste in his choice of a situation: a noble group of trees stands close by, and a fountain of the purest water gushes out in their shade; in front, and around, are the beautiful harbour, cottages amidst delicious gardens, and behind precipices of purple rocks rising in their nakedness. The Turks are fond of enjoying the coolness and shade of this spot; the follower of the Prophet smoking his pipe and performing his ablutions where Mæonides was inspired!.... A few miles from the town, and approached by a rugged path, is the large convent of Nehahmonce. The chapel is richly ornamented, the dome being formed of different kinds of marble, varied with pieces of richly stained glass, and has altogether a strange appearance; the lofty mountains around have many of their abrupt declivities covered with firs. The condition

and advantages of the Greek clergy are much superior to those of the Catholics. The former are allowed to marry if they have not taken priests' orders; and appear to lead a pleasanter life, and are more free and courteous in their manners, than their brethren of Rome; and their convents are infinitely more neat and clean. This monastery of Nehahmonce allows every traveller the privilege of remaining several days under its roof, where he will find a comfortable chamber and good fare; for if there are any wines or provisions *par excellence* in their neighbourhood, monks are sure to have them......The soil of this island produces an abundance of excellent fruits, the fig, olive, orange, almond, and pomegranate; and the climate is healthy and delightful; and, with the exception of the Isle of Rhodes, a stranger could not find a more desirable residence......The red wine is the most esteemed in the island; a small part only is exported, the Greeks making too good a use of it themselves. It cannot greatly soothe or propitiate a Turk's feelings towards the despised and infidel Greeks, to see them quaffing with keen delight the rich juice of the grape, and giving loose in the moment to unbounded gaiety, while he, poor forbidden follower of Islam! must solace himself gravely with the pure fountain, his meagre sherbet, or at most a cup of the coffee of Mocha. At the distance of some miles in the interior, are seen at intervals the country seats of the rich Greeks and Turks; very handsome residences, built of stone, with luxuriant gardens adjoining, and placed often in romantic situations; and such a number of aromatic shrubs are scattered over the country, that the air is perfumed with their fragrance......The gum-mastich grows here, which is used by the Grecian and Turkish women: but the former strive to heighten their charms by adding paint; they go unveiled, and are gaily and richly dressed.

But no aid or ornament—not even the faint remains of the adored features of antiquity—can invest the Greek with the dignity of air and carriage, and the elegance and mildness of manners of the Ottoman lady....But it is hard to leave a Grecian isle without feelings of regret. Of the different countries it has been my delight to visit, were I to choose a residence, it would not be on the shores of the Bosphorus, with the mountains of Europe and Asia rising from the water's edge; their sides covered with groves, villages, and delicious retreats, and between their feet the deep and lovely glens which put a Moslemin in mind of Paradise—nor in the glorious plain of Damascus, with its rushing streams and gardens of unrivalled luxury, embracing the sacred city in their deep bosom—but in some isle like Scio or Rhodes, of a pure and equal climate; its shaded walks leading through woods of orange, almond, and citron; above which rise its pointed and purpled mountains, their wild bosoms covered with a thousand fragrant shrubs, the odours of which fill the air: where the sun sets in glory on the wave, and gilds the summits of other isles, which appear all around at the horizon's verge; and the moonlight brings softer scenery, with the guitar, the sweet island songs, and the murmur on the shore.

We left Scio at last, and on the following evening arrived in the harbour of Smyrna. It is of great extent, and you sail a long time between its shores of rugged mountains, with a line of rich verdure and trees at their feet, ere you arrive at the city, situated at its very extremity. Smyrna possesses a large population, and an extensive

commerce: the streets are narrow, but the quarter inhabited by the Frank merchants and consuls contains a number of excellent houses, with terraced roofs, which afford a pleasant promenade. Many of the Europeans intermarry with the Greek families; and the Smyrniote ladies, thus blending Oriental and Frank manners and customs, are considered extremely attractive;—the turbaned head bent over the harp and piano, and the Scotch and Irish melodies sung on the shores of Asia, are no common fascinations. The Turkish burying-ground stands on the slope of the hill at a small distance from the town, near that of the Jews, and is encircled by a deep grove of cypress-trees. No guard or shade around a cemetery can be so suitable as that of this noble tree: with its waveless and mournful foliage, it looks the very emblem of mortality. The Orientals love that every thing should be sad and impressive round the abodes of the dead, which they never approach but with the deepest reverence; and they often sit for hours in their Kiosques on the Bosphorus, gazing with mournful pleasure on the shores of Asia, where the ashes of their fathers are laid; for the rich Turk of Stamboul generally wishes to be carried after death to the Asiatic side, which he believes destined to be the last resting-place and empire of his countrymen, "when the fair men from the North shall have driven them from Europe."

The society of Smyrna, consisting of the European merchants and their families, who mixed together on the most friendly footing, was very agreeable: the public rooms, called the Casino, handsomely fitted up, were open at eight o'clock every evening, and possessed a reading-room; and travellers and strangers from all parts met there to take refreshments, and enjoy the society; and balls were occasionally held. But the face of things was entirely changed at the time of our residence there. The Casino and its amusements were closed, there was little interchange of visits between European families, and the charming promenades around the town were deserted, the whole of the Greek families of the better order having fled; the bazars looked silent and empty, and the numerous caravans from the interior no longer arrived. The village of Bournabat, composed chiefly of the handsome country-houses of the European merchants, is distant a few miles from the city, and affords a very pleasant ride to the traveller, the country around being well cultivated, and adorned with groves of olive and other trees. The storks are seen in great numbers at particular seasons around Smyrna and at Bournabat: they are very tame, and are regarded with a superstitious feeling by the Turks. They sometimes frequent the ruins of temples and villages; but their appearance, and the noise they make, harmonize little with the aspect of desolation and decay: the clusters of pigeons of many-coloured plumage, which flew around and nestled amidst the ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec, had an effect much more in harmony with the splendid remains and scenery of the plain, so truly and beautifully described in "Lalla Rookh."

In Smyrna, we lodged at the hotel kept by an Italian. The windows of the apartments commanded a fine view of the bay and its romantic shores. Several Greek priests and merchants dined at the table d'hôte, where we had a medley of Greek and European dishes: they looked very care-worn and suspicious; and they had good reason, for they

could not go out of doors without danger of being murdered. One morning, as I stood in the street, a Greek servant, for declining to buy meat at the stall of a Candiote butcher not far off, was stabbed by him with his long knife, and fell bleeding on the pavement......About fifty Greeks got on board a Ragusan vessel, in order to escape, the captain having been paid a large sum of money by them. Instead of instantly making off, he continued to loiter in the harbour, in spite of the warnings of the consul; when one night he was surrounded by three Turkish vessels, and all on board seized. The captain and crew were hanged, and the Greeks were beheaded in a small square in the city, at sun-rise, during our stay.......The French consul, to his immortal honour, has saved the lives of hundreds of the Greeks, by his active and spirited interference; and rescued them from the hands of the soldiery, about to put them to death. In walking through the city you see these unfortunate people looking over the walls, and half-opening their doors, and listening to every passing sound. At any sudden noise in the streets, the faces of the women—and some of them beautiful—were seen thrust out of the windows of the lofty houses, where they had taken refuge; thereby exposing themselves to fresh danger, yet unable to repress their anxiety and curiosity. The only Greek I ever saw, whose face and form in any way realized the *beau idéal* of antiquity, was at the entrance of a poor dwelling in the skirts of the city: her fine tall figure, reclined against the wall as she stood, and her head bent towards some unhappy countrywomen, whom she was addressing, gave additional interest to the perfect symmetry of her noble and classic features.

The inextinguishable lightness and versatility of character of the Greeks are real blessings in their present situation; no vicissitudes appear to strike them with surprise or despair: active, enterprising, and indefatigable, they possess the materials for making excellent soldiers: vain to excess, and ever sanguine in all their hopes and undertakings, I heard them exclaim, as they marched out of Tripolitza to attack the Turks, "We have beat them with sticks ere now; and shall we not drive them before us with our swords?"—Call on a Greek to die, and he will take leave of the world, to appearance, passionless and undismayed: bring the guitar and the wine, and he will dance, talk with infinite gaiety, and sing the Moriote songs all the night long.

A circumstance of a very interesting and affecting kind occurred at this time in one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force, hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from the land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, without aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight. This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulty and danger, of insult and suffering, till her failing health and strength, with a heart broken by sorrow, brought her to her death-bed. She had never heard from her husband; and, when wandering amongst the mountains, or lying hid in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fatigues, her affection for him, and the hope of meeting again, bore up her courage through all. He came at

last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had sought their homes again; and learning her situation, was touched with the deepest remorse. But all hope of life was then extinguished; her spirit had been tried to the utmost; love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times in the character of the Greek women, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is truly remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of her health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then: her fine dark eyes were turned on them with a look, as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs; the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell dishevelled by her side. Her friends, with tears, entreated her to speak to, and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to be gone. Soon the last pang came over her, and then affection conquered;—she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

We took passage on board a French ship bound to Alexandria, and for three days had a favourable wind, when we fell in with a division of the Greek fleet: they obliged us to bring to, and sent an armed boat on board to demand our destination and cargo, and whatever intelligence we could give them. These Greeks behaved very civilly: their best ships were merchant-vessels turned into those of war, and carried twenty guns: they were from the isle of Hydra, the natives of which are the best and boldest sailors in their navy. The wind failed us; and we were put to our resources to pass the time agreeably; but in French vessels a passenger is always less at a loss in calms and baffling winds than in any other, as the men seldom lose their gaiety and good spirits. The mate, who seemed to have the chief command, was a fine and animated young Frenchman, who had a small collection of interesting books; the nominal captain, Monsieur Gras by name, was a little fat man, with a serious and melancholy aspect. Every morning and evening, before breakfast and supper, the crew were summoned to the poop, and he recited prayers in a sad and distinct tone, to which they all responded. On board was a most motley assemblage of passengers: a fat young German, who was on his way to Grand Cairo, to set up for a doctor, and cure the Turks and Arabs without knowing a word of their language; and he was accompanied by a sprightly young Italian woman, who had left her dear land to live with this phlegmatic fellow on the banks of the Nile: his pipe scarcely ever quitted his mouth, and he told marvellous tales, sitting on the deck with a naked neck and bosom *à l'oriental*. There was also a tailor from Italy, of a pale countenance and spare figure, destined for Alexandria to exercise his calling; and he put one in mind of the button-maker from Sheffield, who came on speculation to Constantinople with a cargo of his material, and found the Turks never wore buttons. A third was a dog-merchant, also an Italian, with his wife: he had a number of dogs of a very fine breed, to dispose of in Egypt, if he could find purchasers among the Franks or the faithful. These three worthies and their two *chère amies* (the tailor having no tender companion with him) travelled in great harmony together, and, while the baffling winds lasted, afforded no small amusement. But at last we drew near the

low and sandy shores around Alexandria. How sweet after a voyage the first sight of land is, every traveller has felt; and Pompey's Pillar on the eminence above the town, the canal from the Nile just beyond, and a thousand recollections attached to the residence of Cleopatra, gave an intense interest to that now before us.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls!

Ay, that 's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there 's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * *?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize——bohea?

Ay, there 's the play-ground! there 's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where 's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blythe Carew?

Alack! they 're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

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* No connexion with any other ode.

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee ;
  Poor Chase is with the worms !—
All, all are gone—the olden breed !—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
  "And push us from our *forms !*"

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
  At play where we have play'd !
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms ; some in the shine,
  And some are in the shade !

Lo there what mix'd conditions run !
The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;
  And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamized the future path—
  The Nabob's pamper'd heir !

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
  For fair or foul renown !
Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack !
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black !
  And there's a Creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
  Their only sons at home ;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
  And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There's one at hoop ;
And four at *fives !* and five who stoop
  The marble taw to speed !
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
  Would I were in his *steed !*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
  With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool !
While thou canst be a horse at school
  To wish to be a man !

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king !
  And sleep on regal down !
Alas ! thou know'st not kingly cares ;
Far happier is thy head that wears
  That hat without a crown !

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys ? Dost think thy sire
  More happy than his son ?
That manhood's mirth ?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ——— *plays*,
  And see how *forced* our fun !

Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,

Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up!*

T. H.

A RIDE IN A CUCKOO.

"Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!—
A horseback, ye Cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot!"
SHAKSPEARE.

SIGHT-SEEING in hot weather is rather an awful enterprise: going over palaces is the most objectionable form of this painful pleasure; and the Château of Versailles, from its immense extent and total want of furniture, is perhaps the most wearisome of all these edifices to wade through. Others look like habitations: to a certain extent, they let us into the arcana of royalty's domestic life, and so possess some interest, as well as dignity of association; but here all is bare and empty: however fatigued the visitant may be, there is not a single chair to relieve him; nothing has been renewed, but the ponderous overpowering gilding which glisters to the eye, like all the gilt gingerbread of all the Bartholomew Fairs; and when the servant in his gorgeous livery has shouted—"*Salon de Mars!*—*Salon de Venus!*—or *Salon d'Apollon!*" you have nothing to do but to walk on, until you have completed the round of the palace and the mythology. With the exception of some large pictures in the ante-room, principally of Paul Veronese, you encounter nothing in the way of art worth a moment's attention: there are none, indeed, but some flaring, glaring, theatrical daubs of the modern French school, and the paintings by Le Brun and others, with which the ceilings are every where profusely bedizened. In spite of the "*os sublime*" given to man, that he might contemplate the heavens, it may be doubted whether he was ever meant to strain his eyes perpendicularly upwards to stare at a coloured ceiling; and such is my antipathy to this exercise of the art, that I seriously doubt whether I should have saved Sir James Thornhill's life while employed upon the dome of St. Paul's, had I seen him upon the extreme edge of the scaffolding, and possessed the presence of mind recorded of his friend, who induced him to run forward by smearing his principal figure with a brush. One knows not which is in the most unnatural posture,—the man below, half dislocating his neck to look up, or the sprawling fore-shortened goddess above, threatening to break hers by tumbling down; the former becoming red in the face,

(or black, if he have a tight neckcloth,) in the hopeless attempt at reducing all the fine colours spread above him to something like an intelligible representation, while they most perversely continue to bewilder his vision with the semblance of a Turkey carpet. This misapplication of his time, and the muscles of his neck, seemed more painful to the writer, as he would have been well content to devote some more hours to the gardens, baths, and bosquets. However, he submitted to his fate without a murmur; and having completed his task, and reduced his chin, though with some difficulty, to its proper position, he prepared to return to Paris.

Public stages, admirably conducted, depart from and return to Versailles every half hour; but for the sake of variety, and in the hope of seeing something of life among the lower orders, he betook himself to the corner of the Place d'Armes, where there is a stand of small carriages resembling cabriolets, and known by the names of Cuckoos, *Pataches*, *petites voitures*, and other designations which we hold it not quite decorous to commit to paper, though even *belles* and *élégantes* in France hear and name them without any offence to their unfastidious organs. As I approached the rendezvous of these humble vehicles, a tall gaunt-looking figure with huge whiskers, a rabbit-skin cap upon his head, and a whip in his hand, pouncing upon me, enquired whether I was for Paris; and on my answering in the affirmative, exclaimed —"A la bonne heure—à la bonne heure! montez, monsieur, montez!" at the same time opening the front of his sorry carriage. Dearly bought experience had taught me to do nothing without enquiring the price, which I accordingly did; when he started back, ejaculating with a well-acted air of offended dignity—"Comment, monsieur! —vous avez à faire avec un honnête homme, un bon enfant—allez! nous ne surfaisons jamais nous autres; nous ne marchandons pas; avec des bourgeois, oui; mais avec des gens comme il faut, et surtout avec des Anglais, jamais.—Monsieur me donnera ce qu'il trouvera bon!" Knowing perfectly well that all this furious honesty would end in my being abominably cheated, unless there were some positive stipulation, I insisted on a price being named; and as his "Ouidame! monsieur, vous me donnerez une petite piéce de trente sous," was only double the fare, I agreed to give it upon condition he would start immediately. To this he cheerfully assented, put on his horse's bridle in a mighty bustle, cracked his whip unceasingly for three minutes, and bawled, "Paris, Paris, Paris!" for as many more; but as no travellers came forward to benefit by this intimation of his departure, he began to give me the history of his horse, "un fameux cheval Anglais, nommé Rosbif," (which I rather suspect was an extempore appellation intended to recommend him to my favour,) and assured me that he belonged once to a trumpeter "du regiment *Scosh Gré*." As often as I pressed his departure, he recurred to this subject by way of appeasing me; and as he patted his beast, and again called him *Rosbif*, he added—"Il est bon, ce cheval là; il ne demande qu'à courir:" a compliment which my compatriot really did not deserve, inasmuch as he very often demanded to walk; to say nothing of sundry solicitations for kneeling or standing still. It was not until after I had put my foot upon the step to get out, that the proprietor of Rosbif was at length induced to get up, and make vigorous demonstrations of departure; telling me in his barbarous

French, "J'avons été 'ja deux fois à Paris, mais c'est égal: j'allons aller: si j'avions tout notre monde, ça seroit mieux, mais j'aurons quelqu'un en route. Aie, donc, Rosbif—chuck!"—with which unintelligible ejaculation we started.

An old woman who wished to be taken to Paris *en lapin*, (a name given to those who sit beside the driver,) hailed us in the avenue; but as she would only give nine sous, while the inexorable *cocher* demanded ten, the treaty, after a world of vociferation and gesticulation, was finally broken off, and we again proceeded. My companion now took out the stump of a pipe, which he had contrived to keep alight in his waistcoat pocket, and very unceremoniously began smoking, a process, however, which occasioned little interruption in his volubility. In the course of his conversation about French politeness, French valour, and French generosity, (for all the virtues are French, though he admitted the English horses to be good,) I found he had been in the army, and had lost two fingers from his right hand at the battle of Talavera. If his account were to be credited, the standard-bearer of an English regiment being killed in a charge of cavalry, he had seized the colours, with which he was rapidly decamping, when "un de nos diables de Sans-culottes Ecossais" caught hold of the staff, and, before he could turn round to enquire the cause of this interruption, whipped off his two fingers, of which he exhibited the stumps, adding, "mais c'est égal; je puis encore faire claquer mon fouet." Reiterated cracks having confirmed this assertion, he proceeded to relate how he had been discharged by the Emperor on account of his wound, and had established himself "comme propriétaire de Coucou," digressed into an interminable story about Marshal Blucher, whom the Mayor had compelled him to attend as guide when the Prussians entered Versailles; and cursed him as a "vieux sauvage," because he merely said to one of his aides-de-camp, without taking the pipe from his mouth—"Is this fellow the guide? he looks like a rogue: if he behaves well, give him ten louis; if he makes any mistakes, blow his brains out." Next occurred an episode about the good King Henry the Fourth, and the great King Louis the Fourteenth; the only two monarchs (besides the Emperor) of whom one ever hears a word in France, though their principal merits seem to have consisted in making a great deal of love and a great deal of war*; and every new subject terminated with the old peroration of—"Aie donc, Rosbif—chuck!" With the assistance of this Pæan, and the more stimulant exhortations of the whip, we approached Sèvres; when my conductor, pointing to a miserable tenement on the left, informed me it was the *rendezvous-de-chasse* of Henri Quatre during the siege of Paris, whither he was accustomed to resort to meet *la belle Gabrielle d'Estrées*, while his minister Sully occupied a château in the opposite valley. "To what base uses may we not return!" The old dilapidated rubble-work of this once royal residence was smirking in a new coat of plaster, and the whole building receiving considerable additions, that it might be converted into a manufactory for distilling brandy from potatoes. Strange that the land of the vine should have recourse to such a vege-

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* Louis the Fourteenth exclaimed upon his death-bed, in a tone of remorse, "J'ai trop aimé la guerre." The French never find this a fault in their rulers, a striking proof of their levity and unreflectiveness.

table for such a purpose, but so it is. Paris and its neighbourhood are supplied with an inferior spirit thus extracted, at a cheaper rate than it could be obtained from the wine-making provinces; and it is marvellous that no theorist has availed himself of the circumstance to explain the fiery and turbulent character of the Irish, which may very plausibly be attributed to their exclusive consumption of this intoxicating root! If there be any truth in this suggestion, I would humbly propose a new reading of the line which did such yeoman's service to the punsters in the O. P. war, "Effodiuntur *opes* irritamenta malorum," by substituting *tatoes* for the second word.

"Salon de 120 couverts—donne à manger et à boire—fait noces et festins"—greeted my eyes as I looked at a handsome inn, before the door of which my friend Rosbif seemed disposed to make a halt, though he was only relaxing into a walk in order that he might prepare himself for a full stop some twenty yards farther, at a miserable cabaret or wine-house, the front and inscriptions of which presented a singular jumble of inconsistencies.* Within a small niche in its centre, secured by an iron grating, stood a figure of the Virgin and Child, the former attired in a silver turban, and a gown which had once been white, although the wind and rain, the mud and dust, had now soiled it with a thousand maculations. Above this was written—"Salon de Gaieté," and under it—"Simon Baptiste dit qu'au bon vin il ne faut pas d'enseigne. Bonne bierre de Mars."—The image, the scriptural name, and the unscriptural saying, were little in unison; and yet the interior of the auberge was still more contradictory in its objects and associations. Several cavalry horses were tied to the wall, and a pretty black-eyed girl was standing at the door, with her hands in her apron-pockets, whom my Propriétaire de Coucou familiarly addressed—"Dis donc, Séraphine, ma belle, as-tu du monde dans le caveau?"—"Mais oui, Monsieur Tellier; des militaires qui boivent à l'heure."—"A l'heure!—eh, mon Dieu! j'allons voir, j'allons voir." So saying, he gave me a friendly nod, exclaiming,—"Je suis à vous dans l'instant," and disappeared, but ran back in a moment, to enquire whether I would not like to see the sport, adding, "Cela nous égayera, cela nous égayera; c'est moi qui vous le dis." An explanation being demanded before I could come to any decision, Monsieur Tellier informed me, that Simon Baptiste, in consideration of the sum of eighteen sous, previously paid into his hands, allowed any one or more of his guests to descend into the cellar, place themselves before a cask of wine, and drink out of a glass as much of the contents of the said pipe as they could dispose of in the space of one hour. Sixty minutes' tippling of French wine for eighteen sous! One whole day's incessant quaffing for ten or eleven francs, less than the price of one single bottle in London! It was irresistible; I extricated myself from my Cuckoo, (a difficult and dangerous undertaking,) as rapidly as its awkward construction would allow, and followed my guide to the Caveau.

Though this was designated the little cellar, it would have been deemed spacious in England, there being abundant room for a table

* Karamsin, the Russian traveller, noticed a similar species of *non sequitur* in one of the Swiss Cantons, where he copied the following from the front of a house—"Put your trust in God, for this house is called the Black Sow."

and stools between the double row of casks, while it was tolerably well lighted from two chimney-like apertures, that sloped upwards to the street. Four Cuirassiers in their shining corslets, with a gilt sun in the centre, sate round the table, on which were bottles and glasses; beyond them were two pioneers of the guard, one of whom was performing the operation of drinking by the hour; and before the cask, as regulator and master of the revels, stood the son of the Aubergiste, a lad of ten or twelve years of age, very unconcernedly munching a *Gateau de Nanterre*, which seemed to have done service in the sunny window above, until all its unctuous particles had evaporated. Every one who has seen the French army must be aware that the pioneers wear their beards, sometimes of an enormous length, and generally of sable hue. Though the horal tippler before me bore this appendage of ample dimensions, he did not appear to be above forty, and his physiognomy was of a fine and noble character. Short sturdy black hair curled all over his head, his broad forehead was bisected by the red mark occasioned by his cap; his eyes were round, full, and dark, his mouth pleasing, reminding one altogether of some of the heads in the Cartoons. Across the cask he had laid his executioner-like hatchet with its polished blade; on an opposite cask was an hour-glass, Time's emblem and the church-yard monitor, now enlisted in the service of Bacchus; helmets were hung upon the wall, sabres and armour were glittering in the dim light of the cellar, the former rattling on the tiled floor, as their wearers burst into frequent peals of laughter. The second pioneer, a stout old grey-bearded Silenus-like figure, worthy of the Borghese Vase, was on one side of me, and on the other my driver, Monsieur Tellier, with his pipe in his mouth; the whole contributing, with the vault-like aspect of the place, to constitute a scene, which was the more impressive from its total inconsistency. "A't'on jamais vu un animal comme cela?" said the old pioneer, addressing his comrade.—"comme tu es bête; tu ne réussiras jamais en buvant de la sorte; ne vois tu pas, le sable coule, ton heure est presque échappée?"—and so saying he pointed to the hour-glass, thus offering a practical illustration of the Anacreontic precept, which makes the very fugaciousness of time an argument for its misapplication. A small puncture was made in the cask, whence spirted a reddish stream of the utmost tenuity, to which by the terms of the contract, it was forbidden to apply the mouth, the drinker being obliged to receive it into a marvellously narrow Champagne glass. This it was necessary to hold nearly parallel to the horizon, so that the liquor soon reached the brim, when the boy stationed at the cask, put his relentless finger upon the aperture, and the quaffer had two or three good thimblefulls at his disposal. What with the time lost in laughter, in discussing the best method of holding the glass, in venting interjections, and varying gesticulations; to say nothing of the profit upon the three or four bottles of "vrai St. Georges à quinze sous," usually consumed by the lookers on, I found that the landlord had not so bad a bargain as I at first conjectured. Various attempts were made by the industrious pioneer to combine the two operations of receiving the wine into the glass, and pouring it into his mouth, which only occasioned it to be squirted into his eyes, ears, hair, and beard, to the infinite glee of all the spectators, except the urchin at the cask, who being

habituated to such spectacles, very gravely popped his inexorable finger to the opening, whenever the liquor was thus intercepted from the glass, and pursued the demolition of his cake. The fun and frolic of the attempt, rather than any love of ebriety, which is a rare vice in France, seemed to have prompted the whole party, who very politely invited me to taste the last portion, which the waning sands of the hour-glass allowed the pioneer to retain. If I thought that the red ink would forgive me the comparison, I should say that the beverage bore a striking likeness to that counting-house commodity.

"Aie, donc, Rosbif—chuck!" and the five minutes cracking of the whip having again set us *en route*, I began to calculate somewhat anxiously my arrival in Paris, where I was engaged to dine at six o'clock. Unluckily for this arrangement, we had scarcely travelled a quarter of a mile, when we encountered another Cabaret, at the door of which a cuckoo was waiting with the name of "Etienne," written in large letters upon its pannels. "O le coquin! ah, le scélérat!" exclaimed my driver, "le paresseux n'est pas encore à Paris; excusez, monsieur, j'allons descendre pour un petit moment." To my threats of getting out if he did not speedily return, he only replied—"Soyez tranquille, soyez tranquille, ne vous inquietez pas! je suis à vous tantôt, allez!" and in two minutes afterwards I saw him, through the window, seated very quietly with Etienne over a bottle of beer! How I wished to be perfect in the language, for only five minutes, that I might scold and swear *à la mode Anglaise*, though I had been long enough in the country to know that nothing is to be got by wrath and violence, while much may be accomplished by good humour and politeness. An old Frenchwoman, however, the solitary tenant of the other cuckoo, appeared not to have gathered this wisdom, for she stormed and railed in good set terms, which only extracted an occasional nod through the window from Etienne, as much as to say, "Presently, good woman, presently." Summoning all my philosophy to my aid, I counted the glasses as they poured them out, and had at last the satisfaction of seeing an empty bottle: Monsieur Tellier rose, I got the reins and whip all ready for him, when lo! he reappeared in his old place with a pack of cards in his hand, which he very deliberately began dealing to his adversary! Provoking as it was, there was at the same time something so ridiculous in his perfect *sang-froid*, that I leant back in the cabriolet and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; on my recovery from which, I was resolving to get out that I might prosecute the rest of my journey on foot, when Monsieur Etienne, dancing out of the house, and singing the popular burlesque song of "C'est la Portière, qui fait tout, qui voit tout," came up to Rosbif's side and exclaimed—"Monsieur, il faut descendre." *Must* get out, said I, why so?—"Because, sir, we have been playing at cards for you, and I have won." Such was literally the fact; they had been casting lots for the possession of my body corporate; and Monsieur Tellier now arriving, appealed to my good sense whether it was rational that two cuckoos should proceed to Paris with two people, when one could answer the purpose. By way of consolation, however, he assured me that he sincerely regretted the loss of my society, and should be "charmé de me mener une autre fois." Accordingly, resigning my place to Monsieur

Tellier, who turned his horse's head about, I heard for the last time his—"Aie, donc, Rosbif—chuck!"—mounted my new vehicle, and without further accident arrived at the Place Louis Quinze, at a quarter past seven, consoling myself for the loss of my dinner-party, with a thousand stern resolutions never again to take—a ride in a cuckoo.

H.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE WIFE OF A JAPANESE

Who had accompanied the Russians to their country.

I look through the mist, and I see thee not—
Are thy home and thy love so soon forgot?
Sadly closes the weary day,
And still thy bark is far away!
The tent is ready, the mats are spread,
The saranna* is pluck'd for thee,
Alas! what fate has thy baidare† led
So far from thy home and me?

Has my bower no longer charms for thee?—
Where the ‡ purple jessamines twine
Round the stately, spreading, cedar tree,
And rest in its arms so tenderly,
As I have reposed in thine.
In vain have I found the § sea-parrot's nest,
And robb'd of its plumes her glittering breast,
Thy mantle with varied hues to adorn,—
Thou hast left me watchful and forlorn!

Dost thou roam amid the eagle flocks
Whose eirie is in the highest rocks?
Dost thou seek the fox in his lurking-place,
Or hold the beaver in weary chase?
Dost thou search beneath the foaming tide
Wherein the precious ‖ red pearls hide?

Return!—the evening mist is chill,
And sad is my watch on the lonely hill,
Return!—the night-wind is cold on my brow,
And my heart is as cold and desolate now.
Alas! I await thee and hope in vain!—
I shall never behold thy return again!

* * * * * * *

She stood on the beach all the starless night,
But nought appear'd to her eager sight;
No bark on its bosom the ocean bore,
And he whom she loved return'd no more.
For the strangers came from the icy North,
And their words and their gifts had won him forth.
Their ships sail'd far from his native bay,
And it bore him to other regions away.

M. E.

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* Saranna is the bread-fruit of the Japanese.

† Baidare, the Japanese boat.

‡ Purple jessamine, Bignoria grandiflora, is a climbing plant, native of Japan; flowers purple.

§ They ornament their *parkis* (mantles) and all their dresses with the feathers of the sea-parrot, storm finch, and mauridor.

‖ Japan produces red pearls, which are not less esteemed than white.

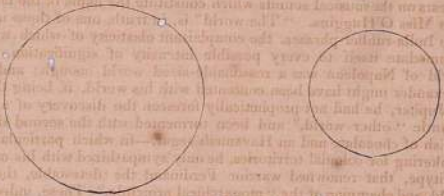
THE LITERARY WORLD.

"Credilo a me, credilo a me che questo è un mondaccio."

P. Aretino.

"What will the world say?"—"all the world are full of it,"—are expressions in daily use, whenever a Mr. Maguffin gets into a scrape, or a Judy O'Huggins contrives to make a judy of herself, although in all probability, (provided the living be a decent living), not one-tenth part of the parish ever heard of the celebrated Mr. Maguffin, or feasted its ears on the musical sounds which constitute the name of the fashionable Miss O'Huggins. "The world" is, in truth, one of those invaluable India-rubber phrases, the complaisant elasticity of which will accommodate itself to every possible intensity of signification. The world of Napoleon was a reasonable-sized world enough; and even Alexander might have been contented with his world, if, being the son of Jupiter, he had not prophetically foreseen the discovery of a trans-atlantic "other world," and been tormented with the second sight of a dish of chocolate and an Havannah segar,—in which particular of a hankering for colonial territories, he only sympathized with his modern antitype, that renowned warrior Ferdinand the detestable, the hero, child, and champion of the "monarchical principle." These, indeed, are something like worlds; but there are worlds which contrive to make an imposing figure in this our sublunary system, the pretensions of which to the title are highly questionable. The "fashionable world," the eatings and drinkings, and trippings of which on the "light fantastic toe" are so faithfully and so laboriously recorded in the "columns" of the Morning Post, scarcely embraces three thousand families. Still smaller is that self-important body, "the theatrical world," meaning, of course, those only who live and have their being in the intrigues of the green-room,—the dwindling and bastard descendants of the Dangles of the last generation. "The religious world," indeed, with all its subdivisions, isles, and continents, its missionary societies, tract societies, and Bible societies, trunk and branch, supplementary and auxiliary, and supplementary-auxiliary, is a tolerably numerous body, and has some well-grounded claims to the appellation; but what are we to think of the world of that great mass of worthy souls, who, to obtain its transient notice, sacrifice their respectability and independence, to say nothing of their domestic comfort; though the whole sphere of the intercourse with their own species is circumscribed within the "polygon" or the "colonnade," and does not exceed the limits of half-a-dozen families? To this train of reflection we were led, in glancing over the pages of an old number of the "*Revue Encyclopédique*," (a French periodical work of great merit,) in which the relative proportion of the whole population of France is compared with the number of those who can, and who cannot read; and the facts rendered familiar by the sensible image of black circles, the dimensions of which are as the numbers they respectively represent. By this very simple expression of a most important truth, we were forcibly struck with the disproportion between the numerical strength and the influential activity of the corps of which we are ourselves unworthy members, "the literary world." So much has been said, and justly said, of the growing civilization of Europe, and of the influence of the press, and so

much is daily and hourly done in courts and camps, in cabinets and in tribunals, by corruption and by intimidation, to check this progress and to annihilate this influence, that we were by no means prepared to find, that, though the larger of the subjoined circles suffices to shadow forth the whole population of that country which we have been in the habit of considering as the most highly civilized nation on the European continent, the smaller one does no more than represent the number of those honest fellows in France, who do not know A. from a bull's foot, or B. from a chest of drawers, and who use "no other books but the score and tally."



Reasoning from this datum, it follows that, if there be any fidelity in the type, a lens of some considerable power would be requisite to discover the speck which should represent the readers of Spain or Italy; and not even the microscopic eye of a fly, (if, as Pope asserts, that insect has a microscopic eye,) could detect the existence of such a corps in the continents of Asia and Africa. Yet does the small circumference which would embrace the difference between the above two circles, include within its "petty space" the whole number of Frenchmen who *can* read, not one in ten of whom perhaps ever *does* read more than a playbill, a restaurateur's *carte*, or the weekly account of his baker or *blanchisseuse*. If from this small remainder we again exclude those who are no judges of literary or of scientific excellence, how few will remain to estimate a Newton or a La Place, a Linnæus or a Cuvier, a Lavoisier or a Davy.

To come at once to that which touches ourselves most nearly; in how humiliating a point of view do these said circles place that literary fame for which we labour so hard, and for the most part, so much in vain! Thirty thousand readers, good, bad, and indifferent, embrace the "*urbs et orbis*" of the most fashionable periodical; and those even of the best authors are not much more extensive. What then are we to think of the "literary world," whose applause rejoiceth the heart of a second or third rate author, and puffeth up the conceit of the writers of an occasional essay, an elegy, or a "speech intended to be spoken?" Verily, it is all vanity and vexation of spirit. There is not a crack-brained craniologist in the Edinburgh coteries, notwithstanding, who does not imagine "all the world" to be occupied with his depressions and prominences, seeking for an explanation of the ups and downs of life by the irregularities upon the surface of the human knowledge-box; nor is there a miserable writer for mechanists and scene-shifters who will not tell you, with equal confidence, that "the world" thinks

of no other bumps than those which are raised on the pate of Mr. Grimaldi. Methinks it might something abate the vanity of many a candidate for the "*digito monstrari*" to measure his world by this canon of the *Revue Encyclopédique* and place his little black circle by the side of that of Dr. Eady or Mr. Warren, or of the poetical and once popular Mr. Packwood, somewhile the "*notus omnibus tonsoribus*," and the Coryphæus of those who "*funguntur vice cotis.*" Nay, could the self-important *folliculaires*, who imagine they occupy the attention of nations with their wranglings and vituperations, be made to feel that every-day men, whose names belong to the history of literature, die unknown to the gossips of the next street, or imagine how small a mortal, even the divine Locke, was in the eyes of his college bed-maker, it might serve to teach them a little discretion, and make them "take pains to allay, with some cold drops of modesty, their skipping spirit," who are now "too wild, too rude, and bold of voice," for ordinary patience.

But to bring a writer, be he who he may, to a true sense of his own insignificance, the best way is to force him to quit this "world," about which he is so conceited. Not that we recommend suicide, "*Gardez vous bien*," as Harlequin says, "*de faire cette folie-la. Il n'y a rien de si contraire à la santé.*" We merely would intimate the necessity of changing the air, and leaving the narrow circle of local celebrity. Let the pamphleteer go into a theatrical circle, or the fashionable dramatist attend a few meetings of the Royal Society, and they will soon feel the nothingness of that "bubble reputation" which they are so eager to seek even in the reviewer's mouth.

There is a pretty sizeable literary world, which keeps in pay the circulating libraries, and which might be called the Leaden-hall world, within the phosphoric sphere of which many brilliant lights move with distinguished lustre, which are wholly unknown in every other region. "*Tel brille au second rang*," &c. The pamphleteer's world was just such another, till it was lost and immerged in the readers of daily journals. The world of magazines and reviews, on the contrary, is a thriving world, and daily growing in consequence and consideration. Some Cockney authors have (to use a phrase of Cobbet's) "a nice little" world of their own; only it speaks a language unintelligible to all, except its own inhabitants. Then again, there is a half dozen or so of gentlemen poets, who flourish in country book-clubs among the "parsons much bemused with beer," and in the universities, where they figure as the Miltons and Shakspeares of the age, and stand far above poor Pope; who, God save the mark, is no poet at all! What may be the sort of attraction which forms the centre of this world, Heaven only knows, unless it be the obstinate desire of warring with "men, gods, and columns," and proving Horace a false prophet, and a bad judge of his art. Poor Jeremy Bentham's world, still smaller than all the rest, consists only of the wise and good, *turpe et miserabile!* and though, through the assistance of his translator, he is known from the Tagus to the Neva, he is read only by the select few. He, however, enjoys fame; but what a rare piece of illustrious obscurity, beyond all other, is the reputation of the most favourite law author; and still worse, that of medical writers, whose grim-gribber is seldom much read, even by the profession itself.

Fortunately for the brethren of the quill, there is a world for every

sort of talent and for every scale of ambition: but the difficulty is for a writer to fit himself for that world. The greatest failures in literature, as in life, arise from mistakes on this point; and a ghost in broad daylight is not a more incongruous *ens*, than the man who persists in making his corporal appearances in a world which knows him not. The "bemused parsons," already noticed, are lamentable examples of this truth; their highest flights of poetry are nothing on earth but misplaced sermons; and like misplaced gout, they would be profitable and laudable if they were but brought back to their proper sphere. Thus Newton commented on the Apocalypse; and thus Cuvier sets up for a statesman; thus also ("*parva componere magnis*") Rennell plunges into physiology, and John Kemble played comedy. Happy, thrice happy are they whose talents not only are well directed, but are directed to please a world which pleases them! Without this mutual sympathy between the author and his reader, life (i. e. literary life) would not be worth the trouble of living.

But to return from parts to the whole: if the literary world be altogether a *mince affaire* to a living author, still less is it to him when he is dead. What is the immortality of the great mass of writers preserved in libraries but the immortality of the tomb,—dust and worms? or rather does it not resemble that of a medical museum, in which the subjects preserved in existence are but monuments of deformity and disease, records of error, and mementos of ignorance and misconception? Often too does it happen, that when a writer contrives to attain to this enviable distinction, he most unfortunately drops his name by the way, and lives only as the "unknown author of such a work." Often too (which is much worse) he travels along the highway of time, loaded with works which he never composed, and which serve only to impede his march to posterity. Then again there are many who enjoy their immortality only by paroxysms, coming forth to the world, like the seven sleepers, after centuries of oblivion, and proving that their fame, like light, has its fits of easy and of difficult transmission. Literary immortality, however, has its advantages as the last sad resource of those who do not thrive on this side the Styx, and who have too good reason to complain that the literary world is no longer a republic. As this world wags, indeed, at present, there are too many candidates for its favour who discover that

> "Tous les discours sont des sottises
> Partout d'un homme sans éclat.
> Ce seroient paroles exquises
> Si c'était un grand qui parlât."—Molière.

At least there are too many who are miserably impeded in their search after fame by pre-occupants, who have possessed themselves of the chief places at the feast of literature by dint of distinctions quite as groundless and as aristocratic. The high-road to eminence is crowded and stuffed up with the favourites of blue-stocking muses, "*qui aiment terriblement les énigmes*," and are "*diablement fortes sur les impromptus*." Others dash along the surface, borne in the car of a fashionable review; some are picked up by the Admiralty, and launched on the world as first-rate geniuses on the strength of a ministerial squib, or a Tory pamphlet. Then again another knot contrive to attain notoriety by a persevering system of mutual puffing; thus persuading the simple, that, in wearing to a thread the mannerisms of a great writer,

they have caught his mantle: when, in fact, they have borrowed only his night-gown, the soporific virtues of which are communicated, like electricity, through a chain of conductors, from the author to the reader. For if "*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*," if sometimes "the Wizard" dozes for a chapter or so amidst his spells, their nappings, like the death of the French revolutionists are—eternal sleep.

For our own parts, however, we are literary infidels, and have little faith in the hereafter of a posthumous reputation. Saturn has not left off that villainous trick of his of eating his own children; and if he should at length stand in need of bitters to refresh his appetite, we modern candidates for fame are so numerous, that we should devour each other. Even Voltaire and Rousseau will soon find their fame reduced to "*Nomen et umbra*," and the "*Grand siècle de Louis Quatorze*" will in another generation disappear before an age which if it does not "laugh and dance more decently," will at least do so with more variety and animation. Not even all the spices and gums of the new loyal-religious literary society will suffice to make a durable mummy of its prize poets, its professors, and its dictators. Its *fasti* will perish with all the *nefasti* that shall load its pages; and the doings, and the doers of this "literary world" will not reach posterity even under the equivocal form of an extraneous fossil, to testify to after-ages their obscure existence in the present antediluvian times. This, to be sure, is good comfort for us periodicals. Each of our monthly appearances may be considered as a death-blow to the one which preceded it. We lay no claims on posterity; or, if we look to a longer immortality than "one calendar month," it is through the friendly instrumentality of a good bookbinder. With a stout Russia back, indeed, and two thick pieces of pasteboard, we may take our places on the shelves of a library, and fill a row as well as better books, when in process of time we may be as thoroughly neglected as authors of much more weight and merit. Our kingdom is altogether earthly, and with it we must rest contented, sufficiently happy that while other dogs have only their day, we have our month of fame; provided that during the month we succeed in pleasing that "literary world" to whose services we are devoted, the numerous, highly respectable readers of the New Monthly Magazine.

M.

SONG.

AT night when dreams thine image bring,
I see thee smile, I hear thee sing;
And many a whisper'd accent say,
I dare not, cannot breathe by day.
O then when I too fondly speak,
The rose-hue deeper dyes thy cheek,
The dew shines brighter in thine eye,
Thine heart beats warmer to thy sigh,
A thousand lovelier charms are shown,
Day's jealous eye hath never known:
No serious brow is there to chide,
No mother watches by thy side—
All, all are gone, and leave it free,
The silent world to love—and me.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XVII.

School Friendship.

Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale reside in Albemarle-street. The Colonel's movements may be said to form the two sides of an obtuse-angled triangle: that is to say, he rides into Hyde Park before dinner, and to the Opera-house in the Haymarket after it. Mrs. Nightingale reads the English poets: she possesses them all neatly bound, and placed upon a species of literary dumb-waiter. When tired of Sir Walter Scott, she has only to give her sattin-wood machine a jerk, and "Cain, a Mystery," tumbles into her lap. About two-and-thirty years ago, Jack Nightingale (as he was then called) quitted Westminster School. His most intimate crony at that establishment was George Withers, a fair round-faced boy with flaxen hair. Old General Nightingale, Jack's father, used to call him "the sweet little cherub," partly with reference to the chubby-cheeked ornaments of old tombstones, and partly to Dibdin's celebrated ballad, which introduces that bodyless personage at the close of every stanza. The cherub would often accompany young Nightingale to dine with the General, in Hertford-street, May-fair. Upon these occasions, the latter would take upon him to cross-examine his visitant in Latin. The General seldom advanced into the Roman territories beyond "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," but he continued, nevertheless, to make George Withers sit very uneasy upon his chair. Be that as it may, the friendship of the two boys was most exemplary: I am as fond of new quotations as the author of Saint Ronan's Well, and shall therefore satisfy myself with asserting, that

> "In infancy their hopes and fears
> Were to each other known."

Time makes terrible havoc with school friendships. Jack Nightingale quitted Westminster and became a member of his father's profession: George Withers entered the church, and became curate of Scoresby, in Yorkshire. For the first six months, nothing could be more constant than their correspondence. Many a one shilling and ninepence of theirs, did my lords the Joint Postmaster pocket: after that period the attachment hung fire, like the New Post-office itself in St. Martin's le Grand. Something of importance was continually occurring to abbreviate their epistles: Jack Nightingale had to try on a new hussar cap, and George Withers had to bury an old woman.—"So no more at present from," &c. &c. The case is by no means a singular one. Gibbon, when living at Lausanne, was always hammering out an excuse for not writing to his friend Lord Sheffield. The fault, in these cases, seems to consist in attempting to apologize: why not boldly leave off writing at once, and imitate the man with a toothache, who, after being pestered with seven civil enquiries from a friend, couched in the accustomed phrase, "How do you find yourself *now*," at length answered, "when there is any alteration I will let you know."

The revolutionary French war now broke out, and Cornet Nightingale joined his regiment in Flanders. Two letters, "like angel visits," (another new quotation) were despatched by him to his clerical Orestes,

from before Valenciennes. In one of these the following phrase occurred, "Our troops have sat down before the town."—George Withers in his reply, observed, "I am very glad to hear it, for the poor fellows must have been sadly tired." Our military Pylades took this as a joke, but I confidently believe that it was written, in sober seriousness. George Withers had heard talk of camp-stools, and concluded that the Duke of York had provided his weary troops with a due assortment of them. Upon the firing of these two epistolary shots, both batteries were silenced.

After a lapse of upwards of thirty years, one fine Saturday afternoon, in the last variable month of March, when Colonel Nightingale had availed himself of a gleam of sunshine, to take his canter in the Park, his lady, busied at her rotatory book-stand, heard a hard-double rap at the street-door. The two heavy concussions made her think it was either a twopenny postman or a twopenny creditor. In either case the affair excited but little emotion. John, however, in a few seconds entered the drawing-room, and informed his mistress, that a fat man wished particularly to see Colonel Nightingale or his Lady. "Shew him up," said Mrs. Nightingale, "but leave the door ajar, and remain within call." The door was re-opened, and in walked the Reverend George Withers. He begged pardon for intruding; but, being summoned up to town to attend a trial, (here he produced the subpœna) he could not for the life of him avoid calling upon his old friend and schoolfellow, whom he had not seen for thirty years and upwards: he had had a vast deal of trouble in finding him out: at the Horse Guards he was referred to the United-Service Club: he had turned, by mistake, into a large glass shop, in what used, thirty years ago, to be called Cockspur-street, but the name was now changed to Pall Mall East, why he could not devise: the man at the counter was very civil, that he must say for him, but could give him no information: the two sentinels fronting Carlton Palace, had contented themselves with shaking their heads: but at length, Mr. Samms the bookseller, at the corner of St. James's street, had cast his eye over a little thick red book, called Boyle's Court Guide, and had directed him to the proper place. Mrs. Nightingale received Mr. Withers, notwithstanding the decided *mauvais ton* of his aspect, with great politeness. She intimated that she had often heard the Colonel speak of his friend Withers, and how delighted he should be to meet with him again: the Colonel was riding in Hyde Park; but she hoped and trusted that Mr. Withers would name an early day for partaking of a family dinner in Albemarle-street. Mr. Withers looked a little duller than usual at this *sine die* adjournment, and said that he must go back to Scoresby on the morrow. Mrs Nightingale hereupon hoped that Mr. Withers would so far oblige them, as to partake of their humble fare to-day. The reverend gentleman acquiesced with alacrity; and after many bows, and backing against a frail mahogany table surmounted with a chess-board, whereby knights and pawns were precipitated to the ground, took his departure to the New Hummums. "I have invited a friend to dine with you to-day," said Mrs. Nightingale, as her spouse with splashed boots entered the room. The brow of Colonel Nightingale lowered—"My dear, how could you be so dreadfully inconsiderate: are you aware that it is Opera night?" "True," rejoined the Lady, "but the gentleman is obliged to quit town

to-morrow." "He must be a very extraordinary gentleman if he induces me to postpone Catalani." "I think, notwithstanding, that that consequence will follow, when you learn who it is."—"And pray who is it?" "What do you think of George Withers." "What, my old crony at Westminster?" "Yes, he." "My dear Augusta, you have acted with your accustomed good sense. George Withers! I shall be delighted to see him! Why it is nearly twenty years since we last saw each other." "For nearly twenty read upwards of thirty," thought Mrs. Nightingale, but she was too good a wife to give the erratum utterance.

Precisely at half-past six, the same sort of heavy double-rap at the door denoted that George Withers had arrived. The schoolfellows advanced with delight to accost each other, but in the act of shaking hands mutually gave a start of astonishment. Good heaven! said Nightingale to himself, is it possible that this can be Withers? and, Good heavens! said Withers to himself, is it possible that this can be Nightingale?—a sympathy of ejaculation, which could only proceed from friendship of such a long standing. Dinner was immediately announced, and Mrs. Nightingale was destined to be *amused* by an eager recital of their mutual "hair-breadth scapes" at their ancient seminary. "Do you remember Sam Talbot?"—"To be sure I do. What is become of him?"—"He married a planter's daughter, and settled in Tobago."—"Where's Lawrence?"—"Which of them, Charles or Robert?"—"Robert, I meant."—"He is a barrack-master at Colchester."—"And what's become of Charles Enderby, who broke his leaping-pole, and fell into Drayton's ditch in Tothill-fields?"—"Oh, he has purchased half a million of swampy acres in the back-settlements of America!"—"Indeed! well, he always had a turn that way. Do you remember his battle with Frank Parsons? he certainly would have scalped him if he had not worn a wig." Discourse like this is highly entertaining to the parties interested; but they are apt, in the hurry of colloquy, to keep all the entertainment to themselves. Mrs. Nightingale, independently of her dislike to these exclusive reminiscences, found serious internal fault with the Reverend George Withers's style of eating. The food unquestionably reached his mouth, but somehow it never got there as it should have done. His four-pronged silver-fork lay idle upon the tablecloth, while his knife doing all the duty which polite custom has thrown upon its silver associate, passed to and fro from his mouth to his plate with fearful impetuosity. "I have one chance yet," sighed the lady to herself; "he will cut his own tongue out in a minute—I plainly perceive that nothing else can check his garrulity." Still the conversation ran in the same channel.—"Do you remember this?" and, "Do you remember that?" ushered in every speech. At length the Reverend Mr. Withers asked the friend of his heart, whether he remembered how he served the Italian image-men? Nightingale had forgotten it. "Oh then I must recall it to your memory," said the divine. "There was a party of us, madam, (turning to the lady of the Mansion) at our window, when in came a man into Dean's-yard with a set of plaister images upon a board, balanced upon his head. These Italians are certainly admirable artists. Such correct grouping of figures, such harmony! Let me see, there were Socrates, Mendoza, Necker, Lord Howe, Milton, a gilt lion, Count Cagliostro, Whitfield, and a green parrot, all cheek-by-jowl to-

gether. The man—oh, you must remember it, Jack—walked under the window, crying 'Image, image, who'll buy my image?' when you—O, you must recollect—threw a basin of water upon his board. Away floated Whitfield, and the green parrot: Mendoza gave Milton a knock-down blow: the gilt lion fell tooth and nail upon Count Cagliostro: and Necker could not find ways and means to keep his place—Lord Howe was the only officer who kept the deck." "Yes, yes, now I do remember it," exclaimed Colonel Nightingale, laughing heartily. It would have been better if he had remained serious. The opening of his fauces set Mr. Withers's tongue afloat upon a very ticklish topic. "Why, Jack," exclaimed the relentless clergyman, "you have got a new tooth." The Colonel reddened; but the ecclesiastic proceeded. "Well, that's droll enough: you certainly *had* lost a tooth: I think it was your left-eye tooth."—"Do *you* retain your wise ones?" enquired the caustic Colonel. "Yes, both of them," replied the matter-of-fact divulger of secrets. "You must remember the loss of your's; it was on the left side: Frank Anderson knocked it out with a cricket-ball." There are certain secrets which men keep even from their wives. For "twice ten tedious years" the Colonel had been hugging himself in the certainty that the affair in question was confined to Chevalier Ruspini and himself. "Will you take a glass of Champaign, Sir?" said the master of the mansion. The movement was most dextrous. The Reverend Mr. Withers had made a "god of his belly" too long to allow the thoughts of any teeth, save his own, to cross his Bacchanalian devotions.

When the summons of "Coffee is ready" had induced the two school-friends to rejoin Mrs. Nightingale in the drawing room, all former incidents had been pretty well exhausted, and they now proceeded to discuss "things as they are." But in this species of duett they by no means chimed harmoniously together. Withers thought Scoresby and its concerns were the concerns of all mankind; and Nightingale could not imagine that any body upon earth had any thing to think of save Rossini and his prima donna of a wife, Lindley's violoncello, Garcia in Agorante, and Catalani in Il Fanatico per la Musica. "I have news to tell you," said the country parson to the frequenter of the Italian opera, "which I am sure you will be glad to hear."—"Indeed, what is it?"—"My black sow has produced me seven of as pretty pigs as ever you saw in your life. Then I've another thing to tell you: I enlarged my pig-stye seven feet four inches: four inches? I really think it was five: yes, it certainly was five. This caused the building to project a little, and but a little, upon the footpath that leads the back way, up town, from the Red Lion to Mrs. Marshall's meadow. Well, now, what do you think Tom Austin did? He told Richard Holloway that I had been guilty of a trespass: whereupon Holloway, by advice of Skinner his attorney, pulled down four planks of the new part of the pig-stye, and let the whole litter out into the village! Little Johnny Mears caught one of them—it was the black and white one—and Smithers, the baker, contrived to get hold of five more; but I have never set eyes upon the seventh from that day to this! The poor black sow took on sadly. Dick Holloway ought to be ashamed of himself. He is a fellow of very loose habits, and never sets out his tithes as he should do. But what can you expect from a Presbyterian?" "This bald unjointed chat" made Colonel Nightingale fidget up and down like the right elbow of Mr.

Lindley, pending the agony of his violoncello accompaniment to the "Batti Batti" of the now forgotten Mozart. The Colonel had hitherto with marvellous patience, from complaisance to his guest, forborne to mount his own hobby: finding, however, that the latter was in no hurry to dismount, he resolved, *coute qui coute*, to vault into his own proper saddle. The following dialogue forthwith ensued. I copy it verbatim, as a model of school friendship standing firm, in its community of tastes, amid the wreck of thirty years and upwards. "I am, I own, extremely partial to Rossini's Ricciardo e Zoraide: Garcia in Agorante excels himself: the critics object to his excess of ornament; but I own this has always appeared to me to be his chief merit."—"When the black sow litters again, I shall keep a sharp look out upon Master Holloway; and if he pulls down any more planks from my pig-stye, I mean to put him into the Spiritual Court."—"Catalani's spiritual concerts are not particularly well attended, and I am not sorry for it: Bochsa has started his oratorios with all the talent in town, and therefore ought to be encouraged. By the by, Madame Vestris is a woman of most versatile talent. Her mock Don Giovanni is admirable: not that I approve of any mockery of the Italian Opera: profaneness cannot be too steadily discouraged. But it is not a little surprising, that a woman who can act that sprightly comic extravaganza should be able to depict the jealous and indignant Princess Zomira."—"We have a club of clergymen who meet once a month at Kettering to shake hands and exchange sermons: last Friday month I gave one of mine to Doctor Pringle, whose grandfather was chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and received one of his in exchange. I intended to look it over on Sunday morning before church, but"—"How extremely well Madame Vestris, Camporese, and Garcia, execute that trio in the first act 'Sara l'alma delusa schernita:' when Madame Vestris comes in with her 'O l'indegno qui dove perir,' I declare she stands her ground most womanfully: the fact is, that the sweetness of Italian music"—"But Hannah and I were busy hunting the black sow out of the cucumber beds: we were so busy, crying, 'Hey tig! tig!' that we did not hear the bell toll: so up I walked into the pulpit without ever once looking at the sermon"—"Those orange-tawny stuff curtains are a disgrace to the Opera house."—"well I began reading it, and to my great surprise I found that it had been preached by Doctor Pringle's grandfather immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon. I therefore found myself under the disagreeable necessity of thus addressing my congregation at Kettering:—'When I look around me, and behold the effects of the late horrid devastation of nature: trees torn up by the roots: houses toppling to their foundation: men and cattle ingulphed in the earth, and the whole horizon rocking like the ocean in its most tempestuous moments.' You cannot imagine the sensation I excited: the women fanned themselves and fainted; and the men muttered to each other, 'Dear me! something unpleasant must have occurred since we entered the church!'—I never preached with so much effect either before or since."

The regular amble of the Rev. George Withers's hobby had now contrived to distance the curvature and prance of colonel Nightingale's. The colonel pulled up, and lifting a small gold watch from his right waistcoat pocket, muttered to himself—"Ah, the wretch! it is half-past

ten, and Catalani must have sung her second Cavatina.—Where do you lodge, Sir?" said the host, coldly to his guest.—"At the New Hummums."—"Indeed! are you aware that they close their doors at a quarter past eleven?"—"You don't say so?"—"Yes, I do: but you may find very pretty accommodation at 'the Finish': the street strollers and market gardeners speak of it in high terms." This hit told: the Reverend George Withers looked at his watch, and made a rapid retreat. "Well!" cried the Colonel the moment the door was closed, "so much for school friendship: did you ever see such a vulgar dog—such an idiot too—so blind to his own interest: if he had but held his tongue two minutes, I could have given him my opinion of 'Rossini's Zelmira.' I am one Opera night out of pocket by him, and that is enough to make me detest him to my dying day. Such illiberality too—did you hear him say,—'What can you expect from a presbyterian!'—How I hate a man who vilifies a whole tribe for the faults of an individual!—I have long thought it, and I now know it—All men who live in the country are fools."

LIFE AND DEATH.

O fear not thou to die!
Far rather fear to live, for Life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of Death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor-heart within:
But fear, oh! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel that gloom
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair;
And deems itself the unforgiven
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done,—
Who feels that never more
The tear of grief, of shame shall come
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved, and call'd him home!

E. T.

THE PRIORY DES DEUX AMANTS.

Ce mont, qu'avec surprise au loin chacun admire,
Vit changer les états, tomber plus d'un empire;
Mais il garda sa gloire, et sans cesse les ans
Rajeunissent pour lui la Côte des Amants.

I AM a rambler, Mr. Editor, fond of nature from my youth, grudging no pains in exploring her beauties, and never fatigued at gazing on a picturesque landscape. I have wandered far and wide, at home and abroad, and have encountered perils by sea and land. Time has ploughed my face deeply, but years have only strengthened my "ruling passion." Some time since, being in Normandy, and a succession of fine dry weather occurring towards the end of April, while sojourning at Rouen, (a circumstance very unusual at a spot which the inhabitants style the *pot de chambre* of the province,) I took the opportunity of making a few pedestrian excursions in the neighbourhood of that place of "ancient renown," one of which I will venture to detail, premising that sometimes, to my seeming, half the pleasure of a similar excursion consists in forsaking the foot-roads, and committing oneself as it were to destiny.

Who that has travelled to Paris by Rouen, be he Cockney stealing a fortnight from his counting-house, debtor flying from bailiff, valetudinarian in search of health, or fashionable eluding the devil *ennui*—who that has travelled the lower road, as it is styled from Rouen to Paris, will ever forget it, if he possess one spark of affection for natural beauty, or have a soul worth one *centime* more than the clay tenement that houses it! By this road, on a delightful morning in spring, I left the capital of Neustria, (as Normandy was once called,) and keeping by the Seine, with Mount St. Catherine on my left hand, I soon got beyond the houses, which extend some way along the banks of that beautiful river. As I proceeded, the left side of my path was bounded by lofty hills, in some parts sloping to the road, and covered with verdure; in others, terminating in precipices as abrupt as a wall, and of the "chalk formation," as geologists have it. My walk for the first five miles continued nearly on a level with the river, the surface of which was broken by a number of islets charmingly green. Some were wooded and had a solitary house upon them, habitable in summer, and buried in fruit trees, the opening blossoms of which made them appear like magnificent *bosquets* set in crystal. Others were covered with pasturage kept in perpetual freshness by the surrounding stream. I felt so delighted with the pure air, the clear sky, and the "breath of spring," that, before I was aware, I found I had arrived opposite a curious little chapel in the cliff, of most romantic appearance; and a little further on entered a hamlet, the houses of which looked into the river. At this hamlet, in a little *auberge* on the water's side, I made an excellent breakfast on mutton chops and coffee. I now ascended a pretty steep but not very long hill, on the summit of which, in a situation of great beauty, at a place where the Seine makes an acute angle, a chateau is situated, commanding a view of the river lengthways as far as Rouen, with the heights beyond. Nothing could be finer to the eye than the prospect before me, the Seine meandering below, studded with innumerable islands, and sparkling gloriously in the sun. The Forest of Rouvray lay on the opposite side the water, across a level of

rich verdure, the view bounded by its heights. Between, and as far up the sinuous river as the eye could command, was a valley charmingly diversified with wood and pasture—

> ——— the river's flow,
> The woody valley warm and low;
> The windy summit, wild and high,
> Roughly rushing on the sky;
> The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
> The naked rock, the shady bower.

I had rarely seen a view more attractive, for it was not too vast. It was extensive enough for the eye to distinguish the near and distant objects spread out before it, without a doubt as to their identity, and yet none of them were so clustered as to crowd the picture disadvantageously in any one part. It was nearly three quarters of an hour before I could turn my back upon this prospect, and proceed about a mile and half to the descent of the hill, which brought me across a tongue of high ground to the valley of the Seine again. On my right was a large chateau, called Igouville, which had been shut up since the Revolution: the road to Pont l'Arche, so famous in English and French history, passed close to it. In sight of the bridge and town of that name, I deviated to the left hand across a flat piece of low ground, passing a second forsaken building, and finding my way only by distant objects. Soon rising high, though far off, I saw before me the abrupt eminence, on the summit of which stands what was once the Priory des Deux Amants. Continuing my route, as I gradually approached the eminence, its abruptness and height became more and more striking. Among some scattered cottages, about half a mile from the base of the hill, I heard the sound of music, and soon saw the peasantry in groups, enjoying the pleasures of the dance. It was a *fête* day, and the rich sunshine and brilliant sky heightened the enchantment of the scene. Pleased and contented with the simplicity of their enjoyments, I could not but cast a thought homewards, and contrast the drunkenness and brutality of our country wakes with the simple and innocent exhibition before me. I must confess, that the disadvantage was decidedly on the part of my own country; even prejudice itself must have conceded this.

After passing by several of these merry groups, I arrived on the shore of the little river Andelle, just above its junction with the Seine; the angle between the two rivers being occupied with the towering and lofty eminence on which the Priory stands. Being told that there were some Englishmen employed at a copper manufactory, a little higher up the stream, I determined to visit that first, and afterwards ascend the hill in despite of its fatiguing appearance to a weary pedestrian. At the works I accordingly found several who had been settled there before the Revolution, and well remembered the monks, whom they frequently visited. They described them as a good-natured indolent race, enormously bloated with idleness and good living: and further, that this Priory was one of those to which courtiers and others out of favour with the regime and court of the day, but well connected, were banished for their peccadillos. At the Revolution, they disappeared from the establishment one and one; some fell by the guillotine, and the fate of others was never known. At that period, the building was sold, and bought for a mere trifle by the present possessor, who had been a schoolmaster. One of the managers of the

copper works agreed to ascend the hill with me; and we speedily set out together, soon arriving at the foot of the eminence, up which a narrow and difficult path conducted to the summit. I shall never forget the beauty of the prospect that first glanced on my view upon reaching the Priory. The long valley which lay in the direction of Rouen was bounded on either hand by forests, with here and there cultivated spots, farm-houses and villages; the blue Seine meandering through it, and the distant town of Pont L'Arche in view, with its bridge, the first on that river from the sea. This larger valley, divided by the promontory on which I stood, branched into two others of singular beauty, down one side of which the Seine also flowed in tranquil softness, bordered by lofty hills that came abruptly to its waters; on the other by a rich plain, smiling in full luxuriance of vegetation. The second valley was watered by the little river Andelle, that ran sparkling among bold forest scenery, from a part where its view was shut out by woods and hills as far as the eye could reach. The Andelle blended its water with the Seine immediately under my feet. Several of the outbuildings of the Priory were demolished, but the principal, which must have been rebuilt at some period not very long anterior to the Revolution, was entire, and inhabited by the proprietor. It was an oblong and extensive edifice, and had several very spacious apartments. The rooms were lofty, and this, together with the salubrity of the situation, must have well contributed to prolong the lives and sustain the appetites of its once luxurious inmates. On being introduced to the present owner, I was received with great civility, and a fine jack having been brought in which had been just taken out of the Seine, I was heartily pressed to partake of it, and informed that a bed was also at my service. Being pleased at the cordiality of the offer, the mode of making which convinced me of its sincerity, I accepted it without hesitation. Dinner was served up in a way that gave me no reason to complain of the want of hospitality in my host, and in an apartment that perhaps was once the refectory of the Priory. Of his attempts at speaking English, however, I can say nothing in praise; though, of our most noted authors, he seemed to possess something more than a mere familiarity with names. Pope and Thomson, like most of his countrymen, he placed at the summit of our literature, and could repeat, after a fashion, a great portion of the epistle to Abelard. Of the Seasons he spoke in a way that convinced me he really understood some of the most pleasing passages. Frenchmen are vain in every thing; and mine host of the Priory gave me a long detail of the agricultural improvements which, in his opinion, made Normandy so superior to England in cultivation. I astounded him by pointing out the careless mode in which the rich Norman soil was treated, naturally so superior to ours; and succeeded in convincing him that there was some truth in my observations. He was then reforming his garden, but it struck me that his zeal for improvement much outstripped his knowledge of horticultural science. He seemed surprised at the statements I made of the product of our pineries, hothouses, and fruit-gardens, all of which are well known and emulated in Paris. It is one of the great misfortunes of France, that knowledge of every description accumulates alone in the capital. There is no dispersion of it at all proportioned to the extent of the country, and this is the great cause of the provincial and rural inhabitants being so much behind ours in every thing. The liberty of the press, the life-

stream of England, produces no effect there. The dwarfish journals, designed only for purposes of despotism, or permitted to keep up a species of sham opposition, in order to disguise more easily the designs of the men in power, are neither pregnant with information nor governed by principle, and have comparatively little weight with the public. The knowledge and science of the capital is therefore circulated in the provinces very slowly by other means.

The Priory, I found from mine host, has been noticed by several French writers; all, however, that tradition has preserved respecting it is, as usual, of vague and uncertain authority as to particulars. I have before spoken of the little river Andelle, which, flowing down the charming valley of that name, runs into the Seine. At some distance up this valley, and no great way below the little village of Fleury sur Andelle, through which the most frequented road to Paris passes, is situated the old Chateau of Pont St. Pierre, to whose lord the surrounding territory belonged in the time of the renowned Charlemagne. This Chateau is on the road from Rouen to Andelys, through the Forest of Longboil. The old lord of the domain had one child, a daughter, young and beautiful, and beloved by a young peasant, a serf of her father's. She also regarded him with an affection equal to that which he cherished for her. In those days unequal matches were almost always accompanied by peril, notwithstanding Chancery Courts were not come into fashion. The father, as might be expected, opposed so unaristocratical a connexion; though it is probable that the dread of contaminating seignorial blood by an unequal marriage was not at that time so prevalent as it became a few centuries afterwards among the feudal chieftains of our Williams and Henries. The father, however, in the present instance was doatingly fond of his daughter; and rather than give a flat denial to the match, consented to it upon an impossible condition, or at least upon the fulfilment of one which he imagined to be so. He promised to give his daughter to her lover, if he would carry her without resting to the summit of the hill, above the valley of Andelle, on which the Priory stands :—a thing which he then, and indeed any once since, would pronounce to be utterly impracticable, were the lady the most *petite* and sylph-like of her species. Obstacles in love have, in all ages, but heightened the desire of overcoming them. The youth, nothing daunted, by dint of incredible energy and courage, as well as the possession of no common share of bodily strength, succeeded in arriving at the top of the eminence and depositing his burthen there, when nature, exhausted by the effort, sunk before it. The lover fixed his eyes a moment on his mistress, conscious of his triumph, and then closed them for ever; his mistress died soon afterwards, broken-hearted. The father, too late repentant, thought to expiate his fault, according to the custom of the times, by enriching the church, and erected the Priory des deux Amants, but died of sorrow for the fate of his beloved daughter. That some such incident occurred, is probable from the old seal of the Priory, which bore for an impression the head of a youth and a virgin. Such is the story connected with this place, not more interesting for its natural beauty and the fine views it commands, than for the lovelorn tale attached to it.

At an early hour I retired to rest. After passing through a long and echoing gallery, in which the numerous doors opened from spacious chambers, I was shewn into one for my lodging, of a most gloomy cha-

racter, with dark tapestried hangings, a huge fireplace, and a large but comfortable bed. In the fireplace a cheerful wood fire was lighted, that rendered tolerable the atmosphere and appearance of the apartment. In a niche close by, lay a number of folio volumes of Augustin and the Fathers, which had, no doubt, belonged to the former inmates of the Priory, and from their antiquity would have formed no unacceptable present to the Roxburghe Club. Gratifying my curiosity by tumbling over the leaves of one or two of the volumes, but having no inclination to read these specimens of the "laborious trifling" of men in a dark age, I speedily buried in sleep the memory of my day's travel, all thoughts of the Priory, and the tomes of the Fathers. I arose with the dawn, and finding my way out of the building, while its other inmates were buried in sleep, walked among the neighbouring ruins, as the morning sun broke forth with his accustomed brilliancy. The vegetation yet sparkled with the dews of night, and the morning air put forth a delightful freshness. I fell into a train of thought on the tale attached to the spot, and on the durability of traditions, which so much outlive the manual labours of mortals; those things which are longest remembered, or are of the remotest origin, being rarely the offspring of reason, but generally arising from some excess of passion, which touches the feelings of contemporaries, and is marked by the sympathies of posterity. I seated myself on the spot which I afterwards found to have been a species of skittle-ground, where the monks took their exercise. Below me lay, silent as in the sleep of death, the sweet valley of Andelle, which was peculiarly striking in its appearance at that hour, from the breadth of shade and the effects of the light. There I again fell into that sort of reverie which is natural at such moments, but the thoughts it engendered there would be no novelty in imparting.

The valley of Andelle is a delightful seclusion. Besides its sparkling river and several ecclesiastical ruins, its scenery is of a most pleasing character. A chapel attached to the monastery of Fontaine-guerare, in which the lovers were interred, and which was dilapidated at the Revolution, remains still an interesting ruin, and is carefully preserved by the proprietor. Its sight affords that melancholy and romantic feeling to the visitant, which is always experienced in treading upon ground consecrated by an affecting story or "sweet lyric song." It is immaterial whether the tale which I have related be true or not, though it is most probable there is some foundation for it; but I never felt my faith shaken respecting its truth, when I trod within the supposed precincts. The illusion I experienced there, if the touching history be a fiction,—the nameless charm breathed around the spot, the melancholy meditation upon the past, and certain unutterable feelings arising on the occasion, were worth a world of realities, be they of what kind they may. I shall never enquire if the story be a fiction, or repent, if it be so, the being for an hour or two its dupe. It caused me many pleasing though melancholy sensations, and multiplied associations that are among the most cherished things of life, to one so little enraptured with its gauds as myself. Effects are always of more consequence to us than causes; provided we are pleased and benefited by any thing, of what moment to us is its origin? We have all the good we can receive from it, and to know the remote source of our pleasure, is but to indulge in an idle curiosity, which, whether gratified or not, comes to the same thing in the end.

J.

THE POET'S SUPPER.

Gardez-vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ses vains écrits lecteur harmonieux,
Aborde en recitant quiconque le salue,
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue:
Il n'est Temple si saint, des Anges respecté,
Qui soit contre sa muse un lieu de sureté. BOILEAU.*

MR. BENJAMIN BRIGGS, the junior partner of a thriving Manchester warehouse in the City, had an unfortunate propensity for tagging rhimes when he ought to have been examining piece-goods, knew much more of metaphors than muslins, arranged a distich with more interest than a diaper, and debased his faculties to tropes and similes, instead of giving up the whole force of his imagination to calicos and cottons. Upon the disease first manifesting itself, his seniors gave him the best advice, warned him of the dismal consequences that would inevitably ensue, if he suffered it to get ahead, formally declared that the credit of their house would not allow them to retain any person convicted of so uncivic and anti-commercial an offence, and announced their intention of dissolving the partnership if he abandoned himself any longer to such idle courses. Prudence dictated a seeming submission, but nothing was further from his thoughts than a final renunciation of the Muse. He stole at intervals from the counting-house to Castalia, mounted Pegasus instead of his pulpit-desk, and absconded from the worship of Mammon to pay his secret adorations at the shrine of Apollo. The constraint to which he was subjected at home only made him the more communicable abroad.—He laboured under a perfect incontinence of poetry, pouring his stanzas into every ear of which he could get possession, with such an unremitting copiousness, that his friends took alarm at his approach, and if they could not escape him altogether, generally forged some excuse for cutting him short in the midst of the most inimitable ode, or the very first scene of the most touching tragedy. Some he would slily draw aside upon 'Change under pretext of business, and make the blushing statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, or old Guy, privy to his inappropriate rhimes: others he would inveigle into an untenanted upper box at the play; and just as the ghost of Hamlet was describing how his murderer "poured juice of cursed hemlock in his ear," he would distil his own not less unwelcome strophes into his victim's auricle: while some, again, he would lure away on a Sunday from the Park-promenade into the most lonely recesses of Kensington-Gardens; when, to their great horror and amazement, he would suddenly draw a tragedy from his pocket and discharge the whole of its contents at their head.

All these expedients being exhausted, and a regular audience becoming utterly hopeless, he at last hit upon the happy suggestion of inviting a few acquaintance of approved literary taste to sup with him at his lodgings in Wych-Street, when he might, as a fair set-off for his lobsters, oysters, punch, and port wine, demand their opinions upon a poem which he meant to offer to the Royal Literary Society,

* Boileau here alludes to the French poet Du Perrier, who, finding him one day at Church, insisted upon reciting to him an ode during the elevation of the host.

in hopes of obtaining the Fifty-Guinea prize. "As to attempting to write any thing," said Benjamin to his assembled guests, "upon such a subject as Dartmoor, which was the first they held out to public competition, I could not have bowed my genius to such a drudgery; you all know, gentlemen, what a blundering business was made of the second proposition, the Fall of Constantinople and Death of Constantine; but I have now submitted to their adoption a noble theme—the Capture of Rome by Alaric the Destroyer, and, in the anticipation that they might select it, I have already composed a few hundred lines, upon which I wished you to do me the kindness of offering your remarks with all the freedom and judgment which I may reasonably expect from such approved friends and competent critics." Here he drew a large roll of paper from his coat-pocket, and a blank dismay instantly took possession of every face around him. Each saw the trap into which he had fallen, and each exerted himself to avert the threatened calamity. "My dear Sir," exclaimed Mr. Jibe, "this is so kind of you—I am sure I may answer for all present," (here he thrust his tongue into the cheek which was towards the company, and gave that side of his face a most lugubrious drag,) "that we are perfectly delighted at the opportunity of hearing any of your exquisite verses; but had you not better defer the reading for an hour or so, till the supper things are removed—till we have finished another bottle—till ———." "In fact," interrupted Mr. Quill, "our worthy host evidently labours under so severe a cold, attended with a considerable oppression upon his chest, that I should submit the propriety of his deferring altogether, till a more favourable opportunity, the intellectual treat which he has been so good as to propose."—"O, certainly, certainly," cried the rest of the party; "it would really be an imposition on our host's kindness——happy to take a glass of wine with you, Mr. Briggs—this salad's excellent—capital lobster—famous punch—any one seen the Diorama?—did you go to the new farce last night?"—"Very considerate of you," replied the Poet; "I certainly have a little cold, and we will therefore defer the complete reading till another opportunity; but in the mean time you must allow me just to recite a few select specimens, that you may form some notion of my plan." Objections, pleas, and rejoinders were urged in vain; the inexorable bard unfolded his scroll, and after two or three preliminary hems! proceeded to develope the system upon which it was composed.

"It was my original intention, Gentlemen, to have written in blank verse; but I was alarmed by encountering the dictum of Dr. Johnson, limiting that mode of composition to such as think themselves capable of astonishing, while those who hope only to please must condescend to rhyme."—"There would have been no doubt of your astonishing," interrupted Mr. Jibe, "had you thought proper to adopt that metre: you are really too modest." Mr. Briggs bowed, and proceeded.—"I was moreover anxious to try upon a more enlarged scale than Pope, who, by the way, has egregiously failed, the principle of imitative harmony, of making the sound an echo to the sense, and of introducing a more general resemblance between the vocal sign and the thing signified, which I proposed to accomplish as much by changing the construction of the metre, as by the choice of expressive words. There can be no doubt that, in the origin of language, all terms bore some affinity to what they represented;—there could have been no other

mode or motive of selection in the infancy of the world than in that of individuals. And what do we observe in children? They invariably name animals from the noise which they make, calling a dog a bow-wow, a cat a mi-au, a cow a moo-cow, a lamb a baa-lamb, and a cock a cock-a-doodle doo. This is the primitive language of nature, like crying, laughing, and certain interjections, common to all nations. The cuckoo, pewet, and other birds, obviously receive their denomination from their cry; and what can be more happy than Ronsard's imitation of the song of the Sky-lark:—

> 'Elle quindée du zephire,
> Sublime en l'air vire et revire,
> Et y declique un joli cris,
> Qui rit, guerit, et tire l'ire
> Des esprits emeux que je n'ecris.'

"There are numerous words which as unquestionably have been chosen from their resemblance to the noise they designate, such as rumble, coo, yell, crash, crack, hiss, hoot, roar, murmur, simmer, and the like. It is true that ideas do not admit of an exact echo———" —"Which, however, is no loss to *you*," interrupted Mr. Jibe. "Oh, none whatever," resumed Briggs, not perceiving the sneer that was conveyed, "since, if we admit that

> 'Music resembles poetry, in each
> Are nameless graces which no rules can teach,'

it may be sufficient to remind you, that Handel contrived to express accurately upon the organ that sublime command—'God said, Let there be light, and there was light;' and composed one of the Psalms with so happy a precision, that every separate verse was distinctly recognisable. I see, however, that you are impatient for a specimen of my poem, and I will therefore recite a few lines from the introduction, the metre of which is intended to represent the bustle and animation of a siege.

> Now Alaric's standards are proudly unfurl'd
> Round the seven-hill'd city, once queen of the world;
> The siege is close press'd—round the ramparts are pour'd,
> Gigantic and grim, a barbarian horde,
> Who scowl on the grandeur of Rome with amaze,
> And on palaces, castles, and fanes as they gaze,
> In her strength and her beauty they bid her not trust,
> For her turreted head shall be dragg'd in the dust.
> But the Romans confiding in bulwarks and gods,
> Not an obolus caring for enemies' odds,
> Think the battering-ram a ridiculous flam,
> An assault a mere hoax, and a capture a sham.
> So they giggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff,
> As, for sacrifice meant, does a garlanded calf."

—"Fine! beautiful! exquisite!" ejaculated several voices at once. "Do you observe the effect of the lively metre when I come to express the festivity of the besotted citizens?—'So they giggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff.'—Does that strike you?"—"Oh, inimitable!—an inimitable imitation!" exclaimed Mr. Jibe; "but I do not exactly see how a calf can be said to giggle, and laugh, and dance."—"But it bleats, Mr. Jibe; which, under such circumstances, as it is a pleasurable sound, may be deemed equivalent to laughter."—"Very likely, very likely; you must know much better than I what a calf means, and what

sort of sounds it makes."—"Then, as to dancing," resumed the Poet, "what says Pope?

> 'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy reason, would he *skip* and play?'

Now, though I object to the word *riot*, since there is no such mighty excess in a leg of lamb with mint sauce, or a fore-quarter with asparagus, you see he makes the animal skip, and if a lamb may skip, surely a calf may dance." "I sit corrected," cried Jibe, bowing with an air of burlesque conviction.

"In the following passage I have endeavoured to delineate the deep stillness and repose of the night that witnessed the assault.

> Drowsy Tyber lagging laves
> The city walls, its winking waves
> One another scarcely pushing,
> With low-breathing hushing gushing,
> Till the whole stream with muffled head
> Lies stretch'd asleep within its bed."

"The best place it could possibly have chosen," cried Jibe. "Zooks! Sir, you must have written that passage under the direct inspiration of Morpheus, and ought to be crowned for it with a wreath of poppies. You were full of your subject when you set about it. It is a perfect soporific—an absolute opiate, so somnolent and lulling that—yaw-aw-aw!—excuse me, but I cannot pay you a greater compliment than by showing how completely I sympathise with its influence:—Yaw-aw-aw!" Mr. Quill took up this note as soon as it was relinquished by Mr. Jibe; Mr. Snake succeeded; Mr. Ferrett followed, and Mr. Briggs had recommenced half a dozen lines with the words—"Dread omens," and been as often interrupted by an audible gape, before he could proceed with his recitation.

> "Dread omens, inauspiciously reveal'd,
> Announce her fate—the city's doom is seal'd."

"This is nothing," resumed the minstrel, "nothing whatever to my description of the clash of swords, the clank of armour, the rolling of the machines, the groans of the wounded, the cymbals and shouts of the victors. Talk of music—of the Siege of Belgrade, or Steibelt's Storm! I will give any man one of Tomkison's grand pianos with three pedals, and will undertake to beat him by language alone, so stimulating the imagination through the ear, that the whole scene shall become as visible to the eye as if I had painted it upon a white wall. I do paint in fact, only dipping my tongue in picturesque words instead of my brush in representative colours—that's the whole secret! But you shall hear the effect of my explosion when Alaric sets fire to the train of gunpowder."

"Gunpowder!" ejaculated several voices at once; "surely that's an anachronism: have you not got the start of Friar Bacon some five hundred years or so? and will not the critics blow you up with your own combustibles?"—"I little thought," replied Briggs with a complacent smile, "that such a company, 'fit audience though few,' would have forgotten that Milton introduces artillery some thousands of years sooner."—"Egad," quoth Jibe, "so he does, and Alaric doubtless took the hint from the blind bard. You see, gentlemen, 'It is not Homer nods but we that dream.' Now for the explosion, but prythee have mercy upon our persons."

"Pray observe," resumed the Poet, "the gradual rolling down of the thick walls, the *écroulement*, as the French call it—

"The ponderous walls that circum-rock—

(how do you like that compound epithet to express rocky solidity ?)

The ponderous walls that *circum-rock* the town,
Slow crumbling, stumbling, tumbling, rumble jumble down."

Now mark the difference when a lofty tower falls with a sudden velocity and clutter.

Heaved by the writhing earth the towers creak, crack,
Then with a crash slap-dash, smash helter-skelter whack!

The tide of risibility which now "burst its continents," overwhelmed the astonished bard. In vain did he attempt to proceed; every effort was quashed by a quotation of his own last line, repeated in every possible variety of accent, gesture, and intonation; and when Jibe procured a momentary silence, he undertook the defence of his friend with an irony so solemn in appearance, and at the same time so ludicrous in intention and effect, that the merriment became more obstreperous than ever. As their host repeatedly emptied his glass in the heat of his poetical furor, some of his company as regularly re-filled it, until he alternately hugged his defender with a maudlin fondness, and hurled defiance at the others with all the vociferation of an irritated and punch-inflamed poet. Jibe fostered his animosity by burlesquely arraigning the bad taste and delinquency of his assailants, and a scene ensued upon which we deem it prudent to drop the curtain, contenting ourselves with stating, in the concluding lines of a well-known song,—

"Then a quarrel arose, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake we'll not mention what past,
Derry down, down, down, derry down." H.

PUBLIC PROMENADES.

A CHURCH without a steeple, a turbot without shrimp-sauce, the Chancellor without his wig, or any thing of that sort, which (in Shakspearian phrase) is "but half made-up," and that, too, "lamely and unfashionably," is to my fancy no unapt illustration of a city without a public walk. This is a solecism rarely met with on the Continent. Our *terra-firma* neighbours have always, indeed, been remarkable for their solicitude about embellishment, to the occasional oversight of usefulness and solidity. "All ruffles and no shirt" was in former times a homely though expressive by-word on the subject; and even in our day we may observe the Genius of Decoration rather presiding over than ministering to the efforts of French taste.

Thus, in their buildings, the frieze and entablature frequently keep no measures with the humbler pretensions of the edifice; the blazonry of the equipage, and heavy gilding of the harness, leave no chance of competition to the merits (whatever they be) of the vehicle or the horses; and a small harmless-looking sub-lieutenant, of tailor-like aspect and shabby uniform, puts his weazen face out of countenance by enormous mustachios, and hides his diminished head beneath the portentous disproportions of a huge cocked-hat. We may trace this ambition of show, this ornamental obtrusiveness, in almost every thing French, from the pomposity of their tragedy, to the *bouquet* and ever-sounding whip of a country postilion; and from the gaudy glare of their pic-

tures (putting truth and nature to the blush), down to the flourishing bow of a *petit-maître;* or to that ultraism of flounce and frill, which shows off to such advantage the light and graceful figures of their pretty women.

I may, perhaps, incur the reproach incidental to most theorists, of attempting to deduce all the phenomena of a system from one favourite and fundamental principle, if I venture to refer the taste for public walks in France to the national turn for embellishment. But, whatever be the cause, certain it is, that with few exceptions their towns are far better supplied than ours with *boulevards*, gardens, *allées*, and esplanades. Most of them, indeed, would be sadly "shorn of their beams" if suddenly bereft of these decorative adjuncts, which now cast a redeeming shade over the pitiful neighbourhood of filthy and confined streets; and were they deprived of the pomp and circumstance attending the grand approach between a double row of elms and oaks, they would dwindle into as much insignificance as a country-house of the last century, without the venerable avenue which now more than half supports its claims to respectability.

London itself could ill afford to lose its Parks; and even the spacious flagways of the West-end would be sorry substitutes for the greensward of Kensington. But what would Paris be without its Tuileries Gardens, its Boulevards, and its Champs Elysées; to say nothing of Père La Chaise and the Bois de Boulogne?

"Which is the way to the public walk?" is generally my first inquiry on reaching a town: and whether my mood has been thoughtful and unsocial, or that I addressed myself to the chance encounter of some communicative lounger, I have often had occasion to associate pleasing recollections with the promenades I have visited. They are the privileged and common ground of all idlers; a very amusing sort of persons, who, if they be their own enemies, are for the most part courteous and friendly to others, and never look thunderstruck if asked a question or offered a pinch of snuff by a stranger. By the way, though I hate snuff-taking, except an odd pinch or so after dinner, I never travel without a box. It is a much more ready and independent medium of intercourse, in my opinion, than a letter of introduction; and I can trace the acquisition of some pleasant acquaintances—nay, of a friend or two—to a sympathetic sneeze over a few grains of rappee.

In my favourite haunt more especially I have found it useful; and with its assistance have often gleaned, from the solitary occupant of a bench on the "Promenade," more information than some of my travelling-companions have been able to collect after a laborious search at the Town-hall or the Exchange. These latter places of resort, indeed, bear no comparison, for the interest and variety of the company that frequent them, to the public walk.

Is your hobby the theory of population?—here you may estimate the ratio of human increase by noting the little groups, that never fail to chase their whirligigs and ply their gambols in this safe and sheltered spot:—a more pleasing text to me for such speculations than the Essay of Malthus, or (with respect be it spoken) the Swedish Tables themselves. Do you seek beauty?—here you may pass as it were in review the fair part of the community, from the budding flowerets of the boarding-school (whose prim countenances and sober uniform would almost betoken a young sisterhood of Nuns, but for the arch smile that

occasionally plays over the former, like the gay sash that enlivens the latter,) to the full-blown maturity of matron promenaders. Are you a politician, an antiquary, or poet?—here you cannot fail to meet some congenial loiterer, ready to assist in adjusting (hopeless effort!) the balance of power in Europe, to explore Herculaneum, or to give you a canter on his Pegasus, till perchance you are not sorry to dismount.

My readers will, I trust, by this time give me credit for some practical knowledge of my subject. I heartily wish, for their sakes and my own, that other writers would only make themselves as conversant with what they attempt to treat of as I am with most of the public walks in Europe: having been in the constant habit of strolling in the "Park," lolling on the "Terrace*," loitering on the "Prado," lounging on the "Corso," &c.; besides having incidentally malled on Malls, paraded on Parades, and described semicircles on Crescents, in innumerable provincial towns, both at home and abroad, for the better part of the last quarter of a century.

Indeed, my Lord! Sir! or Madam! if while you are laudably engaged in perusing this excellent production, I had the honour of suddenly standing before you, you would, I am persuaded (if not over-flurried by the apparition) remember to have seen me somewhere;—classing my countenance, perhaps, among those eternally-familiar faces, which like immemorial sign-posts never fail to meet you, the very morning of your arrival, at Cheltenham, on the Steine at Brighton, at the Assembly-rooms at Bath, at Court, at Lloyd's, at Almack's, or on 'Change. Yet, on comparing notes, we should probably find that we had met at none of these places; but on the public walk at Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, or the Hague.

Apropos of Holland. I know no country which could so ill dispense with its public walks. With us they may by some be considered as elegant superfluities; for if Italy be called the Garden, England may as justly be termed the Park and Pleasure-ground, of Europe. Its sloping uplands and pleasant vales present an unbroken succession of rural beauties, which woo the lover of Nature from the rectilinear monotony of the "Promenade," to the wilder and more varied charms of an extended landscape. But in Holland the Sylvan Deities are much more coy; and intrench themselves behind so many drains, dykes, and sluices, that I defy you to pay your court to them without a pair of mud-boots, agility to clear twenty feet at a running jump, and in case of a *faux pas*, the resource of swimming or a cork jacket.

For my part, after getting swamped in two or three attempts to come up with Dutch picturesque by steeple chace, I was fain to content myself with the more sober recreation of sauntering on the legitimate domain of all steady walkers:—not unlike the rejected suitor, who, being compelled by some inexorable beauty to say with rueful emphasis, "It must be so!" very sensibly adds, "Plato, thou reasonest well!"—and seeks in the tranquil intercourse of friendship a balm for disappointed love.

It was in such a tone of serene and *Platonic* feeling that I visited for the first time that beautiful improvement near the Hague, which forms the demesne of the Orange-zaal, or Palais-au-Bois. It happened to be on a fine Sunday evening towards the close of Autumn. As the chime

* A well-known walk in the Tuileries Gardens.

of the vesper-bells died away, the whole population of the Hague poured out to enjoy the Sabbath recreation of the Promenade; and dispersed themselves through these magnificent grounds, where the full-grown trees stand clustering their tufted heads (like a knot of portly Burgomasters), or, receding from the eye, form sweeping vistas which lose themselves in a rich back-ground of forest scenery. Here again the sylvan phalanx is broken by pleasant glades, or smooth canals, arched at intervals by rustic bridges, and communicating with a superb lake, that winds beneath a canopy of foliage throughout the entire extent of this fairy scene.

The whole thing was a thousand times more to my taste than Hyde Park, or Kensington Gardens, or even the brilliant Tuileries themselves. It was less artificial than any of them:—undisturbed by the din of carriages, the annoyance of dust, the glare of sunshine, or those uncongenial obtrusions of city reminiscences continually forced on us in the above-mentioned promenades, by the architecture, the equipages, the mingled sounds, and the very atmosphere around us. In this lovely park, on the contrary, you may fancy yourself a thousand miles from the trammels and turmoils of city life. Nature is not here frilled, and clipped, and curled into a city coquette. She breathes as free and fragrant as in her own vale of Campan, or her still lovelier solitudes of Killarney. In a kindred feeling of unconstraint the company broke into irregular groups, and seemed to move about in a spirit of enjoyment unknown to the dull and formal columns that turn out with the regularity of rank and file to inhale their hebdomadal quantum of Hyde Park air. They recurred to my mind under the image of an immense school, marshalled like the Blue-coat boys for the sober recreation of an evening walk, but restricted under the penalty of a flogging to the prescribed order of march. Following up the association, I bethought myself of the chilling damp which the tolling of the half-hour bell, the confined limits of the play-ground, and above all, the obnoxious vicinity of the study-room, have often thrown like a wet blanket on the delights of cricket, fives, or football; and contrasted those dreary misgivings with the triumphant feelings of liberty and emancipation which never failed to consecrate the glorious remembrance of a holiday, spent in the unconstrained riot of nutting, trout-catching, bird-nesting, or squirrel-hunting.

In like manner the hoarse voice, smoky breath, and gloomy countenance of old London, must often, methinks, like the portentous intrusion of an angry pedagogue, conjure up the unwelcome images of tasks, duties, privations, and flagellations in perspective. It is the vast workhouse, in which every member of the community, from the statesman to the postman, and from the general to the man-milliner, has his allotted labour; and the Park, like the play-ground, is too near the scene of coercion, not to check the joyous oblivion of restraint, which is the very essence of recreation. You are, in short, but a remove from the study-room, and within hearing of the half-hour bell.

But the elysium which encircles the Orange-zaal is unmarred by any such importunate associations: the illusion of rural beauty is complete; and the whole scene recalls that *manière d'être*, which must be dear to the remembrance of those of my readers who have indulged in the schoolboy delights of nutting, trout-catching, bird-nesting, and squirrel-hunting.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.*

It was long ago remarked, by as shrewd an observer of life as ever looked on it, that if any man would fairly and honestly write the history of his own adventures, he could not fail of making an interesting book. Our author seems to be of a similar opinion with respect to story-telling. He writes down what he has seen—what any of us who open our eyes can see—and puts it into print. The experiment has succeeded. There are few more agreeable tales; and yet there is scarcely an incident in any one of them which we do not acknowledge *vraisemblable*. The idea of their construction is, we believe, novel in our literature, though common in French: a proverb is selected, the application of which forms the burden of the story. In the first, which has for text, (saving that in this case, contrary to the order of Sermons, the text comes last,) that "*too much of one thing is good for nothing*," details the adventures of Mr. Burton Danvers, a tale of common life, to the life itself, abounding with some most humorous and shrewd scenes and sketches of character. The intrigues of a false friend, in which, however, the author appears rather too severe upon the generally respectable, though certainly, in a literary point of view, not very attractive sect of Methodists, form the subject of the second. But Merton, the third tale, is our favourite. It opens very dramatically, by introducing to us the heroine at once, receiving homage from Mr. Felton, whom we shall leave it to the author to describe.

"Felton was a thorough-bred *Dandy*—and never sure was word so profaned, so misused, or so woefully misapplied by the more ordinary judges of society than this. The uninitiated call a man a dandy who wears a stiff neckcloth, or stays, or whiskers, or any thing *outré*, even if he live in the city, and be detectable in a playhouse lobby, or on a great shining horse with a new saddle, in the park on a Sunday. Never was such a mistake—Felton was *really* a dandy; he lived in the best society, knew every *body* and every *thing*, could distinguish the hand of Ude, even in a risolle, would shudder if a man took white wine after brown game, or port with cheese (after the manner of the ancients). He was the youth who at Oxford woke the dean of his college at two in the morning, to shew him an ill-roasted potatoe, as a slur upon the cookery of the University; he was the man who always left town when the chairmen began to eat asparagus; he was the identical person who was called the late Mr. Felton from never being in time for dinner; he was the being who only saw fish or soup upon his own table;—carriages were named after him;—he had a mixture at Fribourg's, and gave the ton in hats. In short—he was a *dandy*. But with all his grace and sensitiveness, with all his wit and vivacity, Fanny Meadows could not conceal from me—for I watched her attentively—a certain distaste which she felt for the condescension he displayed, in thus pointedly devoting himself to the daughter of a widow lady, who had neither blood nor money to recommend her to the notice of "the curious in heiresses."

In fact, the young lady has already had another choice—whose name, as in duty bound, gives title to the story. Mamma is averse, as mammas will be; and, as daughters will be, Fanny is determined. Merton takes advantage of a tender moment, and carries his charmer off to Gretna Green. A series of most provoking accidents delays the progress of the journey, and embroils both the fond couple and the hasty reader for more pages than are perhaps requisite; the consequence of all which is, that Mrs. Meadows gains time to overtake them, and tear away her

* Sayings and Doings, a Series of Sketches from Life. 3 vols. post 8vo.

daughter, while they were actually on their knees before the matrimonial smith—

> Whose anvil forges chains less hard to break
> Than doth his mumbled rite.

Among the party which accompanied the mother on this unkind mission, is Mr. Felton; and Merton, of course, is filled with wrath against the intruder, whom he defies, in language much more candid than polite. A message is the consequence; but Henry is spared the trouble of fighting; for his second, a choleric Hibernian whom he has casually met at the inn, indignant at the language he receives from Felton during the negotiations for his friend's duel, has made himself principal, called out the dandy, and, with the accuracy of his country in these particulars, shot him, while Merton was asleep, and dreaming of the future encounter. Being thus relieved from the necessity of shooting his rival, he dashes after his mistress, misses her, and proceeds to London. We think our readers will be pleased with the liveliness of the following scene.

"When Harry reached London, he went to Steevens's. The force of habit was strong upon him, and the days of his boyhood came to his mind, whenever he entered the coffee-room of that house, which, before 'Clubs were trumps' in London, or rather when clubs were closed against half-pay officers, parsons without preferment, lawyers without briefs, and clerks without money, was a mighty fashionable place. At present, the innumerable societies where cheap chops, and brandy and water, may be had *by subscription*, under gilded cornices and Corinthian columns, have robbed the metropolitan coffee-rooms of their visitors, and the men who ten years ago were afraid to venture their slender purses into Long's or Steevens's, on account of the expense, now denounce them as vulgar places, in comparison with their 'Clubs,' the chief merit of many of which, to their five or six thousand members, is the cheapness of the *victuals*, and the positive interdiction of tips to the waiters.

"This was not so in *my* time—but never mind, all is for the best: 'extremes meet,' and most abuses cure themselves. However, at Steevens's, whom should Harry Merton encounter, as if by magic, but Charles Fitzpatrick? There he was, as large as life, eating a *fricandeau à l'oiselle*, as quietly and calmly as if Mr. John Felton had been out shooting, instead of having been shot. Astonishment seized the friends—why, it is impossible for me to guess, seeing that since beards grew on their chins, both Merton and Fitzpatrick had invariably lived at Steevens's, when in London; nay, it was in that very coffee-room, after an opera, that their boyish acquaintance had been first renewed.

"'Upon my word, I vow to Gad,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I'm delighted to see you, I've had a mighty handsome letter from old Felton about this unhappy affair, which that same Colonel sent after me, and which I got this morning. It was necessary to have some sort of ceremony,—I'm sure I forget what they call it, something with a Jury, I know,—who sat upon the poor man's body, and they brought in a verdict of——but here—here is the letter. I vow to Gad, upon my honour as a gentleman, I don't clearly understand it, but read it yourself; I know it is all extremely correct, and I'm glad of it for poor Callaghan's sake, who is gone to see his friends, and it would have broken my heart, if I had got him into any sort of bother upon my account.'

"Saying which, he handed over Colonel Musgrave's letter, which merely announced the decision of old Mr. Felton not to prosecute—a determination which (very satisfactorily to Fitzpatrick) he had come to, upon the strong representations of the Colonel, touching the extraordinary degree of insolence, and unnecessary intemperance, the unfortunate young man had displayed, in the discussion with that gentleman, when he merely waited upon him as the friend of Merton.

"'Nothing can be more satisfactory, or soothing under the circumstances, my dear Fitzpatrick,' said Merton, endeavouring to temporize with his feelings.

"'Oh faith,' said Charles, 'as for its being satisfactory, I was determined it should be that, if you mean the meeting; and as for the result, I'd be sorry if I didn't lament the man; but 'twas his own seeking, and I vow to Gad, upon the honour of a gentleman, dead as he is, if he were to play me the same tricks as he did, I'd make no scruple in having him out again to-morrow morning.'

"By an arrangement of dishes, the friends contrived to 'come to wine' about the same moment. And Merton found so much pleasure in telling his sorrows over a bottle of claret, and Charles Fitzpatrick enjoyed so much gratification in listening to them under similar circumstances, that they talked and drank, and drank and talked, till the conversation taking that turn, Fitzpatrick insisted on introducing Merton to his sister, a lady of beauty, talent, and accomplishment, (the wife of a Rear-admiral, absent on service,) who would be delighted to make his acquaintance, and give them some coffee.

"Upon enquiring the hour, and desiring the waiter to get a hackney coach, it turned out to be past twelve, a time not well suited, as it seemed to our hero, to pay a first visit to a new female acquaintance. The plan was accordingly changed, and another bottle of claret ordered, to be followed by a *grille*.

"'Faith,' said Fitzpatrick, 'I'd be glad you knew my sister, upon the honour of a gentleman; I vow to Gad she's an uncommon elegant woman, there's no nonsense—no plating, as I call it, about her. I must tell you a great joke we have against her just now: my brother-in-law, her husband—a capital fellow, a countryman of ours—'faith, he took her over to his place in county Waterford—a mighty fine place too—and when she had been living here in England for half a dozen years—and they killed a bullock to feast the tenants, and all that sort of thing—and George, that's her husband—George said to her, 'Kate, my love, I've ordered them to kill a bullock, and I've desired Mahony'—Mahony is his own man—his manager—gone with him to sea—oh, he's an elegant servant!—says he, 'By the Lord we've killed a bullock, and I've desired Mahony to take your orders about it.' 'Kill a bullock, my life!' says my poor innocent sister, 'dear heart! I'm quite pleased at that; I'm so remarkably fond of giblet-soup!'

"'Faith, Sir, that's a blunder she'll never get the better of; but never mind that: she's a kind creature, and I tell you what you must promise me, Harry; you must breakfast with us to-morrow; I breakfast with her, and come you shall, and she'll tell you the story of the giblet-soup herself.'

"'Agreed,' said Harry, his good-humour increasing, and his spirits considerably improving with the wine, 'A bargain—I'm your man!'

"'That's understood:—I'll be delighted,' said Charles, 'to introduce you!'

"And here entered the waiters, with covers hermetically sealed, which being removed, displayed grilled and minced pheasant; bones of sorts; and all the provocatives to appetite, and all the creators of thirst which the Apician dispensary could furnish out.

"In order to meet the demand of nature for liquids, champaign punch was proposed by our hero; a proof that he had already transgressed those rules which prudence formerly, and fashion and custom at present prescribe, with regard to drinking. The lamps burned dim, the waiters looked pale and sleepy; the companions felt chilly; the ticking of the clock seemed to grow louder; an occasional gape from a distant attendant, and a shout in the street, betrayed the lateness of the hour; and at half-past two, Fitzpatrick proposed a plan to his tottering friend, little indicative of his own steadiness.

"'I tell you what,' said the free-hearted Irishman, 'we were disappointed in our coffee, and I am vexed at not having introduced you to Kate; but, I vow to Gad, I know some friends of mine, *female ladies*, who live in Thayer-street, Manchester-square. Oh, and upon the honour of a gentleman, extremely nice, proper, elegant people;—we'll go there, and see if they are at home.'

"'Home!' stammered Harry, 'why—it's three o'clock!'

"'What of that, now?' said Charles. 'What's the clock to do with it? Wait awhile, now, and come with me:—I'll just shew you two elegant people—at least, I know where they lived last season, and they never move. Come, will you come, Harry?'

"'Any where, gallant Trojan,' said Merton. 'Any where, all's one to me; I'm exceedingly happy—and vastly thirsty:' saying which he seized and applied to his pale and parched lips a huge jug of small-beer, which some injudicious waiter had left on a side-table.

"'Tut tut, man! what's that you are doing?' cried Fitzpatrick.

> 'When port and claret 's gone and spent,
> 'Then table-beer 's most excellent!'

warbled out Harry, who had lost sight of every thing in the world except the two lamps in the coffee-room; but, as if to compensate for his blindness to other objects, he was fully convinced he saw four, and sometimes six of those!"

The lines here put in Henry's mouth were in reality spoken under similar circumstances by Porson, whose devotion to the jolly god was notorious. It is a pity, that so merry a sin should be so unfortunate, for it cost the professor his life, and our hero his mistress: of all the unlucky places in the world that he could be taken to, the place blundered on by Fitzpatrick was the most unlucky—it was Fanny's lodgings. He staggers drunk into her presence; and she, as becomes a young lady who knows nothing of the wicked propensities of young gentlemen, is of course shocked, and mentally rejects him for ever. *Pour comble de malheur*, she sees him next day doing flirtation—the most innocent in the world, but gall and wormwood to a mind already ill at ease—with Fitzpatrick's dashing sister in the Park. He is forbidden her house, and returns to his father's.

The old gentleman, after the requisite lecture, favours his views, and promises his co-operation: but, sad to say, drops dead of an apoplexy, leaving a mystery hinted at in the most convenient time possible for carrying on the story; indeed it was beat to a stand-still but for it. As it is, we go on most merrily. Harry gets introduced to Lord Castleton's family—and sees Kate Etherington, a protegée of my lady's. She is beautiful, attractive, accomplished, coquet, and all that. It scandalizes us to say it—but the story goes on to tell how he falls in love. A *contretems*, as usual, puts it into his head that Fanny has left him for another. Mistake after mistake, in the manner of novels, convinces him of it; and he marries Kate partly through love and partly through spleen. He is married but two days when a letter from Fanny arrives, full of old love and renewed confidence. She never forsook him;—falsehood had been at work; she knows not of *his* marriage, and is still ready to accept his hand. What is he to do? The resolution is soon formed. He pretends to his wife that he has business in Liverpool, and flies to meet Fanny at Southampton. He explains, and they are miserable *quantum suff.* In the mean time, a former admirer of his wife, Sir H. Lavington, sees him on his journey;—informs against him to her; and the consequence is such as may be apprehended from a professed gallant, and a jealous and unprincipled wife. That night witnessed Kate's disgrace and Merton's dishonour.

Merton returns, unconscious of what has passed, and is severely upbraided by his lady for duplicity, but succeeds in appeasing and carrying her off to his patrimonial cottage, which is burnt just in time

to give him a full view of the conflagration. To comfort him, however,—we speak as bachelors,—his wife elopes with Sir Henry. A series of misfortunes here begins to set in on the unfortunate hero. His house has not been insured. He takes a bill on a firm which stops payment. A post in Melville Island, which he has been, rather prematurely in our opinion, promised by Lord Castleton, and on which he calculated somewhat sanguinely, is not to be had, Government being terrified by the Opposition out of making places in that valuable colony. He is cheated in money borrowing. An action which he brings against Sir Henry for damages, utterly fails; the lady's ante-nuptial infidelities, of which Merton knew nothing, and his own post-nuptial negligence, being fully proved; and finally he gets suspected of the murder of Lavington, and tried for the crime. For this charge the foundation is his having accidentally slept in the same room, while in the village of Lowestoffe, the disappearance of Sir Henry in the morning, and the well-known fact that he had too much reason to be angry with him. Many minute circumstances also make against him; his defence is lame enough, and he is sentenced to be hanged. This is, indeed, a climax of misfortune.

It would be unfair to all readers of novels were we to add another word. We may barely hint that he escapes, and is retaken in the next chapter. How often have we not cursed the reviewer who told us all the story beforehand, and took away the delight of unravelling the mysteries of the *dénouement*.

The chief defects of these tales are, first, a decided leaning against all persons holding liberal opinions in politics, who refuse to bend the knee to the Jaggernaut of Toryism. The pictures of Sir O. Freeman, vol. I. and of Merton's judge, vol. III. are quite unfair. We object also to the short snapping of the dialogue, which is amusing in farces, but in compositions of a higher order, troublesome enough. And if, as some think fit to report, the characters drawn are meant for actual *individuals* now existing, we must look on that too as a defect, for the personages of novels should represent the *species*. But we must say that the charge appears to us quite unfounded—certain we are that nothing can be less true with respect to some names most confidently mentioned. In industrious hands any book may be made personal. We all remember how ingeniously such an operation rendered the Whole Duty of Man the most scandalous chronicle in the world.

FROM THE GERMAN.

For a Catch.

CASSINI, that uncommon man,
In vain Heaven's azure depth doth scan,
New stars in it to see:
The reason's plain—he pores, and thinks,
And pores again; but never drinks
His wine like you and me.

We know far better; we can sit
Astronomers midst wine and wit
Without or toil or trouble;
And then, when through our glass we pore,
New stars we see ne'er seen before;
And, hark ye friend, I'll tell thee more,
We see each old star double.

ADVANTAGES OF ATTEMPTING THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE ROUND THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, &c.

[We have been favoured by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R. N. (who is recently returned to England from a pedestrian journey into the remotest parts of Asia) with the following observations on "The Practicability of a N. W. passage round the Continent of America, and the probable advantages of attempting a passage from the N. E.; also, with Ideas suggested by the present ineffectual Mode about to be adopted by the Land Expeditions, for tracing the American Polar Coast; with a Plan for the more successfully ascertaining the Northern Boundaries of America."]

Three voyages have been made to attempt a N. W. passage into the Polar Sea, but not one has been made from the N. E. That the latter is less difficult to accomplish than the former, is the opinion of many, if not of most maritime persons, who are, of all classes, the best qualified to give a correct judgment on the question.

One of the reasons, indeed the only one assigned, for persevering in the N. W. passage is, that the vicissitude of climate to be passed through before Behring's Straits can be reached and the voyage commence, would endanger the health, if not disqualify the crews from accomplishing their object. For my part I would rather undertake the command of an expedition round Cape Horn to Behring's Straits, than one *via* Lancaster Sound, or by any inlet from this side of America. The lives and healths of the crews are, doubtless, of paramount consideration; for, if they are cut short, there can be no successful result expected from any expedition. So far, however, from the crews suffering in health, I maintain they would benefit from the long voyage; receiving, as they might, fresh meat, vegetables, and every assistance necessary, as frequently as they offer, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, from Europe to Cape Horn, and from Cape Horn to Kamtschatka. It is a spirit of impatience, then, which confines the discovery to *only one maritime expedition:* a spirit which, in most cases, would be laudable, having for its object the arrival at the scene of action by the shortest route, and in the least time; but in this case, losing sight of dangers and difficulties, and the improbabilities of ultimate success from unreckoned obstacles. If the lives of the people are a *paramount* consideration from this cause, there is no less chance of their health being affected upon a *return from Behring's Straits round Cape Horn to Europe*, than *vice versa:* because, after having been wintering for two or three years in the Frozen Sea, they will feel more difficulty in withstanding those tropical heats which must attend them the whole of the return voyage. During summer they must quit Behring's Straits, in summer they must double Cape Horn, and in summer they must arrive in Europe. There is a great difference between a warm-blooded man encountering a cold climate, and a person of chilled blood encountering a tropical climate: the former can always keep himself warm by exercise; the latter cannot keep himself cool in any manner. I speak from experience.

Having stated the only weighty argument for a N. W. passage, or, more properly speaking, against a N. E. passage—for the results of the three expeditions afford no ground of reasonable hope that any maritime expedition will ever succeed from the Eastward—I will advert to those which seem to point out a N. E. passage as the more likely to produce the solution of the problem of whether the continent of

America can be *circumnavigated* or not. The first argument which I will adduce in its behalf is, that we are certain that Cape Prince of Wales in Behring's Straits is a part of the continent of America, as are also Cape Lisburne and Icy Cape, in spite of Kotzebue's Sound, (of which Captain Kotzebue has given less information than Russian maps of nearly a hundred years old.) It is the knowledge of this important fact which makes the prosecution of a voyage along the coast of America from the Westward likely to be successful. It must be a consolation to those engaged in an enterprise of this kind, to know that they are coasting or sailing along Continental land, where relief in most cases would be at hand; whereas from the Eastward we do not know where to prick for a passage.

The prosecution of a voyage by Behring's Straits is still more entitled to a favourable attention, when it is considered that we know of a half-way house, as Melville Island may be called, and an outlet from the Polar Sea into Baffin's Bay. Why not let a ship push for Melville Island from Behring's Straits? If she succeeded, the task would be accomplished, although such ship should be obliged to return the way she came. A ship might also get so near to the Island as to send a pedestrian expedition to it during the winter. There may be field ice, nay, perpetual ice, West of Melville Island; but it by no means follows that such ice is so unlimited in extent as to preclude the possibility of approaching within a moderate distance of that Island; and even if it did, the same impossibility of penetrating it would subsist from East as well as from West.

If it be determined to follow the coast of the continent of America, according to the plan of the last voyage, and never to depart from it but in case of necessity, then, certainly, Behring's Straits is the point to *commence* and not *finish* at. Whether Greenland, the land South of Lancaster Sound, the land about Repulse Bay, or any other lands in that part of the world, are joined, or independent of America, we know not for actual certainty; but, as Captain Burney has truly said, twenty expeditions failing on this side of America will be insufficient to ascertain that there is no passage. It is only by actually accomplishing the passage that the question can be set at rest.—Whereas if a vessel can reach Melville Island, or near it from Behring's Straits, there will be no more to do, in the maritime view of the case. This side of America, from what has been discovered, presents a series of straits, gulfs, inlets, channels, and sounds, which ever perplex a naval expedition. These, too, are the causes of tides and currents, which tend yet more to bewilder it. A current, a tide, or an eddy, may set up and down a channel, or inlet, and be the means of inducing an expedition to change its course for the worse.

Another, I believe, most unanswerable argument for a N. E. expedition of discovery arises from a due consideration of the known course of the currents. Every expedition which has been sent from this country up Baffin's Bay, Davis's Straits, Hudson's Bay, as also that under Captain Franklin, has noticed the perpetual currents setting from the Polar Basin into Baffin's Bay; Captains Ross and Parry found them upon the first, as did the latter on his two last voyages, at the rate of three and four miles per hour. If this be the case, *why oppose the stream?* It must certainly more endanger the ships and crews, besides prolonging the voyage. I believe there can be but little doubt that from Hudson's Bay to Lancaster Sound there is an endless variety of channels and

straits, which must form currents; and the more numerous and contracted those channels are, the greater the difficulty to stem them. It is, indeed, miraculous how the ships have been so often saved from being dashed to pieces, crushed to atoms, or run down by icebergs, from thus unnecessarily sailing in opposition to the stream.

Upon the other side of America we have the voyages of Cook, (or more properly of Clerke,) of Kotzebue, and, lastly, of the Russian expedition under Captain Vasillieff. Currents were found by these three navigators setting to the North, N. E. and E. N. E. The voyage of the latter is, however, more in point: the commander of that expedition told me at Kamtschatka, that so strong was the E. N. E. current, after his fast-sailing sloop had got round Icy Cape thirty miles, that he was afraid to continue, lest he should not be able to get back, considering, as Captain Vasillieff did, that it would be imprudent, if not dangerous, to winter upon the North coast of America, separated from his consort; the latter being employed in surveying the N. E. coast of Asia. There was a clear open navigable sea round Icy Cape, and nothing seems to have prevented a continuation of the voyage but the unfit state of the ship, the absence of the consort, and a want of provisions. The ships, too, had been already absent two years and a half. All authors, all judges, all persons who have made enquiries upon the subject, admit of a current setting from the Pacific into the Polar Sea, by way of Behring's Straits, as well as a current from the Polar Sea to the Atlantic Ocean by way of Baffin's Bay. Is it not, then, more reasonable that a ship may do that *with* a favourable current which she cannot do in an opposing one? Wherever there is a current, there can a ship go; nay, I would recommend poor Shalauroff's mode of getting along,—let the ship be made fast to an island of ice, and as long as a current continues she will go safely; for an island of ice will surely take the ground before a ship. The first expedition sailed under Captain Ross, and is supposed to have failed from not going *up* Lancaster Sound. The second failed from having entered Lancaster Sound, and, therefore, the plan was changed; the third failed from the same error as the first; and the fourth may fail from the same error as the second. Seasons vary and change so much in so high a latitude, that it is impossible to calculate on success with any chance of certainty. Who would ever think of beating a ship from Port Royal, Jamaica, to the Island of Antigua, in the line of middle latitude between those islands, against a perpetual trade wind and westerly current?

To sum up with respect to maritime expeditions, there are two ways to make the attempt *in one season*: either to push direct for Melville Island, or round Icy Cape: the difference of the courses will not vary four points. Should either of these fail the first season, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the ships are safe: they may winter in Kotzebue's Sound, or even round Icy Cape, and the commander may dispatch a letter to the Tchuktchi, who would forward it to the Kolyma. The expedition might also during the winter be employed to great advantage, either in surveying Kotzebue's Sound, round Icy Cape, or even some of the interior part of America. The currents observed by Capt. Franklin, and strengthened by the drift wood being *always* to the Westward of the head lands, prove beyond a doubt that no Western current ever takes place. The clear open sea observed by Capts. Franklin and

Vasillieff in nearly the same latitude, is also a strong testimony for the passage by Behring's Straits being the more preferable. I will therefore close here what relates to the circumnavigation of America, and begin with those which may be more properly termed the *circumtrudging* of America.

The expeditions preparing for Captains Franklin and Lyon will, no doubt, be provided with every thing that is necessary, not omitting baidares, dogs, nartes, provisions, guides, attendants, doctors, medicines, tents, instruments for scientific observations, besides those more immediately necessary for making the common observations of knowing where they are. All this may appear very well upon paper, but I very much doubt whether the officers composing such expeditions are or will be better off by being too much hampered and loaded. The greater the quantity of things sent with a land expedition, the greater the sacrifice of them. The more numerous also the party composing it, the more likely is it to fail; while the perishing of a part must dispirit the remainder. Too much science seems to be aimed at; let the rough pioneer be sent in the first instance, he will smooth and render more easy and agreeable the task of the scientific gentleman. Let those only undertake an exploring expedition who can resist hunger, cold, and fatigue, with impunity. Let them not be, as they have been in such cases, encumbered with chronometers, sextants, telescopes, electrometers, barometers, thermometers, &c. Let them be provided with a gun, powder and shot, an extra quantity of provisions, warm clothing, tobacco, hatchets, and those things which are paramountly necessary: a good quadrant, and a better watch and compass, are alone necessary to an exploring party; afterwards, when the way is clear, let the Observatory at Greenwich be taken, if it be practicable.

There are many other arguments why a number of individuals are incompatible with the safety or success of a land expedition of discovery. The extra quantity of provisions which are necessary to support them; the limited means of the country through which they pass; the different capabilities to resist the evils attendant on exploring a barbarous and inhospitable country; the different passions by which a number of people are animated; the difference of their characters and tempers; the melancholy results of land expeditions in consequence; the want of order, discipline, and obedience, which must take place when in difficulties and dangers—all these are reasons why an expedition of such a kind should be limited to the smallest number of people possible. For example, I mean that, for Arctic America, half-a-dozen or eight people are enough for any expedition by land, or along the Frozen Sea coast. Such are my sentiments, strengthened by the knowledge that it is the custom of the Russians, who have almost always succeeded in their exploring expeditions, and who, with the exception of the Taimura Cape, have circumnavigated and circumtrudged the North and North East boundaries of Asia more than one hundred and fifty years ago. This fact I do not doubt: the concealment of the knowledge of it from the world, to the detriment of geography, is only to be attributed to the unfortunate circumstance, that till lately such tasks were executed by persons whose qualifications extended rather to performing than describing. During my rambles in Northern Siberia, I have heard of many discoveries and expeditions, which are now only listened to as traditional reports, although I cannot doubt of their truth.

With respect to the projected expeditions of Captains Lyon and Franklin, I think the plan of the former more commendable than that of the latter. Captain Lyon may do a great deal towards tracing the continent of America from Repulse Bay to the Westward, as far as Cape Turnagain. He will, first, I presume, find no difficulty in ascertaining, after he has gained the continent, that it is the continent: the simple circumstance of his crossing the beds of rivers will be an infallible guide, especially when they are considerable; islands in such an hemisphere, unless they are large islands, are not likely to produce rivers. Having once gained the continent, it should be his business to proceed with as much expedition as possible along the *line of coast*, and not waste his time in exploring inlets or outlets; let him gain the most westerly point that he can, being in a latitude with Cape Turnagain, calculating upon any extra time which his *return* may give him to explore rivers, &c. This expedition may enable him to reach the Copper Mine River, and thus reduce one third of the line of coast from Repulse Bay to Icy Cape.

To explore the second line of coast, that is, from the Copper Mine to Mackenzie's River, I know not whether it is the intention of Government to send any *especial* expedition. I have heard that in the event of Captain Lyon's succeeding in reaching the Copper Mine River he is to proceed to the Westward, and explore as much towards that of Mackenzie as he can. He has, however, quite enough to do if he can reach and return from the Copper Mine River to his ships in one season.

It appears to me a more advisable plan that a party should proceed down Mackenzie's River, and make their way Eastward to the Copper Mine River; and any extra provisions which Captain Lyon might have should be deposited in a safe manner at the mouth of that river, in such a direction as might be mutually agreed upon between Captain Lyon and the person commanding the Centre expedition. Should it be difficult to decide upon what part of the Copper Mine River the depot should be made, let it be made at Cape Turnagain or at Cape Hearne, which bears nearly West from Repulse Bay. At the same time let Captain Lyon leave directions where to find the ships, and promise to send assistance and provisions in a certain line of direction from the ships along the coast. Thus would there be every probable chance of accomplishing a survey of two thirds of the continent of America: and this is the division of labour most befitting the attention of Captain Franklin. His knowledge of the Copper Mine River, and the country between its mouth and Cape Turnagain, renders him the best-qualified person to push the expedition as far as Repulse Bay. Others would have, as it were, to make fresh discoveries. To enable this Arctic expedition with the more facility to reach Repulse Bay, or to proceed and survey the country towards Hudson's Bay, from the Copper Mine River; a depot of provisions should be established at Fort Enterprize, or at Cape Hearne, from Canada, according as it should be determined by the Colonial department by what route such expedition should return.

Of the third or Western land expedition, destined apparently, under Captain Franklin, to explore the Arctic Sea coast between Mackenzie's River and Icy Cape, then to Kotzebue's Sound and the country be-

tween the latter and the source of Mackenzie's River; a great deal may be said *pro* and *con*, but nothing in my opinion can be more likely to render futile the exertions of those composing the expedition than the plan I hear proposed, viz.—that of proceeding to the source of and down Mackenzie's River, then along the Frozen Sea coast to the Westward, as far as Icy Cape and Kotzebue's Sound, and then by a direct return across the country to the source of Mackenzie's River, where people will await them with provisions, &c. This last precaution is the most that can be done to assist an expedition with such an object, unless it is intended to send a ship to Kotzebue's Sound or to Icy Cape for the purpose of assistance. In either of these cases there will be a great error. I would ask, why expose Capt. Franklin to the peril and labour of going *to* and coming *from* Icy Cape? Why not let him start *from* Icy Cape towards Mackenzie's River, and, instead of taking him from resources, let him go towards resources? If the intention of the Colonial department be to explore the country between Kotzebue's Sound and Mackenzie's River, let that be a separate command. Captain Franklin cannot accomplish both, not even if a ship be sent to assist him. The distance and fatigue that must be encountered, are more than can be met by a single party.

Were provisions to be laid in at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, by the exertions of the Centre expedition, upon the borders of the Great Slave Lake, at Fort Enterprize, or any other equally eligible place, then indeed might two expeditions proceed from Icy Cape or Kotzebue's Sound, and reach the place where the provisions were deposited. Thus the supplies intended for the Arctic sea-coast expedition should be placed at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, and those for the expedition across the country on the borders of the Great Slave Lake. By this means there would be no danger of a famine by too many people acting together—the greatest evil to be feared in a country so generally destitute of provisions, except at certain seasons of the year, as Arctic America is known to be.

A party might even be enabled to leave Icy Cape, and, coasting the Icy Sea coast, reach not only the mouth of Mackenzie's River, but, in the event of finding a depot of provisions there, proceed along the coast to the Copper Mine River; gaining which they might ascend it, and receive provisions from a depot which might be formed at Fort Enterprize. The distance between Icy Cape and Mackenzie's River is not so great, but that an expedition, assisted with dogs or rein-deer, might accomplish it during a couple of months in winter; while the period which it would occupy during summer is much more doubtful. Nor does it appear to me a difficult task for one expedition to go from Icy Cape to Cape Hearne, taking the precautions I have suggested relative to provisions being previously placed as before pointed out. By following a plan of this kind, the expeditions would have their labours curtailed at least one half, and consequently completed with less risk and in a less period of time, to say nothing of the decrease of expense. Should it, however, be determined that Captain Franklin shall proceed from East to West, in that case would it not be more prudent to send a ship to Kotzebue's Sound, either to pick him up or resupply him with provisions; or to assist him in reaching that place by sending lookers-out

for him as far as Icy Cape, as well as preparing the inhabitants of Icy Cape and Kotzebue's Sound for a visit of the kind? If Capt. Franklin should still prove capable of renewing his discoveries or surveys, let him start from Kotzebue's Sound to the Eastward for the Slave Lake or Fort Enterprize, refreshed and invigorated as he would be after a short rest.

To conclude, I would propose that Captain Lyon should proceed to Repulse Bay with a ship, and in the autumn of the first year, by means of canoes, send forward a supply of provisions, in the direction at which he proposed to gain the continent of America: having reached which, he should proceed as far as he could along the continental line from cape to cape, and bury or secure provisions to be used hereafter, going only so far as to enable him to return to the ships without touching upon such parts of the provisions as might be intended for a future store: in other words, he should bury one day's return for every two days out, independent of the future surplus. I would not recommend any provisions for the ultimate expedition being buried until the canoes had reached the continental lands, because the intervening distance can be supplied in the early part of the winter by the assistance of dogs. This canoe expedition might be enabled to reach half way to Cape Turnagain, thus leaving provisions prepared for that distance. In the month of March or latter part of February they might leave the ships in their winter-quarters, and with facility gain Cape Turnagain, burying there such surplus stores and provisions as could be spared for the assistance of the expedition which should proceed down Mackenzie's River to explore the country between that river and Cape Hearne, and to enable them to reach the expedition in Repulse Bay, or to return to Canada. This would finish the Eastern and Centre expeditions.

The third, or Western expedition, I propose, should depart from Icy Cape, the distance between which and Kotzebue's Sound having been previously provisioned in the same manner as I have noticed in the last paragraph in the expedition under Captain Lyon. Nothing can prevent them from reaching Mackenzie's River and returning to the ships if necessary, or even continuing their route to Fort Enterprize, especially by the aid of a provision-depot at the mouth of Mackenzie's River; probably the former would be the better plan, inasmuch as it would enable the commander of the ships to return to Europe. The distance between Icy Cape and Mackenzie's River is about 500 miles, between Mackenzie's River and Cape Turnagain 500 miles, and between Cape Turnagain and Repulse Bay about the same distance. Two of these expeditions, viz. the Eastern and Western, may be performed with facility and without risk, by the help of rein-deer and dogs, or either of them. The Centre expedition, then, becomes the only one for which any very precautionary measures need be taken. The two first expeditions go from and return to resources, while the Centre one is dependent almost entirely on its own. It is for this reason I propose they should go down Mackenzie's River and East to the mouth of the Copper Mine, and thence to Repulse Bay or Fort Enterprize,—or which is nearly the same, down the Copper Mine to the mouth of Mackenzie's River, and, taking advantage of the depot to be formed there, either proceed across the country to Kotzebue's Sound, where ships should await them, or back to Fort Enterprize or the Great

Slave Lake, where a depot should also be formed, as might be determined upon. I propose this plan, because the Centre expedition may be materially assisted by the other two expeditions. Captain Lyon's party might make a deposit of his extra stores and provisions at Cape Hearne, while Captain Franklin might make another deposit at the mouth of Mackenzie's River; a supply of powder, shot, and nets, is to be considered as the most material after provisions, and an account of the latitude, longitude, and bearings or direction of the coast. Nor is this all: whichever way it be determined that the Centre expedition shall finish its labours, whether at Repulse Bay, Kotzebue's Sound, or Canada, a party might be sent with assistance for its return from such several places.

To enable me to show that the Eastern and Western expeditions may with much facility render assistance to the Centre expedition, I will draw up an account of the distance which such Eastern and Western expeditions may traverse during one winter, for that I consider the more proper season, whether for the health or subsistence of the parties, or the rate at which they may travel. I have already stated that each of these expeditions should transport by means of boats a certain quantity of provisions, arms, and baggage during the autumn; the Eastern expedition, I have said, may transport half way to Cape Turnagain, and the Western expedition to Icy Cape, or across the country to the Frozen Sea coast in a north-east line, which last would reach half way to Mackenzie's River. Both these expeditions I consider as being in a situation to procure dogs or rein-deer, and the Western expedition enabled to procure both; in consequence of which it would appear more proper that the Centre expedition should proceed down Mackenzie's River, and then East to Fort Enterprize, and thence to Canada. I will therefore suppose that the Eastern expedition can procure sixty dogs, enough to draw six heavy-laden nartes: these nartes upon the following plan will be enabled to go and return 500 miles in fifty days. Sixty dogs can draw 6000 lbs. of provisions at the rate of twenty miles per day, which is 100 lbs. for each dog or 1000 for each narte. They should be accompanied by five natives and three Europeans, two of the whole alternately walking, riding, or governing a narte. Previous to entering upon this journey, it is to be understood that there are 2000 lbs. of provisions in advance half way between Repulse Bay and Cape Turnagain, as also half way between Icy Cape and Mackenzie's River. Those provisions were to be carried by boats in the preceding autumn; and short trips might have enabled the dogs to carry provisions the half of that distance in the early part of the winter, say to 100 miles. I propose that the expedition shall never consist of less than three nartes, thirty dogs, three natives, and two Europeans. The other three nartes will return at the period of time and distance specified.

Each day, at 20 miles, with 60 dogs, and 5 natives, at 4 lbs. each, is 260 lbs. of provision consumed per day. Total consumed in four days, after having reached 80 miles, (allow also 100 lbs. for the return of the first narte) 1140 lbs.

At the expiration of this fourth day one narte with a native should return to the ship, for which purpose he should be supplied with two days' provisions, at the rate of 50 lbs. for each day: he will very easily regain the ships upon the third day, his narte being empty and dogs upon the

scent. Care should be taken to deprive him of the better dogs, in lieu of those which might appear bad. The quantity of provisions remaining, after deducting the 1140 lbs. from 6000 lbs. will prove to be 4860 lbs. Then the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th days, at 20 miles, with 50 dogs and 4 natives, at 4 lbs. per day, is 216 lbs. or 1296 lbs. expended. In this stage of the journey, two more nartes with twenty dogs and one native with an officer should return; to enable them to do which, provisions for seven days will be necessary, quite a sufficient time for ten days outward journey; the quantity of provisions necessary to enable them to return will therefore be 616 lbs. at 88 lbs. a day, which added to 1296 will give a gross consumption of 1912 lbs. to be deducted from 4860 lbs. leaving for the furtherance of the latter part of the expedition 2948 lbs.

It is now proper to mention that should the expedition not have succeeded in forwarding the quantity of provisions during the autumn or beginning of winter, there is still the capability of so doing with the aid of the three nartes which will have returned. I will therefore consider that the expedition can proceed with the 2948 lbs. of provisions from the half-way, trusting to the depot already formed or to be formed, and apprising them that the best dogs will again be selected from the return nartes in lieu of those which may have proved bad. The party will now consist of thirty dogs, three nartes, three natives, and two Europeans. Thus they will subsequently travel:—

	Miles.	Dogs.	Natives.	lbs.	
11th day	20	30 and	3 × 4 =	132	
12th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
13th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132 132	Here bury 1 day's return.
14th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
15th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
16th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132 198	Here bury 1½ days return.
17th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
18th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
19th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132 198	Here bury 1½ days return.
20th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
21st do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
22d do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132 198	Here bury 1½ days return.
23d do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
24th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	132	
25th do.	20	30	3 × 4 =	198	No provisions, but 1½ buried for the return.
	500			2772	
				2948	
				176 lbs. surplus.	

500 miles in twenty-five days, to be returned in the same period of time, allowing 4 lbs. of food to each dog per day.

I have in this table allowed 4 lbs. of food per day; were but 3 lbs.

allowed, the party would be enabled to go 125 miles farther, or to bury near 1000 lbs. weight of food. Should the dogs be enabled to go farther each day, carry more weight, or should the autumnal provision be laid in, then will an expedition be enabled to reach 200 miles beyond the 500 above alluded to, or bury for the use of the Centre expedition 1500 if not 2000 lbs. of provisions; because, in the event of the autumnal supply being realized, the party will take it with them, trusting to the return nartes again to furnish them for the return from the 10th station. Nor is there any allowance made here for bears, wolves, deer, foxes, or fish, which may fairly be calculated upon.

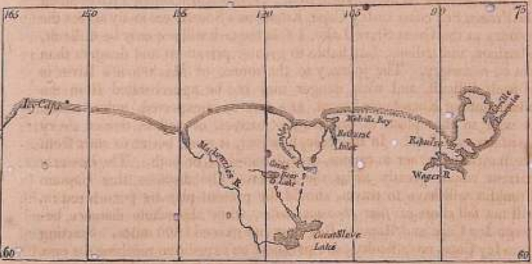
This extra quantity of provisions being buried at Cape Hearne by the expedition under Captain Lyon, for the use of the Centre expedition, let us go to the Western expedition under Captain Franklin. In Kotzebue's Sound there are rein-deer as well as dogs to be procured; I will therefore only encrease the means of conveyance so much as to add a dozen of those useful animals to the sixty dogs before considered, which, averaging each at 100 lbs. of meat, would enable the party to reach not only Mackenzie's but the Copper Mine River, and even farther than that, in the event of the party not burying provisions for the return; because the extra quantity which the dogs could not draw, would be put into saddle-bags across the rein-deer, equal to 100 lbs. each, the quantity they have carried for me at the rate of thirty miles a day.

These are the ideas which my travels in the northern parts of Siberia and in the peninsula of Kamtschatka, have suggested; they may appear very confused and uninteresting to a great number of people. I am however of opinion that the system of burying provisions will be of great benefit to any expedition which will have to return by the same route; such, for instance, are those which I have denominated the Eastern and Western expeditions: unless the route of the latter be changed, to proceed from West to East as far as the Copper Mine; in that case there will be no necessity for so burying. If, however, Captain Franklin's expedition should determine on the opposite route, *i. e.* down Mackenzie's River along the Frozen Sea coast to Icy Cape, Kotzebue's Sound, and lastly across the country to the Great Slave Lake, I fear the task will not only be difficult, laborious, and tedious, but liable to greater privations and dangers than can be necessary. The journey to the source of Mackenzie's River is of itself difficult, and what danger may not be apprehended from the inhabitants of Kotzebue's Sound, at a visit so unexpected, unless a ship be sent to that place to prepare the natives, as well as render every assistance possible? In this case, however, it were better to start from the Westward, either in canoes, or with rein-deer, or both. The Easterly current would greatly assist the former. The distance that Captain Franklin will have to travel, should the present plan be persevered in, will not fall short of *four thousand miles*, while the whole distance between Icy Cape and Repulse Bay does not exceed 1800 miles. Starting from Icy Cape, no difficulty can exist about an expedition reaching the one, if it is supposed *possible* to accomplish the other; and if the boundaries of Arctic America be the only object of such expeditions, then is a Centre expedition useless. Captain Lyon from the East, and Captain Franklin from the West, will be found quite qualified to perform the duty in one year.

Whether it be the intention of His Majesty's Ministers to fit out more than one maritime expedition, is a question they alone can solve; the present economizing system probably prevents a desire of the kind being gratified. If so, it is not improbable that other nations may step forward and deprive us of that credit which ought alone to belong to the first maritime country in the world; a country which should be so jealous of her naval ascendency as hardly to permit others to attempt that which she had not previously executed. There are several competitors for the honour of circumnavigating America; their exertions should not be too much contemned. The two last Polar Expeditions, sent by the Russian government, have done much, and that much under very disadvantageous circumstances. On the N. W. coast of America, the Arctic expedition under Captain Vasillieff passed to the Northward as well as to the Eastward of where Captain Cook reached; while the Antarctic expedition under Captain Billingshauzen, performed the circuit of the globe in a finer style and in a higher latitude, than the immortal Cook. If our maritime attempts are to be confined to one direction, and that direction within a tract from East to West,—then I think, and so do thousands, that not only will other nations circumnavigate America before us, but we shall not circumnavigate it at all.

This parsimony in limiting the number of expeditions, this constancy of perseverance in only one line of direction, and the general want of that enterprising spirit which distinguished our commercial ancestors, induce me to call upon the speculators of the day to save us the humiliating stigma which will be cast upon our maritime reputation, should others succeed in doing that which we are barely attempting.

J. D. C.



THE BAPTISM OF THE BELLS.

"I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers."—ADDISON.

"WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grêve," says the old song; and according to the same authority we may conclude, that who has e'er been at Versailles, must needs know the Cathedral of St. Louis, though it may not be of the same universal notoriety to English visitants, that, during the period of revolutionary madness, its spacious and handsome interior was not only converted into a public corn-market, but four of its bells being suspected of having royal epigraphs engraven upon their surface, and absolutely convicted of being worth a considerable sum of money, were dismounted from the belfry, to the great dismay of all good Catholics and sincere admirers of "triple bob majors." The two that were left, albeit sadly disheartened by the loss of the companions with whom they had so often rung the merry chimes of gladness, continued, under the pious reign of Napoleon, to invite the good folks of the *Quartier de St. Louis* to come to church or go to be buried, until the happy period of the restoration, when it became distinctly audible to all those who had Whittingtonian ears, that they called aloud with their iron tongues for the completion of the restoration in the belfry, by procuring substitutes for their four dethroned sisters. To this affecting appeal the faithful were not slow in reply, especially as the vicar general, the grand vicar, the canons, choristers, and vergers, were all supremely scandalized, ("tantæne cœlestibus iræ?") that they should have only two bells in active service, while the neighbouring church of Notre Dame possessed its full complement. Could the want have been supplied from their own funds, I verily believe there would have been no hesitation in appropriating them to so pathetic a claim; but as they were only rich in good works, fine garments, and sounding titles, it was resolved that a subscription should be opened for the purpose, that the Curé should address a circular letter to his parishioners announcing the fact, and that the *Sœurs de Charité*, worthy nuns so called, and who are always foremost in every work of pious charity, should go round *pour faire la Quête*. In his printed missive the Curé began by noticing, in a bantering strain, the obvious tone of lamentation and ululation lately assumed by the two sisterless bells; proceeded to inculcate, with more solemnity, the imperative duty of restoring the deficient appurtenances of the church; but couched his whole letter in that character of familiar good-humour and even gaiety which accompanies all their religious exercises, and forms so striking a contrast to the austerity, gloom, and mortification of English observances. In their black flannel dresses with white stomachers, white cloth caps with long lappets, and belts round their waists supporting rosaries, crucifixes, bunches of keys, relics, lucky half-pence with holes in them, and other trumpery, the Sisters of Charity went their rounds, collecting with such unexampled success, that according to the accounts of the French, (who, however, are somewhat given to exaggeration,) they have more than once extracted ten francs from a single house, which did not perhaps contain more than a dozen respectable families. Of course the mass of the offerings assumed the less ambitious form of copper, of which humble material a sufficient quantity was collected, after a long and tedious de-

lay, to authorise the casting of the bells. This happy consummation was announced to the subscribers by a little pamphlet from the Curé, informing them that the bells were to be consecrated on the 6th of January 1824, by Monseigneur l'Evêque de Versailles, and named by the King and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême—reciting the inscription upon each bell—giving a short essay upon the spirit of the ceremony and the prayers, and concluding with the following significant passage:—"On ne paiera point les chaises ni les banquettes; mais je ferai moi-même la quête, pour achever de payer, s'il est possible, le montant des cloches et les frais de la cérémonie du jour."

For fear of committing any mistake in so important a matter as the inscriptions, I shall give the exact words of the original, merely premising that they were the same upon each bell, varying only as to the name and the order of succession.—"Je suis la première de quatre Sœurs, qui ont été offertes à Dieu par le Clergé, la Ville et les Paroissiens de Saint Louis. J'ai été bénite par Monseigneur Louis Charrier de la Roche, Evêque de Versailles, et nommée MARIE par Sa Majesté LOUIS XVIII., Roi de France et de Navarre, et par S. A. R. Madame (Marie Thérèse Charlotte,) Fille de LOUIS XVI. Duchesse d'Angoulême; M. Le Bonhomme étant Curé de l'Eglise Saint Louis de Versailles, Vicaire Gal. du Diocèse; M. Lagrolé Grand-Vicaire, Président de la Fabrique; MM. Vaquier, Tardy, Picot, Chauvet, Chanoines et Administrateurs; M. le Baron des Touches, Préfet, M. le Marquis de la Loude, Maire."

After informing us that the second is named Anatole, the third Martin, and the fourth Zoe, the manual proceeds to expound that the Church being in the habit of consecrating every thing dedicated to the service of the Lord, such as the ground upon which the temples are built, the buildings themselves, the vases, crosses, altars, ornaments, images, and even the earth destined to receive our bodies, it is perfectly consistent that the bells intended to contribute to the same end should receive an appropriate benediction. All those who on account of the rarity and more imposing grandeur of this ceremonial, might be tempted to abandon themselves to it in a spirit of mere dissipation and curiosity, are invited to peruse the Latin ritual of M. De Juigné, page 414, de Benedictione Campanarum; but I have not been able to ascertain that a single individual availed himself of this courteous invitation, although every soul in the church appeared to be clearly in the predicament indicated. Having disserted very learnedly upon the spiritual and mystic meaning of these sonorous appendages of the church, which were substituted for the silver trumpets mentioned in the tenth chapter of the Book of Numbers, (which forms the first lesson read by the subdeacon in the ceremony,) the worthy Curé insists that although water, oil, and the holy chrism be employed upon the occasion, it is not a sacrament, but a simple benediction or dedication, the names of saints being engraved upon the new offerings, in order that we may obtain their intercession for us every time that we frequent the house of prayer in obedience to the summons of their metallic namesakes. A burst of loyalty driving the bells and all their sanctities out of the expositor's head, he next exclaims,—"It is delightful to see one of the heirs of the throne and of the virtues of Saint Louis, greater perhaps by his patience and resignation in misfortune than by the glory and splendour of his crown,—to see the

daughter of the Martyr King, the wife of the Hero of the South, of the Pacificator of the Spains, offering conjointly to the Lord these ornaments and precious stuffs as an entire oblation of their persons and property." Reverting to the four iron-tongued sisters, we are then cautioned not to contemplate them as profane objects, but to consider the ablution and aspersion which they will receive from the Pontiff as recalling the purity which we ourselves imbibed in baptism; to view the holy chrism with which they are anointed as typical of the fruitfulness and increase of grace conferred upon us in the sacraments; and the sign of the cross made upon their surface as a reminiscence of our own similar consideration. The incense scattered inside the bell represents the good odour which a Christian ought to spread around him by his virtues; its different chimes and modulations should excite in us an earnest desire to hear the holy airs and divine canticles of the heavenly Zion; and, finally, when its slow and measured toll announces to us the death of a fellow-creature, we should recollect that to-morrow perhaps the same sound may intimate that we have disappeared from the face of the earth, and are expecting mercy through the prayers and suffrages of the brethren we have left behind us. The little address concludes with the order of the psalms to be chanted at the ceremony*, and announces that the bearer will be entitled to a place in the enclosed part of the church.

With whatever earnestness the previous portions of this exhortation were perpended by the good folks of Versailles, the latter notification failed not to excite a deep and lively impression. Happy were they who had subscribed, for to them the pamphlet was duly transmitted; and keen was the mortification of those who had hitherto hugged themselves upon their cleverness in making a point of being absent whenever the dunning Sisters of Charity had gone round with the book of contributions. They thought it was merely for the service of the church; had they been aware it was for an admission to a ceremony, their donation would not have been withheld, for they hated shabbiness as much as other people. It became soon rumoured, however, that tickets would still be given to new subscribers at the rate of a franc for each person: the terms were deemed high, but, as it was recollected that the spectacle was of rare occurrence, the offerings of the faithful continued to drop in up to the very morning of performance. At the moment when the writer was mounting the cathedral steps, M. de Veracques, the governor of the château, who with his lady were to be proxies for the King and the Duchess d'Angoulême, arrived in one of the royal carriages, escorted by the mounted Gendarmerie d'Elite, in their blue jackets with broad crimson facings, yellow belts, pantaloons, and gloves, jack-boots, and enormous cocked hats edged with gold lace. Following in the suite of this august personage, with his admission-ticket in his hand, he was not a little surprised when the Garde Nationale stationed at the gates informed him that he could only enter the church by the *Descent from the Cross*, which after a little explanation he found to be the name of one of the side-doors upon which his book was billeted. Five minutes shouldering and cajoling him to penetrate to the proper entrance, he was admitted into the building, the spacious cross ailes of which were hung

* The 50th, 53d, 56th, 66th, 69th, 85th, 145th, 146th, 148th, 28th. For the consecration, Ps. 76.—Sermon and prayer from St. Luke, chap. 10.

with tapestry, handsome perhaps some fifty years ago, but wearing now a most sorry, threadbare, and forlorn appearance. The company were ranged in chairs upon the pavement, leaving a passage in the middle, up and down which were perpetually passing priests, choristers, beadles, and vergers of every description; "Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers," intermixed with Gardes du Corps looped round the arm with a profusion of silver cord, king's pages with their broad white shoulder-knots falling down to their wrists, and the fur grenadier caps of the National Guard, who were on duty with fixed bayonets, giving the word of command, and rattling their musquets as unconcernedly as if standing at ease upon the Place d'Armes. At the meeting of the cross ailes was a large elevated platform, carpeted, and exhibiting various little thrones for the mayor, the prefect, and all those obscure dignitaries of a country town, who endeavour to obtain by their self-importance some compensation for the insignificance of their offices; and in front of two elevated crimson arm-chairs, were seen the representatives of the illustrious godfather and godmother, suggesting, from the anniversary (Twelfth Day), the gorgeousness of their apparel, and the royal association, that they might peradventure be some gilt king and queen accidentally transplanted from a huge English twelfth-cake.

In the centre of this platform, under a baldaquin or square canopy of crimson silk, edged with broad gold fringe, and surmounted with plumes of ostrich feathers, were suspended the great objects of curiosity—the four sisters, whose sumptuous and tasteful dress justified the words of Ovid—"Non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum." A Parisian milliner had been summoned for their equipment, to the great scandal of the Versaillian sisterhood, who, maintaining their competency to adorn belles of flesh and blood, could not understand why those of metal should be deemed beyond the researches of their art. Mary, as the eldest, was the most splendidly attired, wearing a superb petticoat of embroidered gold brocade, over another of silver tissue, festooned at the bottom, and fastened with white satin rosettes, so as to exhibit the end of the clapper, like a fairy foot, peeping out beneath. Anatole, Martin, and Zoe, were arrayed alike, in plain gold brocade over a silver tissue; and the whole four displayed much more of humanity in their appearance than certain hooped Dowagers who may be seen sideling through the rooms at St. James's on a court-day. The solemnities began with a Latin hymn to the beautiful air of "La Suissesse au bord du Lac;" for the Catholics, like Rowland Hill, see no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes; and none of the customary splendours observed in the grand ceremonials of the church were omitted. Priests without number, and in every variety of costume, enacted their theatrical mummery; little bells were rung, little boys scattered incense, little censers of fuming frankincense were carried to and fro, the bells to be baptised were crossed by the pontiff, and anointed with the *huile des infirmes*, as well as with the holy chrism, until the time arrived for the sponsors to give their answers, when an expedient was adopted which, considering the responsibility they might have otherwise incurred, does infinite credit to the prudence of those august and bedizened personages. A white satin ribbon being passed from the iron-tongue of each bell to the hands of the sponsors, they gave a smart pull every time a response was required, and thus made the

sisters answer for themselves. Mary, Anatole, and Martin, signified their acquiescence by a very distinct and sonorous toll, but Zoe, the youngest, seemed to hesitate, and make very imperfect attempts at enunciation. Some said it was *mauvaise honte*, others surmised that she lisped, a third attributed it to timidity, to which a fourth rejoined that any one might be excused a little alarm who was on the point of being hung up in the belfry: but it was presently discovered that a portion of the silver tissue had intervened between the clapper and the side of the bell; which impediment being removed, Mademoiselle Zoe instantly uttered a petulant and sharp toll as if anxious to shew that she had as good a tongue in her head as any of her sisters. Thrice did each deliver a similar response to as many interrogatories; and if after this public and solemn pledge made before the proxies of Majesty, and in presence of the assembled population of Versailles, they can ever forfeit their words and be wanting to their duty, I can only say that they must have more brass in their composition than even the manufacturer himself is probably aware of.

A sermon followed, in which the metallic sisterhood were apostrophized, exhorted, and dehorted, to all which they submitted with becoming resignation, except for a single moment, when Anatole, in the midst of a most pathetic appeal, sent forth a sudden and dissonant clash. As strenuous endeavours are now making to bring miracles into vogue, this occurrence was at first hailed as a supernatural manifestation, but a moment's enquiry ascertained that it was attributable to the gigantic Swiss Beadle, who had accidentally entangled his foot in the satin ribbon, and jerked out of Anatole's iron jaws that alarming yell. As far as the writer's observation extended, he verily believes that the congregation would have been deeply edified by the discourse, could they have only determined whether Madame de Veracques' veil and lappets were *vraie dentelle de Malines, ou de Bruxelles*; and he is the more inclined to this opinion, because at the conclusion of the ceremony, when the whole assemblage were allowed to mount the platform and walk round the bells, there was not one who did not appear to be profoundly penetrated with the solemnity of the brocade, and suitably affected by the awfulness of the white satin rosettes. H.

SLEEP.

It chanced, that in a certain solitude
Wherein it was my fortune to sojourn,
Sleep overtook me in my wandering,
And at his powerful bidding I did pause
To commune with him after his own fashion.
In accents more of kindness than command,
He bade me yield myself unto his sway;
And I did yield myself: whereat he laid
His hand upon my head, as if in token
That he had power above me for a season.
That touch did, as it were, destroy the life
Which I held heretofore, and in its stead
Another and a stranger being came;
And I did pass from out the visible world
Into the shadowy and silent realm
Peopled with phantom forms and ruled by Sleep.

'Tis said that Sleep is awful—he is so;
He comes upon us, like the shade of Death,
Darkly, and silently, and for a season
He holds the power which Death will hold for ever.
His still commands come forth without a voice,
But all things bow to their omnipotence,
And sink into the silence which he loves.
And then come shadowy forms, which are not life,
But fashion'd as in mockery of life,
And hold a mirror to our sleeping sight,
And whisper marvels in our sleeping ears;
And strange and fitful knowledge comes upon us
In this our living death—as if the grave
Had yielded up its secrets for our use,
Making the past, the present——things forbidden,—
Vengeance,—and ghastly sins,—and guilty hopes
That dwell within the bosom of the night,
Do clothe themselves in grisly shapes, and come
And keep their watch beside the couch of Sleep,
And mutter their dark counsel to the heart.

What things befel me in the fearful realm
Of which I spake, I will essay to tell,
Darkly, and indistinctly, as they came.
I seem'd as seated in a lonely bark
That slumber'd on the bosom of a sea
Boundless and solitary—not a wave
Rippled its dusky waters—not a sound
Broke the stern silence of its deep repose.
I gazed around the far horizon's sweep,
The circle of that strange and fearful mirror;
But nothing might I see save sea and sky,
That met and mingled in their solitude.
Oh! how I long'd once more to hear the roar
Of the dark surges, leaping into life
At the hoarse tempest's bidding—and the cry,
The clangor of the winged wanderers
That dwell amid the cliffs of mine own home,
And make the storm their pastime,—it is fearful—
Fearful and beautiful to watch the strife
Of winds and waters, warring in their fury,
To see the exulting billows, how they spring
To grapple with their viewless enemy;
—And danger is forgotten in delight,
And the rapt mind drinks deep of awful joy
To think how it can view such strife and live.
But the strange stillness of that silent sea,
And dark, yet cloudless sky, smote on my heart,
And weigh'd my spirit down with nameless fears,
And weariness, and sad unquiet longings
After, I cared not what—so it were change.

How long this state did last I cannot tell,
But ages seem'd as though they roll'd away
Without a change, and earthly hopes,—and fears,—
And thoughts, and passions, died within my mind
As through old age, and lack of nourishment,
Leaving it tenantless,—'till it became
As still, and dark, and cloudless as the life
(If life it might be call'd) wherein I dwelt

At length there came a change, and fitfully,
As though they had been borne upon the wind,
Came voices sounding in mine ears—their tones
Resembled not the accents of the earth,
But, tuned in strange and solemn cadences,
Full of command—yet melancholy, seemed
As if they chaunted forth the awful bidding
Of some immutable and fearful power
Before which all things bow'd. Straightway the sun,
As though it had been traced upon a cloud,
Grew indistinct and wavering, fading slowly
'Till utter darkness did envelope me,
Blind and without a star; and then the chaunt
Of the unearthly voices died away,
And all grew still again. For very awe
I held my breath. Darkness and silence seem'd
As though they had enfolded each the other
In an eternal clasp; it seem'd as though
The infinite Creation had expired,
And blind immortal Chaos had resumed
The voiceless empire of the desolate realms
Of motionless and everlasting space.
—Oh what a fearful thought, to be alone
In dark infinity—to see the death
Of life itself—to dwell within the grave
That held the universe—and yet to live!

Again there came a change, and to mine ear,
Low-breathed and deep, and floating from afar
Came the omnipotent tones of which I spake,
In their unutterable harmony,
Like all sweet music melted into one.
Rapt in an ecstasy of fear and wonder
I drank the awful accents, as they rose
With overpowering swell. Swift as a flash
Of lightning, or of thought, the darkness fled,
And all grew light.——Oh what ineffable light!

Abyss of thought,
What have you in your depths that may embody
The rapture of that moment, and the glory,
The unutterable glory of the light
That sprang to life before the thrilling tones
And awful music of that voice of Power!
I have beheld the majesty of Night
Bright with its countless stars—like seraphim
Before the throne of the Omnipotent.
I have beheld the mild and virgin Moon,
Her sweet face shaded with a silvery cloud
That veil'd her beauty, but obscured it not,
Making its light more tender. I have seen
The morning Sun soar upward on his course
Full of immortal beauty; like a god
Exulting in his strength, his radiant locks
Floating upon the bosom of the cloud,
Whose white and shadowy embrace did clasp him;
And darkness shrank before his look of joy;
And all things waken'd into living light;
And Nature's self did cast away her sleep
To smile upon that sight of loveliness.

—I have beheld the lights, that in the North
Do league themselves in glittering files together,
Careering through the sky in awful pastime,
As if in mockery of mortal pomp,
With spear, and shield, and brand, and flaunting pennon,
Fashion'd of fire; and as they speed along,
The awe-struck watcher fancies he can trace
The shadowy coursers with their wings of might,
That bear the dazzling warriors on their path.
—I have look'd forth into the night, to see
The leaders of the fearful race that dwell
Within the bosom of the thunder-cloud,
Cleaving the solid darkness of their prison,
Like spirits of destruction, swift to slay;
And light is in their eyes, whose glance is death;
And speed is in their feet,—the speed of thought,
And ruin and oblivion in their hands,
And in their hearts no pity. I have gazed
Upon their terrible brightness, 'till I lost
All sense of danger in their awful beauty.
—But oh! the unimaginable splendor
Of that immortal light, that, like a flood
Of living radiance, burst upon my sight.—
Myriads of forms of most unearthly beauty
Floated upon the calm and vocal air,
Whose very breath was music—silvery sweet.
—I felt as if all individual feeling
And separate existence were absorb'd
In the eternal loveliness around me,
The life of light of which I seem'd a part.
With deep delight I gazed upon the race
Of which I spake—the dwellers in that sphere;
And soon my watchful eye did rest on One.
Oh! how surpassing, even amid that throng
Of deathless beauty!—When her eye met mine,
She smiled her own sweet smile. Oh! Memory,
Is she not treasured in my heart of hearts!
Did I not feel that well-remember'd smile,
Whose beauty might not sleep within the grave,
Sink deep into my soul! like the long ray
That streams into the darkness of a dungeon,
Gladd'ning the wretched with the light he loves,
Because it speaks of days of joy gone by.
—Eternity had wrought but little change;
Brighter she seem'd than when she dwelt on Earth;
But oh! not fairer. Parted gracefully,
Her dark hair gave to view her ivory brow,
Serene and calm. Still had her eye that light
Of pure intelligence and lofty thought,
Temper'd with maiden softness—grave, yet sweet,
Prophetic of eternity of joy.

—I did essay to speak; an agony
Came fearfully upon me, and I struggled
As for my life. I did essay to speak
At first in vain. At length my voice came forth,
And mortal grief broke in upon the calm
Of that immortal dream. Oh! misery!
Swift as the dark cloud swallows up the lightning,

The glorious vision vanish'd; and the gloom,
The tenfold gloom of night return'd upon me.
Sleep frown'd a withering frown, and with a look
That smote me to the heart—a look of wrath—
Unfurl'd his shadowy pinions to the wind,
And soaring upwards,—left me.

SPAS AND WATERING-PLACES.

We have put to scorn the surpassing wisdom of our ancestors, dim-sighted beings that we are!—we have M'Adamized our turnpike roads, and encouraged stage-coach travelling at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour—we have improved our morals or our police, and contemptuously set at nought the rosinantes and saddlebags of our forefathers—we have annihilated the brave race of highwaymen, who, in more ancient (and consequently better) days, kept the poetry of life in full display; for now robbers and beggars on the roads, those stimulants of the courage and eleemosynary propensities of our ancestors, are almost extinct, and will soon become objects of grave attraction to the Royal Society of Antiquaries. Thus it is to innovate on established usages. The better sympathies of man have now no adequate room for action; no pathetic partings now occur on commencing a journey from York to London, knitting closer the ties of social affection and keeping the best passions in exercise. The member of parliament in Cumberland or Cornwall, instead of making his will and attending divine service before parting from his family at the rookery with secret forebodings, or mounting his horse at the hall-door and proceeding down the long avenue of trees through which the wind whistles in ominous music, (followed by the tearful eyes of his family and neighbours, who stand gazing till he is out of sight, and summing up the perils of his precarious journey,) now enters a post-chaise or a mail-coach, and reaches his destination in the number of hours which it had occupied his predecessors days. How strange that these times are still envied! Yet such is the nature of man, and such is his desire for that which is out of his reach, whether past or to come, that could he recall them again, he would anxiously and foolishly desire something equally beyond his power, to the full as inconvenient and worthless as the travelling habits of his forerunners. These were my thoughts, when, with a small portmanteau in my hand, I proceeded to a coach-office in Piccadilly, undetermined, until I came in sight of it, whether I should go to Bath or Cheltenham.

——————— Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,

and the busy hum of London was beginning to stun the ear. Finding the Bath coach full, I booked myself for Cheltenham, and in five minutes afterwards was fast leaving "the wen" behind me, as Cobbet in his spleen has nicknamed the metropolis. O that my grandsires had seen me bowling along the road at nine miles an hour! how would they have lifted up their eyes in astonishment, and have called upon the parish parson to lecture me, upon my return, on presumption and wicked interference with old usages, while his rosy gills, redolent with fat ale, would have been dis-

tended with horror at my ungracious preference for the new-fangled vehicle of conveyance!

It would be difficult to give a reason why I took this excursion. I fear it is too true that restlessness is inwoven in the temperament of Englishmen; for where are they not to be found——from Melville Island to South Shetland, from Guiana to China, and from China to Cape Verd? But surely he who is cooped in London eleven months in the year, may stand excused for wishing to get an occasional glance at the country, that he may keep up his stock of ideas respecting it, and not forget how a brown moor, a wild hedge, or a green wood, looks. To the native Londoner, who calls a day spent at a tavern at Margate, or Windsor, enjoying the country, it is of less consequence: bred like a canary bird in a cage, he has no true relish but for his prison. This, however, is not the case with a third at least of the present inhabitants of the metropolis, who have not the same locality of parentage; and it is precisely my own. To me the country within ten miles of London never looks like the country. We are perpetually reminded of our vicinity to the great metropolis by some accident or other. There is a cockneyism about it, which he who has been bred a hundred miles off, is sure to be impressed with. Its richness and loveliness have an artificial air, and congregated man encroaches every where upon Nature, and robs her of her wilder beauties. The Oxford road, after passing through Bayswater, is the most rural in character, near to town; and the further we proceed, the more it increases in interest. At Uxbridge and its vicinity, the pellucid streams of water flowing undisturbed through the meadows, offer an additional charm to the eye, after the brooks which flow in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis, turbid as Fleet-ditch or the Regent's canal. About Bulstrode, the road winds prettily, and is charmingly diversified with hill and dale. Beaconsfield recalls the poet of Sacharissa to recollection, and his elegant fancies. Edmund Burke, too, lived near it; and the traveller, who has cultivated his mind, will find no lack of memoranda for pleasing associations. The road to Oxford, the whole way, I prefer to any fifty-mile drive about London; of that from Oxford to Cheltenham, little can be said in praise. After passing "Merrie Oxenforde,"——as it was once styled, when it was the seat of most of the learning and literature England possessed, and when men of letters were a right jovial brotherhood—when the mathematics and classics were not thought all the business of life, and literary men and the fame of the city went forth into all the world. Then wine and wit were blended in the learned and mirthful Walter de Mapes, who could not "make sermons" or "write fasting," and who penned the celebrated Latin bacchanal song. Farewell, old De Mapes! There is as much wine perhaps swallowed by thy successors in "merrie Oxenforde" as ever, as numerous rubicund countenances therein can at this moment testify; but the red potation is taken in sullen silence. There is now no candid praise of the enlivening juice, no confession and praise like thine:—

> "A glass of wine amazingly
> Enlighteneth one's internals;
> 'Tis wings redden'd with nectar
> That fly up to supernals."

But I am travelling egregiously out of the record.—After passing

Oxford, the coachman directed the attention of his passengers to the point where Cumnor is, "that Sir Walter Scott had written about:" he might have heard of Cumnor perhaps from a passenger, though, as he could relate Amie Robsart's unhappy story, it is possible he had read it himself. It is good to hear these and similar allusions among persons of his grade in life. It speaks of the improvement going on among the humbler classes, while it shews the extraordinary hold which the novels of the Author of Waverley have taken upon every character of mind. I long to hear the songs of our best poets chanted by our coachmen, cart-drivers, and watermen; and the works of our best writers familiar to their mouths as "household words;" but it will be works of imagination alone that can become thus familiar. How heart-cheering must it have been, when the "City of the Sea" was in her glory, to hear the gondoliers chant the poetry of Tasso to the beating of their oars! Alas, withering away before the pestilent blast of Austrian tyranny, is the glory of renowned Venice; and her enslaved people are driving back by the stupid Pandour bayonets, into a dark night of ignorance and chains again. It is a consolation, at all events, that we are not getting darker in this respect; and that none who now exist, if our present national spirit prevail, will see us do so.

There is something very pleasing in the first view of Cheltenham: its situation in a rich vale, its clean appearance, and the trees with which it is environed, (the cultivation of trees is too much neglected near all our towns,) combine to recommend it to the sight of the visitant; and if he have resources of his own at command, he will find it pleasant enough for a short time. If he have not, as in all similar places, he will find that nothing can be more overwhelming than the *ennui* which will not fail to attack him, like a *maladie du pays*, within forty-eight hours after his arrival. The inns at watering-places are more than usually agreeable; and in the coffee-rooms, the necessity of a slight intercourse among persons mutually strangers, sometimes generates a species of acquaintance which operates as a partial remedy for the disease. It is true you pay through the nose even for this; but you expect nothing else, and have the luxury of being well waited upon for your money. I like a good inn at a watering-place for a short time; the bells ringing, the numerous lights, the splendid rooms, the pretty chambermaids, and the instant fulfilment of commands, are agreeable things, when one is determined to be easy at any price. After a journey of eleven hours, I seated myself at the Royal Hotel, in a handsome coffee-room, where eight mahogany tables with surfaces like mirrors, and a rich carpet under my feet, intimated that mine host was not wanting in attention to the truly British comforts of his guests. I now prepared to take "my ease in mine inn," dressed myself for dinner, and took my station at one of the central tables. Near me was a gentleman, whom I soon discovered to be a partner in a London banking-house;—a solitary partridge composed his meal, to digest which he swallowed his bottle of port—only "one halfpenny worth of bread" to his "intolerable quantity of sack:" but in fairness, it must be observed, the wine probably ran fifteen to the dozen. He was communicative—had left town for relaxation—did not know whether he should remain where he was, or run over into Wales to see a friend—had a great notion of purchasing a Welsh lake, two or three miles long, with an acre of land on one side of it for

a cottage—had heard such a thing was to be sold cheap, and should much like to have it, as he was fond of fishing, and could spend a month or two there every year—pleaded guilty of never having read Isaac Walton, which led me to conclude that his piscatory talents were little superior to those of the indefatigable artists in that line, who meditate twelve hours on a summer Sunday over the canal in the City-road. At the table immediately opposite where I had placed myself, was one of that class of persons commonly denominated demi-genteel. Having a tolerable knack at finding out characters and professions under similar circumstances, I soon wormed from him that he was a tradesman in Bond-street, able to enjoy, if he pleased, the *otium cum dignitate*. He displayed a strange mixture of ignorance and consequence, with some not unsuccessful attempts at gentlemanly airs. I do not mean the word gentlemanly as my Lord Chesterfield would have understood it, but that bastard species, which the observer may constantly see at Long's or Stevens's. With these two characters the time was easily whiled away until the hour of retiring to rest. John Wesley, I think, observed, that there was no book ever published but some good might be learnt from it; and it is much the same in reading mankind—there is no character but will develope something new to him who makes man his study. It is also an agreeable way of taking lessons; for we learn without seeming to learn, and knowledge flows almost imperceptibly into the volume of the brain.

The first consideration on rising in the morning at a similar place of fashionable resort is, how shall the day be spent. The journey thither has been performed for relaxation; and the idea of reading, writing, or thinking within doors, is out of the question, or why have we left London? The visitant, therefore, usually determines on a promenade, for the purpose of seeing and being seen. I therefore rambled to the Springs, which at times are sadly deficient in the quantity of water on demand; and by no means, in this respect, to be compared to the sweet, retired, and snug Leamington, where there is enough and to spare for bathers and drinkers at all seasons, however numerous they may become. The walks in the shade of the trees at Cheltenham are delightful. The constant residents at these watering-places are made up of a large proportion of card-playing old maids, retiring widows, half-pay officers with a small fortune, and hypochondriacs. These are to be found at all times and seasons, and afford an example how vapidly some of our fellow-mortals pass their hours. Small-talk, cards, compliments, remarks upon the weather, with a sprinkling of scandal that serves to keep the appetite alive for more, perform the same round incessantly, till life's "fitful fever" is over, and one is at a loss to find any reasonable excuse for the purpose of such mere mechanical existence. I know no better sample of what may be called *stagnant* life, than this species of inhabitant of our spas and watering-places exhibits. Existence seems in a state of negation—they look too vacant for any residence but the shores of Lethe—"thought would destroy their paradise"—they seem a forlorn corps, exiled from the mass of the people, high or low; a condemned regiment, kept apart from the army to live and die in inglorious obscurity. The other classes consist of sick visitants, whom the healthy seem inclined to expel from their rightful abodes; and the busy and active inhabitants who draw the means of subsistence equally from all the other classes.

It might naturally be supposed that towns which have grown up under the pretence of pleasure and relaxation, would abound with entertainments, calculated to relieve tedium and increase the charm of society. Such would actually be the case in any other country than ours, where the reverse is really the fact. A starving theatrical company may (if a theatre exist in the place at all) be seen playing before empty boxes, or a few strangers, unknowing and unknown. A ball now and then, where exclusion and stiffness govern every thing, and pleasure is little more than a name, and a promenade on the same given spot, constitute all the amusements to be found in them. A relentless antisocial spirit rules every thing. All look at each other with suspicion. The aristocracy, real or feigned, legitimate or illegitimate, dread coming in contact with the tradesman; and the tradesman often labours to pass for one of the aristocracy, and he often labours so well that he can scarcely be distinguished, except by sometimes overacting his part. Coteries are formed, the members of which imagine themselves the most select and high-bred circle in the realm. The horror of an amalgamation by some of the visitants, even in the streets, with those whom they pretend to despise, is only equalled by the patient's dread of water in hydrophobia. The pretty faces of the girls are taught by their mammas to assume a look of unwonted scorn at the strangers whom mixed company may throw in their way. The silly pretensions of the vain are never so strongly marked as in a fashionable spa; and all the brood of Folly may be seen tinkling its showy bells and strutting in inflated inanity of mind in a manner very different from its appearance in the general run of our cities and towns. Indeed the best entertainment for the idler is to watch their workings, from the brainless coachman-aping peer, to the soap-maker's lady of Wapping. Like fantoccini moving along in the same dance, full of self-pretension—ignorant, but fashionable—coarse in manners, but wealthy—how amusing is it to contemplate such a scene: to view it with all "its gaily-gilded trim quick glancing to the sun," and to read in it one of the bitterest lessons of reason's humiliation, of worthlessness of purpose, that the picture of man's life affords! Let me not be thought too severe; there is much mingled in such a scene that is noble, polite, generous, and affable, from the highest ranks of life to others more humble. It is the *tout ensemble*, the great features of such a scene to which I allude.

I know no species of idleness so painful as that of a stranger lounging from post to post and from street to street, and seeming

"To drag at each remove a lengthen'd chain,"

and that in the midst of a busy population. The perpetual recurrence of similar things fatigues him: he struggles to bear up against the pressure of the wearisome tautology of surrounding objects. The space of time between breakfast and dinner becomes insupportable. The visit projected to endure for two or three weeks is shortened to that number of days, and he returns home surfeited with lassitude, and with the unvarying uniformity of the scene where he had promised himself so much satisfaction and pleasure. Let me advise all persons who have no resources to employ time within themselves, never to visit a spa or watering-place alone, if they have no acquaintance in them, and no introduction to their society; or, if they must do so, to take the unavoidable

ennui they must encounter into account before they set off. The student is always at home in such matters; the philosopher can find sermons in stones; the poet can admire nature, and compose his verses on the sea shore, or under the trees at Cheltenham; but the generality of mankind have not similar resources to fly to, and must, without them, be inevitably exposed to the inconvenience to which I advert. What adds to the evil is, that most of these fashionable places of resort are neither town nor country, but possess the evils of both without corresponding advantages. For myself, I always put up in my portmanteau—my commonplace book and drawing materials, and take care to have a horse at my command at my journey's end; with these and a lounge at a library I pass my time very comfortably any where, when I happen to have no acquaintance in the place I visit. Never did I feel more lonely than once at Buxton, where I happened to sojourn a short time without knowing a single resident. In the wilds of the Peak, while admiring nature, I passed my time well enough; but when I threw myself, as it were, on my species, entered Buxton, and found myself alone in a crowd, as an Irishman would say, I experienced the full misery of the situation. I luckily, however, fell in with a poor devil who seemed exiled from his kind as well as myself. Sympathy drew us toward each other. A coffee-room incident induced the necessity of speaking. We dined in contiguous boxes; entered into conversation; and each was, I believe, pleased with his companion, at least if an unbroken intimacy of fifteen years be any proof of such a point. Neither of us were of intrusive dispositions, and equally little inclined to make the first advances to the other, had we each been at Buxton *solus* for a year. It sufficed, however, that fortune brought about an event which, as often happens in life, neither of us could have foreseen; and I am indebted to that moment for the long and tried friendship of an honourable and clever man, which I shall ever hold in the highest estimation—that of my excellent friend Sir C—— ——.

O.

TRANSLATION OF BERNARDO TASSO'S SONNET

"Ecco scesa dal Ciel lieta e gioconda."

Lo! from her kindred Heavens sweet Peace descends,
 Her gentle hand the welcome olive rears:
Long absent from us—once again she bends
 Her course to bless us and to dry our tears.
Before her, singing, crown'd with joyful flowers,
 Comes the fair shepherdess, who fears not now
The spoiler's outrages or hostile powers,
 But leads her flocks where crystal waters flow—
While bounteous Plenty from her lifted urn
 Sheds her rich gifts on every smiling plain;
Pleasures and Loves (long scared by War) return,
 And dance around her in exulting train—
Earth, sea, and air, confess her lovely sway,
And Echo long repeats "Ah happy day!"

A. S.

A LECTURE UPON HEADS AND UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

> "A creature of a more exalted kind
> Was wanted yet, and then was man design'd,
> Conscious of thought." DRYDEN.

WHICH is the most prolific and inexhaustible—which has the greater capacity—the material, or the intellectual world? If any man, fully competent to analyse this question, should give judgment in favour of the former, I would tell him that his decision refutes itself, confirming the mastery of mind by the very act of its exercise even when pronouncing its own inferiority. It is indeed wonderful, stupendous, overpowering, to contemplate the external world, its planetary system, its various elements, and the infinite diversity of their productions, human, animal, vegetable, and mineral: but how much more astonishing that all these wonders should be condensed and epitomized in the narrow limits of a single skull! Within that little focus of miracles the system of the universe performs its sublime evolutions; all the forms, colours, attributes, and combinations of matter, are classified and arranged as in a microscopic museum; and yet there is space enough left within its diminutive verge for another and a vaster universe—for the metaphysical world, the interminable subtleties of reason, and the whole boundless range of the imagination. From the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, there is an almost innumerable variety of productions in the vegetable kingdom alone, but they require different hemispheres and every variety of soil and climate for their developement; whereas they all grew spontaneously together in the single storehouse of Solomon's head. He knew them all; and yet how small a portion did they form of his general knowledge. The admirable Crichton not only affixed this placard upon the walls of the colleges at Rome—"Nos Jacobus Crichtonus Scotus, cuicunque rei propositæ ex improviso respondebimus," but in the college of Navarre at Paris publicly offered to argue and contend "upon every thing knowable" in twelve different languages, either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant; and after a contest of a whole day against the literati of a whole city, bore off the prize amid the universal acclamations of the spectators. It is difficult to fix the limit of what may be acquired by the human faculties, for we hardly know the exact boundaries of the faculties themselves. Who shall unriddle the mystery of the American calculating boy, a raw uneducated child, whose intuitive knowledge of arithmetic enabled him by some mental process, inscrutable even to himself, to give an instant solution to questions that would puzzle the most practised calculators "with all appliances and means to boot?" It seems to give us a slight glimpse of omniscience when this knowledge flashes upon us, as, when the lightning cleaves the sky, we appear to catch a momentary revelation of the innermost glories of Heaven. Monsters of intellect may have existed in the olden time, and have become extinct, just as the mammoth and the megatherium have disappeared from the animal world; and probably for the same reason in both instances—because such gigantic powers were incompatible with the safety or existence of the inferior tribes. Heaven defend us from a revival of the four-footed visitations; for we have alarming symptoms of a new race of mental Titans. What is the "Great Unknown" but a literary mam-

moth, whose Titanian powers and commensurate voracity have enabled him to swallow up and exterminate a whole generation of inferior novelists and romance-writers? Books seem to come out of his head as Minerva did out of Jupiter's, all ready equipped for the lists; one succeeds to another with inexhaustible fluency, and those who look to any interruption of the stream need be as patient as the worthy rustic who stood by the river-side waiting till its current should have run itself dry. Verily a head like his is in itself an answer to the question with which I commenced.

And yet to what base uses do we often apply this most exquisite and mysterious appendage. Some, converting it into a snuff-box, are perpetually thrusting-in that nasty compost through the keyhole of the nose; some babble it into a chatter-box, wagging their unfatigued tongues like a cherry-clapper to warn the cautious from their premises; and others degrade it into a strong box to hold nothing but title-deeds, mortgages, reversions, and calculations for making money. With Sir Epicure it is a cave of Cacus, into whose mouth whole droves of dainties are made to enter, but which have "nulla vestigia retrorsum," no good things being ever suffered to escape from that dumb sarcophagus. There are gallants, who, knowing the value of what they carry upon their shoulders, shall, for the fair equivalent of a shilling a day, offer their sconces as targets for bayonets and balls, or as butts for sabres; sometimes this most useful piece of furniture serves as a block for wigs, or a peg whereon to hang a hat; and there are grave and reverend signors, who by merely shaking it affirmatively or negatively with the accompanying monosyllable *ay* or *no*, shall not only carry on the affairs of the Nation, but make their own prosper more flourishingly than if the aforesaid excrescence were filled with brains and fraught with eloquence.

Meanwhile there are others, neither few in numbers nor mean in talent, who are incessantly devoting that multifarious engine to the gratification of the public, by multiplying literary productions of every dimension, from the epic to the ballad, adapted to every capacity from the prince to the peasant. Living far sequestered from the great Babel of London and its overgorged vomitory *the Row*, nothing astonishes me so much, when I run my eye down the long newspaper announcements of new publications, as the amazing intellectual activity of England. Winter brings forth its mental crop as regularly, and almost as abundantly, as the earth yields its autumnal harvests. The head must be fed as duly as the stomach, and its voracity is still more insatiable. Booksellers may literally be termed *capital* cooks, perpetually dishing up new dainties adapted to the public taste; and if Osymandyas the Egyptian king were to live in our days, instead of writing over the door of his library—"Medicine for the soul," he might be tempted to inscribe "Victuals for the head." What books, what libraries, what languages, what whole æras of literature have perished since his days, since the period when Job exclaimed—"My desire is that mine adversary had written a book;" and yet what are the works that have been written and perished, compared to those which have been conceived, projected, dreamt of, decided upon, planned, and never written? Few have published, but how many have imagined books; how many in the perpetual fermentation and ebullition of the intellectual facuity have started

ideas which they have resolved to commit to paper and expand, but which have been driven from the memory by new projects, to be left as unrealized as their predecessors. Nothing is to me more interesting than to trace these unembodied outlines, these dim and visionary configurations of uncomposed works, whose "coming events cast their shadows before," sometimes to swell into the subsequent tangibility of actual existence, and sometimes to evaporate into airy nothing. Can any one avoid sympathizing with Milton's proud consciousness of power and difficulty of determinate object, when, after promising to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country, he proceeds: "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." Well might Johnson add, that from a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected "Paradise Lost." In Milton's Latin verses to Manso, Marquis of Villa, whom Tasso in his Jerusalem compliments,

"Fra cavalier' magnanimi e cortesi
Risplende il Manso,"

he indicates his intention of selecting the exploits of King Arthur for his muse. Prince Arthur as well as King Arthur fell subsequently into the very different hands of Blackmore; and the blind bard, "long choosing and beginning late," having at length made good advances in his sacred poem, seems to rejoice that he had not sung the exploits of chivalry, not being sedulous by nature—

——"To describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals."

While, still preserving his proud confidence in his subject, he adds:—

——"Me of these
Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years damp my intended wing
Depress'd, and much they may if all be mine,
Not her's, who brings it nightly to my ear."

Pope, besides many hints and schemes of intended works, has left behind him the complete plan of an epic poem, to be written in blank verse, on the subject of the Trojan Brutus. Dr. Johnson gave Mr. Langton a catalogue of books which he had projected, amounting to forty-four in prose, and five in poetry. Hayley contemplated a grand national poem about King John's barons and Magna Charta. Mr. Coleridge in our own days is understood to be so voluminous an author of unwritten books as to be obliged to keep a copious catalogue for the purposes of reference to them.

"Half of your book is to an Index grown,
You give your book's *contents*, your readers none."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that a mind so richly stored as his should impart so little of its intellectual opulence. His overloaded head is like an overfull bottle of nectar, whose particles, in their contention for preference of escape, do mutually "choke their utterance." H.

TO ——

Return me that salute again,
If thou of such a coldness art,
I value not the trifle—vain
To me, unless with all the heart
Thou gavest it, as first indeed I thought,—
If otherwise, I value it as nought.

I would as lieve a marble lip
In all its icy chilness kiss,
As her's who suffer'd me to sip
And could not feel a mutual bliss,
Whose soft salute is yielded void of sense,
A reckless act of cold indifference.

One, lovely fair as thou may'st be,
That feels no pleasure, but receives
The proffer'd gift in apathy,
Heedless of him who takes or gives,
Never can raise a hope or wish in me,
Or gain an hour my love's idolatry.

What can I think that gift is worth
That to another means the same,
In scenes of passion or of mirth,—
To him who feels or not love's flame!—
How can I trust where nothing to me tells
A preference for one fellow-mortal dwells!

No, lady, I must have a soul
That says, whene'er I snatch a kiss,—
"This is *thine* only, I control
To all but thee the sign of bliss;
And when I give it thee, I secret fling
My heart with its last core into the thing.

"To others I may yield a form
Given but at custom's silly call;
To thee I give affection warm,
The virgin's faith, her love, her all;
And when thine image brightens in mine eyes,
The lifestream quickens, and I breathe in sighs."

Then, lady, take my kiss again:—
The alabaster stone
May beauty shew in semblance fair,
But 'tis in form alone:
There is no life, no passion dwelling there,
And without these beauty is but a snare.

ALASCO, AND THE PLAY-LICENSER.

Untoward accidents, which the most wary calculator of future events could never foresee, occasion frequently the revival of discussions which have at least the merit, and it is not a questionable one, of shewing how sternly every encroachment upon the liberty of a people should be resisted at the outset; and, farther, that uncontrolled power, however moderately exercised for a time, will most assuredly some day or other be flagrantly abused. The illustration of these truths will be found in the recent treatment of Mr. Shee's tragedy of "Alasco," by the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy. Of Mr. Shee personally we know nothing, but his name as an artist and man of taste has long been before us. There is also a higher question involved in this affair than the fate of Mr. Shee's work, namely—whether men of talent shall ever again write for the stage, or the national theatre in future present nothing to the public but the indecencies of such pieces as "The Poachers," or writings of no higher level in literature than those of the deputy-licenser himself. The "insolence of office" was never so unwarrantably exercised as on the present occasion. The licensers of the Bourbons have been outdone in the scrupulous zeal of an over-fawning servility in this country—in England! that so proudly and justly boasts of its generous freedom in other matters; and that, too, at the very moment when the liberal career pursuing by the government on a variety of important questions, is strengthening its own hands, and adding a mass of popular influence to its support. The present may, therefore, be considered the act of a party as forgetful of the spirit that should prompt those holding offices obnoxious to British feeling, as it is deficient in good taste. The best precedent we can find for the conduct of Mr. George Colman the younger, is that of the censor who demurred on the publication of the passage in "Paradise Lost" which speaks of the moon's eclipse, "with fear of change perplexing monarchs." The licenser and his deputy seem themselves to have been moon-stricken, or, as the late Marquis of Londonderry would express himself, to have laboured under an "hydrophobia," at the remotest allusion in tragedy to liberty or despotism, to stars, titles, courtiers, or priests. The passages erased have no relation to any state of things existing in this country—they are admitted truisms, and parallel passages have long been current on the boards. The boys at our public schools must now cease to declaim about Brutus and Tarquin, or Brutus and Cæsar, or Cato and Rome, if this is to be law. No hireling of the Spanish Inquisition could display more of the eagerness of *ultra*-zealous subserviency in office than has been shown in the present instance; tending to crush noble and generous opinions which have been admitted and applauded in all civilized countries and in all ages, however little they may have been acted upon. The erasures, too, of the licenser are calculated to assimilate the English stage to the most strait-laced of those on the Continent; and even to make it descend below many of them, in the avoidance of every topic that may keep alive the name of freedom and lofty and heroic associations. The deputy-licenser seems to have resolved—openly and impudently resolved—that his *ipse dixit* shall govern the British drama, even in generalities; and in the wantonness of his "brief authority," and at the expense of his reputation for common sense, has dared to defy the

public opinion of his country—or the sentiments of men of all creeds and parties in this great nation.

It is not our intention here to notice Mr. Shee's play otherwise than as connected with the censor; the merits or demerits of the poetry, or plot, or of the tragedy, either in parts or altogether, form a distinct subject, and would render this article too copious, and divide the attention that should primarily be directed to the act of "despotism" (we use the word in the teeth of the Lord Chamberlain and of Mr. George Colman the younger) which it involves. It may not be irrelevant, however, to recall to the memory of the reader the origin of the play-licensing act, so liable to abuse in its present state, and altogether so anti-British in spirit, that those who do not recollect how the scalping-knife was originally placed in the hands of the theatrical mohawk may be saved the trouble of enquiring about it. It is to the year 1737, and to the minister who formed the septennial act, which destroyed the ancient duration of parliaments, and opened a wide door for corruption, almost justifying popular interference (for the septennial act was a deed of an *arbitrary* legislature*, which king, lords, and commons had no right to perform at the expense of a great principle of the British constitution,) that the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. George Colman the younger are indebted for their power and the public for the ingenious display of intellect which has been exhibited on this occasion. That minister, instead of enlisting men of talent and principle on his side to resist literary attacks by fair weapons, invited, among others, miserable renegadoes, who had no principles at all, and who were deserters from the ranks of his opponents, a circumstance not without a parallel in later times. When he found, as must always happen, how futile and contemptible the efforts of such men were, and how little they could operate on the nation, he determined, as far as possible, to avail himself of "brute force," the *ultima ratio* of corrupt and incensed power. A manuscript farce (called the "Golden Rump") was presented to him by the manager of a theatre, as having been offered for representation, though it had not been performed, and most likely never would have been, being of a most abusive and even seditious character. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Too many shots had been fired at the minister from the stage for Sir Robert Walpole to pass it by. The embryo farce was produced in the House of Commons as the text for a copious philippic upon the calumny, malice, insolence, and sedition of the theatre where it had never appeared. An act, which had no doubt been ready prepared, was rapidly passed, vesting play-licensing in any "Noodle" or "Doodle," whom accident or interest might place in the situation of Lord Chamberlain; of course presuming that official to be always qualified with the literary discrimination, independence of mind, and strict impartiality, which the better order of British noblemen ought to possess. To these qualifications there is unfortunately no "royal road"

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* The difference between "a *supreme* and an *arbitrary* legislature," to borrow a phrase of Junius, is, that an *arbitrary* legislature might annihilate the constitution which is the common parent—a *supreme* legislature could not abrogate its great principles. An *arbitrary* legislature, acting in corrupt union, might abolish the elective principle entirely, for example, and dictate an absolute monarchy—a *supreme* legislature governs only by the great constitutional principles, an invasion of which may justify the interference of the people.

for nobles or plebeians; and a deputy, supposed to be duly qualified, has usually been appointed to take the active duty of the office. Considering its obnoxious character, it has, on the whole, been pretty fairly exercised until the Duke of Montrose and his deputy, Mr. George Colman the younger, commenced a new career in its duties. It should be observed, that, at the same time with the play-licensing, a monopoly of theatres was established by Walpole, more pernicious to the true interests of the drama than the licensing duties have *until now* been. Edifices of dimensions too large for an audience to hear and see with effect, have introduced mummeries and melodramas, and prevented a pure theatrical taste from being cherished for the higher walks of tragedy and comedy, in which alone the rational part of the public might seek amusement, while smaller theatres dare not play the pieces of Shakspeare or Sheridan. Before these alterations, effected by overbearing power, the theatre was as free as the press, and managers were punishable for offences, as libellers are now, by fair legal process. The present licenser, or rather the licenser's deputy, will no doubt be as strict in regard to moral allusions, as he has been in what he unfoundedly, and uncomplimentarily to his own government, thinks political ones affecting its character,—or what else can he mean? Thus the frail sisterhood in the lobbies will be disappointed in their expectations of finding the delicate graces, and rich *double entendre** of Mr. George Colman the younger *en scène*. They must expect no fresh excitements to their chaste loves from that quarter, but return with heavy hearts to their watchful couches, or console themselves at home with his past lucubrations.

We do not impugn the Government in the present business, for the members of it well know that there has been no disposition shewn of late by dramatic writers to indulge in offensive allusions. We should not animadvert on the licenser who erased passages that admitted of politico-satirical construction, this being the real object of his official existence, his essential vocation. But there is no trace of such in the play which has been so insolently treated. It may be doubted if even the fanatic Freyssinous, the foe of free literature and free opinion in France, would have sanctioned all the excisions of Mr. George Colman the younger, when their general nature and the situation of the characters are considered. There is a degree of proper feeling in managers and in the public, which would not tolerate coarse attacks upon an authority; and any worthy of importance, having that bias, are not likely to be often made. The present is to be looked upon as the act of the Lord Chamberlain and his deputy alone; but it certainly does become higher authorities to prevent such flagrant abuses of the licensing power from again occurring, especially as Parliament is beginning to encourage the polite arts. We expect no repeal of the present law, because, right or wrong, it confers power; and power once conferred is rarely ever to be withdrawn. Some check to the stupidity, servility, and bad passions of a licenser should be formed, or some mode of appeal established, even if it were to the ministers themselves. Mr. Canning or Lord Liverpool, on perusing the present castrated tragedy, would be the very first to smile and condemn the censor's conduct. Indeed he seems to

* *Vide* his published works.

have mystified himself in refusing the repetition of truisms that are now used on the stage in dramatic performances, or have been anxious to shew that he would not admit such where he thought he should by such showing exhibit his zeal. Can it be that the deputy and his master are determined to commence a new era as to the stage*, and contribute their modicum to stifle all lofty opinions in the drama—crush high and noble sentiments, a belief in which has in all ages constituted the very essence of public virtue—and labour, as far as their means will allow them, in debasing the character of the theatre? His Grace of Montrose (whose ancestor so sternly opposed the bringer in of the licensing act), having determined to support his deputy, must share the odium of his conduct. He volunteered chivalrously in his defence (like his ancient namesake of the north for the Stuart), but the want of power in his weapons and his deficiency of skill in their use, renders his assistance of little or no service to his Sancho Panza. In the epistle † to Mr. Shee, a lasting testimony of his Grace's refined taste and lucid style of composition, it would have been politic, though less generous, had he declined giving his own highly discreet and forcible opinion, and simply stated that he considered himself bound by his deputy. What can his Grace mean by the phrase "*at this time*," &c. the tragedy should not be acted? To what tremendous state mystery does he allude "*that may not strike authors*," but of which the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. George Colman the younger are in possession? Perhaps Mr. Shee, (who is we believe of the sister kingdom), in his literary shortsightedness, did not observe the effect his tragedy must produce, if acted in Ireland, upon the enlightened followers of Captain Rock—he

* That the monopoly in the drama is to be sustained, we may judge from the Lord Chamberlain's refusal to license French tragedy and comedy under any restrictions. When *free trade* is established, we ought to have a *free Theatre*. Every thing that will keep knowledge alive or spread it further, should be tolerated. The dramatic works of Corneille or Racine are as moral as the best of our own. The French theatres too (in spite of what some allege respecting the people) are far removed from the unblushing profligacy exhibited in ours; while our national character is more lofty and respectable—a strange anomaly, proving the effect of similar restrictions, which should extend farther, as the French do, or wholly cease. The pedlaring spirit of the manager appears through this refusal; it may be presumed it was not the Lord Chamberlain's own act. Must our literary entertainments and fine arts for ever smack of the spirit of managers and of shopkeepers!

† The Literary Gazette justly observes that "His Grace either wants time or a deputy in literary matters." Let our readers judge.

"Sir—Thinking Mr. Colman a very sufficient judge of his duty, and as I agree in his conclusion (from the account he has given me of the tragedy of *Alasco*), I do conclude that at *this time*, without considerable omissions, the tragedy should not be acted; and whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive that it is precisely *for this reason* (though it may not strike authors) that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an Examiner appointed, and power given to the Chamberlain of the Household to judge whether certain plays should be acted at all, or *not acted at particular times.*‡

"I do not mean to enter into an argument with you, Sir, on the subject, but think that your letter, conceived in polite terms to me, calls upon me to return an answer, showing that your tragedy has been well considered.

"I remain, Sir, with esteem,
"Your obedient Servant,
"MONTROSE."

‡ We have not read this act. Does it really confer this monstrous power? After being licensed, we had imagined any piece might be performed. Woe to our best tragedies under the *new regime*, if this be the law!

did not calculate what tithe-proctors, "what district *despots*" might fall, were Alasco performed in Dublin or Cork—how Sir Harcourt Lees might be thrown into fresh convulsions by the mention of his favourite orthodoxy, or Sir Abraham Bradley King forced to the remotest recesses of his stationery warehouse to invoke the "glorious and immortal memory," and strengthen his spirit for martyrdom, on hearing any "question the high privilege of (Orange) oppression." Mr. Shee, too, had forgotten the English radicals, who would have collected warlike stores again in the foot of an old stocking, and with fifteen ounces of gunpowder have threatened the existence of a mighty empire, notwithstanding the free trade and diminishing taxation of Messrs. Robinson and Huskisson and the conciliatory disposition of Mr. Canning. How could they resist the hope

——— To rescue from the oblivious grave,
Where tyrants have combined to bury them,
A gallant race, a nation and her fame!

Even the ghost of Thistlewood, like that of the defunct Dane king (O profane comparison, Mr. Colman!) might have crossed the Covent-garden boards, and inflamed the audience at the delivery of such a passage! At "*this time*," too, when *Louis le Desiré* reigns in peace over France and Spain, and devours his *pieds de cochon* undisturbed by the eagle of Elba, and when this Bourbon has succeeded in virtually destroying elective rights among his people, and is become absolute again! When Austria and Prussia, like our county gaolers, sleep tranquilly amid fetters and dungeons, secure in the tenacity of their iron! Above all, Mr. Shee did not recollect Russia and her armed million, whom his tragedy would inevitably call from Covent-garden boards into Poland to quell the sentiment that "'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression," thereby disturbing the present wholesome state of the Holy Alliance; or, as a lawyer would say, having a tendency to disturb it, which is exactly the same thing in law! Profound foresight of the licenser and his deputy! Let authors admire it in silence, and bow with all humility to their statesmanlike sagacity, as these objections were not likely "to *strike*" them! Thus the stage will, by and by, try its best to make us all that servility can desire, or the servile heart of the licenser regard as the mirror of true fealty.

Mr. Shee has very truly stated (whatever the merits of his tragedy may be in a literary view) that it does not contain "one sentiment, moral, religious, or political, of which an honest subject of this empire can justly disapprove, or which any *honourable man of any party* should be ashamed to avow." The plot and incidents belong to another time and country. In future tragedies, however, a Brutus must not invoke his country's liberty, according to Mr. George Colman the younger. A King of Denmark, who is an assassin, must not have his dignity prophaned by another Hamlet's calling him unworthy names. A Richard the Third must not be styled a despot, for having mounted to the throne by means of private assassination or treachery and open bloodshed, doubtless to prevent offence to Alexander of Russia and Ferdinand of Spain, in the licenser's opinion. To him another tragedy of Cato would be downright sedition. Every epithet that can be directly or indirectly applied by the dramatist to designate the tyrant, or the slave that licks his feet—to lash unhallowed power, or its minions, riding

audaciously on the necks of nations, however remote the era described, is forbidden under pretence that at this time it is improper, "though it may not strike authors." The priests too seem unlawful game in the sight of Mr. George Colman the younger, at least in tragedy: whether in his wisdom the rubicund friar may retain a place in comedy is a question still; but as "gentle dullness ever loves a joke," there is yet a chance for the brotherhood in that department. Mr. Shee has quoted "Venice Preserved" and other pieces at present on the stage, that contain stronger passages than his own play. He might have quoted a hundred such, licensed by preceding censors without a scruple, but *they* were no doubt unfit for their duty. The present licenser stands the Abdiel of crawling sycophancy, faithful to an unrequired abjectness of purpose, and an unnecessary officiousness in his calling beyond example. He will not suffer the breath of Heaven to visit too roughly the Dagon of tyranny which he sets up and adores in his own imagination. He draws a circle of protection around his idol and the crimes of its worshipers, with the sanguine ink of his official pen, and dares the dramatist to trench on the charmed limit. But let us take a review of Mr. Shee's delinquencies—those passages which are to work "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" in the licenser's view of them, bearing in mind that the characters and events are imaginary, and the scene in a remote country. The first red ink obliteration blots out the following mischievous passage:—

> What little skill the patriot sword requires,
> Our zeal may boast, in midnight vigils school'd;
> Those deeper tactics, well contrived to work
> The mere machine of mercenary war,
> We shall not need, whose hearts are in the fray,—
> Who for ourselves, our homes, our country fight,
> And feel in every blow, we strike for freedom.

This would, no doubt, have caused a second Cato-street conspiracy!

> Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe, nor should be;
> The ground is mined beneath them as they tread,
> Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies;
> Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake
> Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.

The tendency of this to involve us in a war with more than one of our holy allies is clear and palpable!

> Those chains his nobler countrymen have broken
> On their oppressors' heads,

was doubtless designed for Prince Mavrocordato and the Greeks, and might embroil us with Turkey! It is, too, most wickedly put into the mouth of a character supposed to be English-born. The next and fourth erasure is doubtless intended for the same rebellious people, who presumptuously dare to "question the high privilege of oppression" on the part of the "legitimate" commander of the faithful. The mysteries still concealed in the bosoms of his Grace of Montrose and his deputy, are the causes that will justify to the letter the other excisions, no doubt! We can only observe respecting them, that, perhaps the eighth and thirteenth were struck out from an apprehension of their effect on our slaves in the West Indies; and the tenth for fear of offending persons a little nearer home.

5.

If there were some sland'rous tool of state—
Some taunting, dull unmanner'd deputy—
Some district despot prompt to play the Tarquin,
And make his power the pander to his lust.

6.

But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine?
No. When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power 's a whip of scorpions in the hands
Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburthen'd back
Of honest industry, the loyal blood
Will turn to bitterest gall, and th' o'ercharged heart
Explode in execration.

7.

With all a soldier's prejudice to priests.

8.

But must we shake his chains,
And make them rattle in his recreant ears,
The slave is roused in vain.

9.

Now,
Our private injuries yield to public wrong,
The avenging sword; we strike but for our country!

10.

To brook dishonour from a knave in place.

11.

No, no, whate'er the colour of his creed,
The man of honour's orthodox.

What a flagrant attack on our holy religion!

12.

Our country's wrongs unite us.

13.

Will ripen to resistance—long oppression
Will prompt the dullest actor in his part.

14.

When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well,
Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.
May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one!

15.

Before what bar
Shall hapless wretches cite the power that grinds
And crushes them to earth? O! no, no, no!
When tyrants trample on all rights and duties,
And law becomes the accomplice of oppression,
There is but one appeal.——

16.

What! is't because I live and breathe at large—
Can eat, drink, sleep, and move unmanacled,
That I should calmly view my country's wrongs?
For what are we styled noble, and endowed
With pomp and privilege?

17.

For what, thus raised above our fellow-creatures,
And fed like gods on incense, but to shew
Superior worth—pre-eminence of virtue!

To guard with holy zeal the people's rights,
And stand firm bulwarks 'gainst the tide of power,
When rushing to o'erwhelm them.

18.

'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression;
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
And self-defence to strike at an usurper.

Horrible political blasphemy, Mr. George Colman the younger!

19.

Had fear, or feeling sway'd against redress
Of public wrong, man never had been free;
The thrones of tyrants had been fix'd as fate,
And slavery seal'd the universal doom.

20.

Each patriot hand may grasp a goodly sword,
And try its temper on our country's tyrants.

The erasures amount to twenty-nine in all, but the foregoing are a fair, full, and ample specimen of the most *atrocious* of them.

Such are the sentiments to be withheld from the stage, according to the new licenser of plays! Such are the heinous doctrines which an author in a free country has dared to repeat, after the example of his predecessors in an enlightened age—at "this time" too, when there are such mysterious reasons for their suppression. We advise Mr. George Colman the younger,—if he be inclined to continue his opposition to common sense, to outrage again popular opinion, to try his strength a second time against the knowledge and information of the country, to labour once more, as far as his means will allow, to obscure and even blot out entirely those sentiments that excite the noblest and most chivalrous feelings,—to pause ere he proceed. Let him reflect, that what he imagines a reform is a vile abuse of power; that his *kou-tou* prostration before the graven image of despotism, so dazzling his frail faculties, may fit him very accommodatingly in his character of courtier, because the world cares nothing whether Mr. George Colman the younger knock his forehead against the palace-floor of its "celestial empire" nine or nine thousand times; it may also suit the Holy Alliance, by whose maxims it has been squared, but it will not do in Great Britain, on the part of one who ought to be an impartial arbitrator in his station in what belongs to our most valued and instructive amusements. If he persist in his ill-judged career, he will richly merit disgrace, and, we will venture to affirm, will be burthened with no small portion of it. In that case, every dramatic author who feels a proper pride, who is worthy our high literature, uniting principle and talent, will scorn to write for a stage so degraded as that of England will be, and its decline must inevitably follow. For our own parts we should little think we had fulfilled our duty to our fellow-subjects and to the interests of the drama—we should feel a great deficiency of gratitude for the support we receive, did we not animadvert thus severely, but justly, upon the most extraordinary and unnecessary exertion of Anti-British officiousness in a licenser which has ever happened. Thank God, the press is free; and when such ill-judged and unprovoked outrages are committed without shadow of an excuse, it will unite all who wield the pen of every political party (as it has done in the present instance) in the loudest reprobation of the act.

It will do more; it will, we will not say, shame the spirit that can so insult public feeling,—that may not be possible,—but it will brand it with lasting obloquy. Let the licenser beard the united opinion of the country if he choose, by persisting in his present course—let him go on into "second childhood's night" and drag the stage after him into obscurity; his conduct shall not sleep with him in forgetfulness, but, like that of the Ephesian incendiary, be "damned to everlasting fame," for the singularity and flagitiousness of his offences. Y. I.

THE PIRATES' SONG.

Unmoor our bark upon the wave—
The wave, our vessel's home;
And we will steer her stiff and brave,
Far in the salt sea-foam.

Unmoor our bark upon the wave—
Come, steady hearts and bold!
All eager the dull land to leave,
Her lofty prow behold:—

Her lofty prow that shall defy
The tempest and the shore,
And bear us far as winds can fly,
Wild in the Atlantic's roar—

To hail the yellow Chinese man,
Or Afric's sable race,
The Moor or tawny Indian,
Or give the merchant chace.

We are a band of iron souls
No fear can ever tame;
We'll bear our deeds to both the Poles,
In thunder and in flame.

We'll crest the white waves gallantly,
That rage and hiss below:—
Comrades, huzza! we're free—we're free—
We own no master now!

Unmoor and sail, the breeze is full,
The skies are clear and bright,
We're free—we're free as yon sea-gull,
That scuds through floods of light.

Her anchor's up, her head is round,
There's a ripple at her bow,
Her sails fill fast, no mooring ground
Restrains her courage now.

Huzza! she sweeps her gallant way,
Cheer, comrades, at my call!—
The wide world is our enemy,
But we will dare it all! L.

THE UPSTARTS.

"Upstart a churl, and gather'd good,
And thence did spring your gentle blood."—*Old Proverb.*

If there are few men whose conduct is uniform in all particulars, there are none whose opinions are not frequently in contradiction with each other. So prone, indeed, is poor humanity to see the same thing differently, according to the different points of view in which it may be placed, that the experience of a long life rarely suffices to put us in possession of the thoughts of our most intimate friends, or enables us to predict with certainty how they will act upon any new contingence. Yet we all are given to pride ourselves in no trifling degree on our consistency, and hold it the bitterest reproach, when we detect a self-contradiction in the sentiments and behaviour of those with whom we deal. To be inconsistent, is to reason ill;—to reason ill, is to be a blockhead;—and to be a blockhead, is worse than to be a knave:—a miserable Sorites! There is nothing, however, which we essay-writers delight in more than this weakness in human nature. To catch "my gentle public" at a fault, and to detect our fellow-countrymen in the commission of a good practical bull, is at once the business and the pleasure of our lives. An incongruity in "the most thinking people" is "the meat we most delight to feed upon;" it is the fruitful occasion of "our quips and our quiddities," the prolific parent of our wit and our wisdom, of our good jokes and our good sermons; in so much that, without the assistance of a competent diffusion of vice and folly, the editor of a magazine might shut up his study; for his "correspondents" would be worse off than a gravedigger without a doctor—a barrister without an attorney—or a theatrical manager without a manufacturer of melodrames. An essay-writer peers about in the twilight of opinion for ridicules, as an owl does "*entre chien et loup*" for rats and mice; and both alike are fain to go to bed without their supper, when there is a scarcity of the "small deer" by which they respectively live. Fortunately for you, reader, and for myself, the literary manor is not yet quite exhausted; and there is much reasonable probability that we may jog on together to a good old age,—I, in shewing up your absurdities, and you, in attributing them to your neighbour, to our great mutual satisfaction, and to the furtherance of those "gigantic efforts of the periodical press," which seem to indicate that the whole labour of the community is performed by steam-engines, and that the entire population have nothing on earth to do, but to eat, drink, sleep, and—read reviews, magazines, and Scotch novels.

Of all the instances in illustration of a position to be defended, that which is actually cited is of course the most striking. To begin, therefore, with—"There is nothing in the world so this, or that, or the other"—is a good beginning, and available on every occasion. In conformity with this golden rule, I must say, then, that there is "no greater" absurdity, no wider self-disagreement "going," than that which is implied in the generally received prejudices against upstarts—a race of people most unmercifully and unreasonably vilipended. The very aristocratic pride in which these prejudices arise, is itself founded on the thing it derides. The first founders of the oldest families were upstarts; and as long as the cart shall yield precedence to the horse, so long

in the nature of things upstarts should have honour, for the sake of their descendants, who in the fulness of time must ripen into ancient gentlemen, if not into "most noble and puissant princes." Might I, Sir, therefore, take the liberty of asking you whether you are quite right in that curl of the nose, and that sidelong toss of the head, with which you regard the barouche and four that daily passes your window, bearing on its ample cushions your neighbour the great tallow-chandler, and his family,—his wife as fat, his girls as pale, and his boys as *wick-ed* as his own dips? Are you convinced that it is perfectly (I do not say Christian, but) reasonable to be so offended at the spectacle of your old friend Tom Pigtail, of the "Mull and Highlander," riding to court as sheriff in a snuff-coloured suit—and the "ladies" of his family getting *up* in the world, from the gallery at the theatre (what a strange catachresis) to the side boxes? Are you not daily and hourly boring your own little ones with the advantages of industry, and telling your 'prentices to be sober and steady that they may live to be Lord Mayors? You crow over the French on account of the superiority of British commerce, and laugh at their *exposure* at the Louvre; and you boast that the shopkeepers of England beat Napoleon out of the field;—and yet you abuse upstarts! For what, in the name of Heaven, should a man leave his warm bed on a cold frosty morning, to open shop, if it be not for the pleasure of becoming one day an upstart? If the desire of being an upstart were not a prevalent virtue among Englishmen, who, Madam, would pay you the dividends on your stock? and who, Sir, would pay your pension; or give you, my Lord, such a handsome rent for your farm? Truly an upstart has his uses; and I charge you, reader, for the future, on pain of being branded with inconsistency, to treat them with all reasonable civility. I admit that the wood-embosomed manor-house has, time out of mind, been occupied by your family, and that none of your ancestors, in the memory of man, have earned their own bread; it is no less true that not a stone of yonder bare house (which stands, with its Wyatt windows and painted verandahs, shining amidst half-a-dozen lanky and ill-thriven poplars) was quarried three years ago, when its present occupant was standing up to his elbows in a sugar-hogshead. But what of that? "*Le robbe fanno il primo sangue*," as I have already said, and it may be doubted, (especially if you are of the true Norman race,) whether your own blood sprang from as honest a source as your retired, though not perhaps too retiring, neighbour. As, therefore, you reverence your own gentility, respect the upstart; put forth your hand in amity to the new comer, and give him a lift up the stick by your countenance, at the next county assembly. But you cannot bear, you tell me, to see his "vulgar lumps" of daughters figuring there with jewels that would purchase half your estate. Have you, then, no pride in the look, motion, and dress of your own girls, which no wealth can purchase? The new house, moreover, you reply, stands upon ground that was once your own; and you cannot like the man who has got your land. This, I grant, is vexatious; but surely it would be more so, if there was no one disposed to take that land in exchange for the money which you may prefer to the possession of your dirty acres. The proper business of a thorough gentleman being to squander, he would be utterly marred, without his correlative, the man that

saves; and this you will find to your cost, if you are rude and offensive to the man of plums and of *a plum*, who has made himself your neighbour. There is another advantage in an upstart neighbour, to which few are insensible,—his propensity to give entertainments. Money to the upstart is seldom an object; and vanity and ostentation force him to have "the best that money can procure." If your pride cannot buckle to dining *with* him, dine *on* him; and console yourself with the reflection, that he would give the best page in his banker's book for a single leaf from your genealogical tree. In every sense, indeed, your upstarts are invaluable to your man of good blood. As a foil, they set off; as a rival, they stimulate; but, best of all, as a neighbour, they supply a perpetual fund of never-failing awkwardnesses and absurdities, to glad your heart, amuse your company, feed your malignity, and banish your *ennui*. Their overweening pretensions, indeed, once in seven years, may be troublesome, at the county election; but then their vanity and their ignorance are good wear and tear, every-day amusements, all the year long; and whether you are disposed to laugh or be angry, to rail or to ridicule, they furnish a constant supply of the raw material ready for the operation. There was a friend of my own,—if we may take his own word for it, a left-handed branch of the Plantagenets, but, when I first knew him, one of the dullest dogs in all Noodledum,—grave as a justice of peace, solemn as an undertaker, and as silent as a Quaker deserted by the Spirit. Though a high-church Tory, you might have taken his family fireside for a nonconformist conventicle, so simple and unadorned was the conversation: at present, every one of its members might be bound up "to face the title" of Colman's Broad Grins. For you are to know that it pleased Heaven, and an eighty-horse powered steam-engine, to make a man of a small cotton-spinner residing in a neighbouring town. This honest tradesman, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. He built a handsome square mansion, which he (being of Cockney origin) christened "The *All*;" and he turned an oak fence round six acres of meadow, which he dubbed "The Park." He rode likewise in his coach and four, and, agreeably to the dictum of Mons. Cottu,* got himself enlisted on the Grand Jury. Certain pecuniary obligations conferred by old Twist upon my friend Blackacre enforced an invitation of the former to the manor-house, which has since grown, not without substantial reasons, into an intimacy; and though old Twist is himself as dull as a post, yet has he discovered to the Blackacres a mine of wit and fun, which in their whole previous lives they "had never dreamed of in their philosophy." "Twist *All*" stands very high, and commands an extensive prospect: on the very first visit, the Blackacres were called on to admire its *city*-ation; and ever since it has been a standing joke in the family to make old Twist recur twenty times a-day to the *cityation* of his house, the *cityation* of public affairs, or the *cityation* of any thing else, that can press into the service the ill-fated but obsequious polysyllable. The eldest Miss Twist has likewise an unfortunate predilection for the French word *naïveté*, though two hundred per annum spent during six years at a French boarding-school failed in purchasing its right pronunciation. Sometimes she admires *navette* in

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* Jurisprudence d'Angleterre.

the abstract; sometimes she praises her sisters for their great *naveté;* but most frequently she gives herself credit for an extraordinary share of *navitie;*—so ingeniously does she go wide of her mark! This little bit of slip-slop is the source of inextinguishable mirth to the Blackacres; the girls take off "the Twists" in every possible mode of malaprop accentuation; and the father invariably brings up the rear with a customary doubt of the genuineness of the article; affirming that the lady is as cunning as a fox, and that her *navietie* is, in plain English, nothing more than mere knavery. In this manner has the spectacle of the inferiority of the Twists roused the Blackacres to a sense of their own wit and spirit. The *lapsus linguæ* of the manufacturers keep the tongues of the agriculturists in incessant activity. The incongruities in their dress and furniture preserve their gentle-blooded neighbours in perpetual good humour with themselves; and old Twist's mismanagement of his land, which he will farm himself at a loss of thirty per cent. has almost reconciled Blackacre to the idea that the ground is no longer his own.

Twist, though at bottom a good fellow enough, of plain strong sense, and bearing his budding honours with reasonable meekness, has nevertheless a taste for show and expense, that might have proved distressing to the less opulent country gentlemen, whom he throws into the shade, (and that might, in such a case, have been the means of sending his family to Coventry; or in other words, consigning them to the society of those townsfolk, from whose second-hand gentility the father had retreated into the Grand Jury room)—but that envy does not necessarily take away the appetite. If the best wine is the wine which is drunk at another man's expense, Twist's claret might on its own merits have been deemed the second best, even though it still stood on the debtor side of your account with the wine-merchant. Twist also keeps a man-cook, who, though as ill-tempered as fire can make him, is still "your only peace-maker," and reconciles many a reluctant cub, of estated conceit, to his master's—vulgarity. If Twist's conversation is not good, his turtle uniformly is; and whatever may be the quality of his wit, his champaign is always sparkling, and never ropy. But, best of all, Twist's three young ladies, each with thirty thousand pounds—*to her fortune,* clinch the business, and render their father the most popular man in the county. For their sake, a Twist was never omitted in an invitation. Every body drinks wine with them, every body dances with them, and every body flatters them; and though this has given some offence to three portionless Honourables, who, for their sake, were sometimes "left and abandoned by the velvet friends" of their own grade; —yet the forgiving souls overlooked it all for the sake of the Master Twists, their thriving, and therefore truly-amiable brothers.

At the present moment, when commercial prosperity increases faster than the power of enjoyment, and capital is at so low a value that you can scarcely get three per cent. for your money, the encouragement of upstarts is quite a national concern. The paltry extravagance of the mere estated spendthrift, cannot waste and dilapidate half fast enough to keep industry in employment. It is the upstart alone who can spend like a gentleman, and prevent money from becoming as little in demand as air or water. If all the jewels and plate which ornament the houses

and persons of city upstarts, were circulating on 'Change, those who live by the interest of their capital might beg in the streets; and if these useful personages preserved in their prosperity the penurious practices by which they rose to wealth, half the shops in Bond-street would fall to ruin, the seats in a certain nameless assembly would not fetch the price of an election dinner, and the monsters of the Heralds' Office would cease to breed. In the indirect taxation of the country, the most fatal diminution would soon be discovered; the imports would rapidly fall off, and (what would have puzzled the economists of the last generation) the exports would share their fate: insomuch that it is chiefly to the useful corps of upstarts that we are indebted for our present exemption from the income-tax.

After this enumeration of the various utilities of an upstart, need it be added, that the dislike of so meritorious a class, is a positive proof of littleness of mind? If the puffed-up conceit of some of the weaker vessels be a stumbling-block in the way of their less fortunate associates, who have been left behind in the race, it is only because an equal portion of vanity and pride lies rankling in the bosoms of the undistinguished, ready to burst forth on the first puff of Fortune's favouring gale; and Plato's reply to Diogenes, if they had ever heard of it, would be the best defence of the calumniated. *D'ailleurs*, when a man spends his income like a prince, it is rather hard that he may not be as whining and as insolent as a prince likewise; and be it moreover observed *en passant*, that if your upstart places a wide distance between himself and his former equals, nobody has a better right to know what he is doing, since he has himself painfully traversed the interval in person, and must be able to tell its length to a fraction.

Whatever France may have gained by her counter-revolution, she is evidently a loser in the downfall of her upstarts the *parvenus*, who have sunk to a sad discount in consequence of that event. In their place a spacious and degenerate breed have been forced to the surface, with all the faults and few of the virtues of their great originals. After suffering a thirty years' eclipse in the garrets of half the cities of Europe, they have suddenly cast the slough of their crysalide condition, and now flutter through Paris in a new-furbished splendour, (to borrow an image from sign-board technicalities) just like the "old hog in the pound new revived." From the Gardens of the Tuileries, they look down with disdain on the few stragglers remaining of the genuine breed; and equipped with a douillet and an umbrella, they regard with an equal contempt, the marshal who assisted in conquering half the world, and the financial roturier, who has swallowed and consumed the better portion of the fruits of his victories. It is, however, in the country towns, that these modern antiques shine forth in the full brilliancy of their revivification. Under the denomination of mayors, *préfets*, and *sous préfets*, they rule the people with a rod of iron, and are indeed "viceroys over" the king and his ministers.

"Beware," gentle reader, "of counterfeits, for such are abroad." But let them not bring the condition of an honest upstart into contempt. Let the false pretenders act as they may, the "true sort" will ever be regarded by the judicious as a worthy, innocent, and useful portion of the community; and even should a Twist get into parliament, and have the

ill taste to oppose national rights and liberal sentiments, and to set himself against every concession to the people from whom he sprang, however much you may pity or condemn the individual, still, I pray you, remember that his being there, is an encouraging prospect for industry, a feather in the national cap, and a practical triumph over the absurd principle, which regarding mankind as divided into the two species of natural lords and natural slaves, marks out for derision the industrious architect of his own fortune, by affixing to him the senseless and reproachful appellation of *Upstart*. M.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Church in Langham Place.

"Whoever walks through London streets,"
Said Momus to the Son of Saturn,
"Each day new edifices meets,
Of queer proportion, queerer pattern:
If thou, O cloud-compelling god,
Wilt aid me with thy special grace,
I, too, will wield my motley hod,
And build a church in Langham-place."

"Agreed," the Thunderer cries: "go plant
Thine edifice, I care not how ill;
Take notice, Earth, I hereby grant
Carte blanche of mortar, stone, and trowel.
Go, Hermes, Hercules, and Mars,
Fraught with these bills on Henry Hase,
Drop with yon jester from the stars,
And build a church in Langham-place."

Down, four in hand, to earth they go,
Pass by Palladio, Wren, and Inigo,
Contracting for their job, to shew
How far four gods can make a guinea go.
This plan was Doric, ergo bad,
And that Ionic, ergo base;
No proper model could be had,
To shape this church in Langham-place.

In deep confab they pass'd two hours;
Alcides on his club of tough oak
Lean'd, and exclaim'd, "Martello towers
Lie scatter'd on the coast of Suffolk:
Let one of those toward London swerve,
Mars, out of war, they're out of place;
What can they better do, than serve
To form a church in Langham-place?"

The word was said, the deed was done,
Light Hermes toil'd in vain to stir it,
When, with a kick, Alcmena's son
Soon tilted down the granite turret.
Like a huge hogshead up to town
The martial structure roll'd apace,
And mortar-coated, settled down
Into a church in Langham-place.

But, ere with belfry or with bell
They graced its top, its side with casement,
They found an unexploded shell
Alive and burning at its basement.
The channell'd air now upward drew
Flame after flame, in lurid race,
And gave a sort of glass-house hue
To their new church in Langham-place.

"'Twill never do," Alcides cried,
"The Atlas will indict for arson,"
While Momus carelessly replied—
"Phoo! never mind it—smoke the parson!"
Mars, at a push, had wit at will,
And said, "Your joint misgivings chace,
This round Martello tower shall still
Be a new church in Langham-place."

To Ætna's red Vulcanian steeps,
Fly, Mercury, on feather'd sandal,
And, when the giant Titan sleeps,
Snatch, god of thieves, his huge bed-candle:
Bear thence its tall extinguisher,
This conflagration to efface,
'Twill added dignity confer
On our new church in Langham-place.

The cone up-tilted, Momus bawls—
"Attention, all our loving people,
Here Mars's tower affords us walls,
And Titan's candlestick a steeple:
Our fane, thus martially endow'd,
Soon may some Boanerges grace,
And 'Son of Thunder,' draw the crowd
To our new church in Langham-place!"

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. XIII.

Of the Influence of the Winds on Health.

It seems to be the effect of a particular Providence, that we are usually visited in Spring by high winds and storms. Indeed, upon the whole, I cannot for my part consider the winds so pernicious to health as they are commonly accounted, or coincide with Hoffmann when he says, that "God has placed his chemical laboratory in the earth, whence issue winds and malignant effluvia." Essential as it is that we should live in a pure air, if we would remain healthy, so essential is it that there should be winds to purify our atmosphere of the many noxious vapours, which would but too speedily corrupt and infect our juices. In Spring, the warm breath of milder breezes opens the bosom of the earth, which was closed throughout the winter. The changeableness of the weather fills the atmosphere with aqueous vapours. The beneficial frost which purified it in winter, now leaves us; and we should therefore have just reason to apprehend unwholesome air and malignant diseases in Spring, did not storms supply the place of frost and cleanse the atmosphere. Hippocrates, in his time, observed, that a wet Spring occasions contagious fevers, and the experience of all succeeding physi-

cians proves, that the air, when impregnated with damp vapours, produces dangerous diseases of that kind. Hence it is easy to infer, that Spring would be prolific in such diseases, but for the prevalence at that season of high winds which dispel these vapours and purify the air.

But, it may be objected, do not these winds bring noxious vapours along with them? This case is possible enough. Darvieux relates, that Barut was formerly rendered very unhealthy by the sea-winds, but that, to screen it from them, an Emir caused pines to be planted, and these trees keep off the pernicious marine exhalations, so that the place is now as healthy as any part of the surrounding country. When the Illyrians, apprehensive of a pestilence, consulted Hippocrates on the means of preventing it, he took advantage of this enquiry, and warned the Greeks to guard against the winds which blew from Illyria: "for," said he, "beyond those mountains rages the plague, and these are the passes of those mountains. At such and such a time, the winds of the dog-days will blow and bring with them pestilential effluvia into Greece: therefore close up those passes." By this counsel he rescued Greece from the danger of the plague; and the whole prediction rested on the knowledge which Hippocrates had of the course of the regular winds which were accustomed to blow in Greece. Had he in this case quieted their alarms, and assured them that these winds, which were otherwise accounted salubrious, would not do them any injury, he might have brought a dreadful calamity on his country. It is only in the case of winds which recur regularly at a particular season, that such anticipations can be formed. When, on the other hand, irregular winds waft pestilential effluvia along with them, this danger cannot be foreseen; and in this manner the winds may, under certain circumstances, prove as detrimental to health, as in others they are beneficial.

This objection warns me, then, not to bestow on the winds in general greater or more unqualified praise than they deserve. So little as we can assert without qualification, that this or the other kind of food, drink, or medicine, is absolutely wholesome or pernicious, so little can the same thing be said of the winds. The winds render the air of a certain country healthy or unhealthy, according as they bring with them from different regions certain vapours, which produce a change either for the better or worse in the atmosphere of that country. If damp sea-winds blow over an arid, parched tract, they improve its atmosphere, which dry winds, on the contrary, would deteriorate; but the self-same winds would produce the very contrary effect, if it were a low, damp, and swampy region. It is equally hazardous to pretend to determine the qualities of winds in general. We cannot positively assert, for example, that an east or a north wind is dry, and that a west or south wind is damp; for if an east wind has to traverse an extensive, low, and swampy plain before it arrives at a certain country, it must fill the atmosphere of the latter with damp and deleterious effluvia. With us, on the contrary, first sweeping as it does over a vast continent, it is generally of a dry nature, and our invalids are but too sensible of its pernicious effects upon them. A physician, therefore, is liable to involve himself in many contradictions by pronouncing unconditionally on the qualities of the winds. The celebrated Hoffmann considered the east and north-west winds as salubrious, and the west and south as unhealthy. What would our invalids say, if I were to assure them in the very words of that eminent

physician, that "the east wind renders body and mind more alert, improves the appetite, sharpens the senses, invigorates the fibres, and imparts a lively colour?"—Boerhaave was more cautious. He would not venture to determine the properties of a wind till he was acquainted with the country in which it was to blow, and its whole vicinity. Frommond relates extraordinary things of the south wind when it blows in the Azores. "The inhabitants," says he, "then go about as melancholy as if some great misfortune had befallen them. The little children stay within doors quite dull: none of them are to be seen running about and playing in the streets. But as soon as the north wind again begins to blow, all is once more life and bustle." Who would be so bold as to set down the south wind in general, on the strength of this observation, as an enemy to our comfort? and in what a delectable situation we should be placed by a Persian, if he were to add to Frommond's observation the result of his own experience respecting the west and south-west winds? It is known that in Persia these winds, when they pass over heated rocks and marble mountains, carry along with them hot and suffocating vapours; and that, to avoid their dangerous effects, people are obliged to lie flat on the ground, and in that situation to endure heat and anxiety, if they would not drop down dead on the spot. It is only in the night-time and on rivers that they are able to withstand it, and for this reason the Persians are not fond of travelling by day. This extreme dryness of the air in Persia is probably the cause of a circumstance which Varro relates, on the authority of Xenophon, concerning the Persians; namely, that their bodies were so exceedingly meagre and dried-up, that they never had occasion either to spit or to blow their noses. Herodotus gives us another story on this subject. He tells us, that owing to the drought of their climate the heads of the Persians are so brittle, that a stone thrown at them passes right through the skull; whereas those of the Egyptians are so hard, that no stone can make any impression on them. It may be so; we will not fall out with the writers of antiquity: but I shall only say, if the Persians were to desire us to throw ourselves at full length on the ground whenever a south wind blows, how we should laugh at them!

Every town, then, and every country has its good and its bad wind, according to the nature of the atmosphere through which that wind has passed; and on this ground I readily admit, that we cannot assert generally that all storms purify the atmosphere. If winds blow long, and without intermission, from unhealthy places, they are not beneficial to a country. But were I to be asked whether an uninterrupted calm or variable winds were more salubrious, I would give the preference to occasional storms. Every thing on this restless earth must have motion. It revolves itself upon its axis. The vegetables are shaken by the winds, and mountains and provinces by earthquakes. The sea would soon become putrid, were its waters not kept duly mixed by its incessant agitation. The whole animal kingdom is constantly in motion. Here are tribes which soar into the clouds and sport in the atmosphere—there are others which burrow in the ground. This species creeps, that hops, a third swims, and a fourth walks. Should the atmosphere alone, then, be able to repose without detriment?—No. Nature knew how to order matters better. She has charged impetuous winds to blow from every quarter, and seldom long together from one point. By their means she

not only dissipates the stagnant vapours in the atmosphere, which are like the swamps in low valleys, but also keeps incessantly mixing together vapours of totally different kinds; and she thereby improves the air in the same manner as a skilful cook mixes up a variety of ingredients, which, taken separately, are pernicious, in order to compound with them a dish that is wholesome.

Such is, then, the relation in which the winds stand to the health of mankind. But now we come to the question: What are the particular effects which they produce on every human body? Here a distinction is to be made. The winds operate on the human body, in the first place, inasmuch as they change the gravity and properties of the atmosphere; but in this respect they do not act in reality as winds. The second effect is, that which they produce inasmuch as they are air in motion; and it is on this point that I propose to subjoin a few remarks.

When the air is in rapid motion, it presses in the same manner as if it had become heavier on the surface of the human body: for it is a well-known axiom of natural philosophy, that the power of a body is augmented not only by the increase of its bulk, but also by the increased velocity imparted to it. This augmented pressure of the air particularly affects the lungs, especially of those who are weak in the chest; and every body knows how difficult it is for a man walking against the wind, to get rid of the air that rushes of itself into the lungs. It is, therefore, necessary that such persons should be cautious not to injure the chest by too rapid motion against the wind.

The principal effect of winds, however, is, that they dispel the warm atmosphere which constantly surrounds the body, and in which, if it were visible, we should look like saints encompassed with a nimbus or glory:—or, in other words, the winds cool the human body. They would consequently suppress the transpiration so essential to health, if we were not to use some precaution to keep the pores open by an increase of the internal heat. To this end spirituous liquors and bodily exercise are subservient. When recourse is had to these means, the wind must rather tend to augment than to stop transpiration; for the transpiration of fluids is chiefly owing to their particles being carried away by the particles of caloric, and these pass off rapidly in a cold air. Whoever, therefore, cannot keep himself warm in windy weather, either by exercise or some other means, ought to avoid exposure to it if he has any regard for his health.

I shall hence deduce two inferences which may be useful. Spring is the season when we have to expect many cold, stormy winds. For this reason I warn my readers not to change their winter dress for lighter apparel too early. Nothing is more liable to give cold than wind. If I chose to make a parade of quotations on this subject, I should never have done transcribing. Sydenham declared, that "out of a hundred persons ill of colds and inflammation of the lungs, scarcely two would be found who had not brought these disorders on themselves by change of clothing; that is to say, not by dressing too warmly, but not warmly enough." Boerhaave coincided in this opinion; and Hoffmann recommends that "in Spring, when the weather grows warm, people should beware of exchanging their warm winter apparel for lighter;" and he assures us, that "it would be better to wear the same kind of dress all the year round, so as to prevent the inclement air, in all vicissi-

tudes of weather, from penetrating the pores of the skin." But of what use is all that eminent physicians may have advanced, even though every body must allow it to be true? People follow these rules only so long as they would have done had such rules never been given; and they violate them and sacrifice themselves, as though the salvation of their country required it, merely perhaps to comply with the supposed dictates of fashion.

The second warning which I have to give relates to a draught or current of air, which is an artificial wind that we produce in an apartment by the opening of doors and windows standing opposite to one another. An apartment, under such circumstances, should either be avoided altogether, or a person should move about in it to keep up the insensible transpiration, or shun the current of air by retiring into a corner. With these precautions a draught of air in rooms is not only innocent, but to be recommended; because it is the best method of dispersing the noxious effluvia which may have collected in them. It would, consequently, be the height of folly for a person in a profuse perspiration to place himself in a draught for the purpose of cooling himself, like a man whose case is stated by one of our physicians, and who, though previously the picture of health, died on the seventh day of an inflammation of the chest, brought on by this imprudent exposure. To act thus is to run headlong into destruction. Who, indeed, could conceive it to be necessary to forbid such things to persons having the use of their reason? But so it is in our profession. We are obliged to tell people things which their own sense ought to suggest even to the meanest understandings. We have to demonstrate positions which are not more difficult of comprehension, than that a ship must be capable of floating on the water. We have to recommend precautions which, as daily experience shows, cannot be neglected but at the hazard of life. We have to exert all our eloquence to prevail upon them not to die before they absolutely must, and to remain healthy while they may. In physic, more than in any other profession, it is incumbent on a writer to bear in mind the maxim, not to take his readers to be wiser than they really are.

STANZAS TO PUNCHINELLO.

Thou lignum-vitæ Roscius, who
Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
  Peerless, inimitable Punchinello!
The Queen of smiles is quite outdone
By thee, all-glorious king of fun,
  Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting fellow!

At other times mine ear is wrung,
Whene'er I hear the trumpet's tongue,
  Waking associations melancholic;
But that which heralds thee recalls
All childhood's joys and festivals,
  And makes the heart rebound with freak and frolic.

Ere of thy face I get a snatch,
O with what boyish glee I catch
  Thy twittering, cackling, bubbling, squeaking gibber—

Sweeter than syren voices—fraught
With richer merriment than aught
  That drops from witling mouths, though utter'd glibber!

What wag was ever known before
To keep the circle in a roar,
  Nor wound the feelings of a single hearer?
Engrossing all the jibes and jokes,
Unenvied by the duller folks,
  A harmless wit—an unmalignant jeerer.

The upturn'd eyes I love to trace
Of wondering mortals, when their face
  Is all alight with an expectant gladness;
To mark the flickering giggle first,
The growing grin—the sudden burst,
  And universal shout of merry madness.

I love those sounds to analyse,
From childhood's shrill ecstatic cries,
  To age's chuckle with its coughing after;
To see the grave and the genteel
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
  Then loose their muscles, and let out the laughter.

Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy marital might,
  To him a beatific *beau idéal*;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
  The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.

But, Punch, thou 'rt ungallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood;
  Remember that thy cudgel's girth is fuller
Than that compassionate, thumb-thick,
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
  Made legal by the dictum of Judge Buller.

When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there 's no surprise
  Thou shouldst receive him with nose-tweaking grappling;
Nor can we wonder that the mob
Encores each crack upon his nob,
  When thou art feeing him with oaken sapling.

As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
  The *coup de grace* that silences his wrangle;
But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, welladay!
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
  And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.

Now helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the sconce;
  Hush'd is that tongue which late out-jested Yorick;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,
  Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethorick.

But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
And still less durable are those
  Suffer'd by lignum-vitæ malefactors;
Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh long may'st thou survive,
  First of head-breaking and side-splitting actors! H.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. IV.

Grand Cairo.

After a delay of a few hours we landed at Alexandria. It was mid-day; the heat was excessive, and there were few passengers in the streets. We were quickly doomed to feel what might well be termed the succession of the Egyptian plague; swarms of flies were perpetually fastening on our faces and eyes, so that we could scarcely find our way, and were obliged to keep our handkerchiefs perpetually waving. When we entered a coffee-house, our sherbet or lemonade was instantly covered by a dark mass of insects, if we happened to leave up the tin cover, with which the drinking-vessels are always provided, to guard against this invasion. We went to an Okkal, and ordered some dinner: the apartment was filled with a variety of people of different costumes: a Turk felt disposed to entertain them with a song—he put his two fore-fingers behind his ears, and bending forward as he sat cross-legged, ejected such hideous nasal sounds, intended to be pathetic, that we were obliged to take refuge in a small room upstairs. Here they soon brought us a dish of kid, deliciously dressed, and a dessert of fruit, which, with some excellent coffee, made a superb repast after the starvation on board ship. We hired apartments in a private house, and took possession of them the same evening; but the musquitoes were dreadfully annoying—it was almost useless to close your eyes, for you were quickly awoke by half-a-dozen keen bites on different parts of the body; but the face was the favourite part, which next morning looked any thing but pale or fair. The following day, having hired a couple of donkeys, the universal mode of conveyance in this country, and an Egyptian guide, I rode to Pompey's Pillar. It is Corinthian; the shaft is about ninety feet high, and the base about five; formed of three pieces of red granite, and stands on a small eminence. It may be seen from a great distance around. The Needle of Cleopatra, not far off, is near seventy feet in height, and formed of an entire piece of the same stone, covered with hieroglyphics, some of which are nearly effaced. The guide who attended me was a handsome elderly Egyptian, of a tall figure, and white beard; and was dressed in a long blue cloak, which left his bust and arms naked: he walked and ran beside our noble coursers in the intense heat of the day. Vast and shapeless heaps of ruins are all that remain of ancient Alexandria, and one cannot well imagine a residence more mournful and heart-oppressing than the modern city. Tracts of sand spread on every side, varied here and there by a spot of verdure, or a group of palms. There is not one object of interest, or a single pleasant walk, in the flat and monotonous region around. The Convent of Mamoudich and the English Consul's garden are the only exceptions. The houses of the city, at least the European part, are in general lofty, and plastered white. Those of the merchants are handsomely furnished, and well adapted to the climate, which is the coolest in Egypt, a fine breeze from the sea setting in regularly every day. There are several coffee-houses kept by Franks here, of which the principal was the only tolerable place of resort—where are met the merchants, adventurers, and natives of different countries. The fortifications erected by Mahmoud Ali the Pacha of Egypt, around this city, are extensive and strong. This prince is admirably fitted to rise

to eminence in the Turkish empire. Of Greek extraction, possessed of great talents, a wily politician, yet daring and bloody in the execution of his plans,—as was proved in the massacre of the three hundred Mameluke Beys whom he invited to a banquet,—the time will soon come when he will throw off his dependence on the Porte, and erect Egypt into a sovereignty. He is very fond of Europeans, and has engaged a great many in his service; and being perfectly free from bigotry to the faith of the Prophet, he never requires them to change their religion. He is ardently desirous to improve his country, and has established a sugar-manufactory on the Nile, and several of cotton in Cairo. He longed for the luxury of eating ice; and there being no such thing in Egypt, Mr. Salt, the British Consul-general, sent to England for an apparatus for making it. The machine was conveyed, on its arrival, to the Pacha's palace, and the Nile water made use of for the purpose. Mahmoud Ali hung over the whole operation with intense curiosity, and when, after several disappointments, a large piece of real ice was produced, he took it eagerly in his hand, and danced round the room for joy like a child, and then ran into the Harem to show it to his wives and mistresses, and ever since he luxuriates upon it. The great canal of Cleopatra which he has lately made, or rather revived, forty miles in length, connecting the Nile with the sea at Alexandria, is an extraordinary work: for a considerable time he employed a hundred and fifty thousand men about it, chiefly Arabs of Upper Egypt; of these, twenty thousand died during the progress of the work. Having rode out early one morning, in the neighbourhood of the city, and entered an elegant house which Ali was building for his son, we suddenly heard the sounds of music from without, and perceived it was the Pacha himself, with his guard, who had just arrived from Cairo. He was on foot, and stood on the lofty bank of a new canal he was making, earnestly observing the innumerable workmen beneath. He was of middle stature, and plainly dressed; his age appeared between fifty and sixty; his features were good, and had a calm and thoughtful character; and his long grey beard fell over his breast. The bed of the canal below presented a novel spectacle, being filled with vast numbers of Arabs of various colours, toiling in the intense heat of the day, while their Egyptian taskmasters, with whips in their hands, watched the progress of their labour. It was a just and lively representation of the children of Israel, forced to toil by their oppressive masters of old. The wages Mahmoud allowed these unfortunate people, whom he had obliged to quit their homes and families in Upper Egypt to toil about this work, was only a penny a-day, and a ration of bread. Yet such is the buoyancy of spirits of the Arabs, that they go through their heavy toil with gaiety and cheerfulness. By moonlight I took a walk round the spot where they were encamped: they were seated under their rude tents, or lying down in ranks without any covering but the sky, eating their coarse meal of bread; yet nothing was heard all around but the songs of their country, unmelodious enough, mingled with the loud clapping of hands in concert, which is always with them a sign of joy. The distance to Rosetta from this town is about two or three days' journey. The contrast of scene is delightful on approaching the former place. Situated in the midst of groves of date-trees, and gardens of banana, orange, and lemon-trees, on the banks of the Nile, Rosetta is probably

the most desirable residence in Egypt. At present its commerce has much declined, and is inferior to that of Damietta, though few places can be more monotonous or stupid than the latter town, situated on a perfect flat.

A wedding that took place at Damietta, on the occasion of the marriage of the Consul's daughter, afforded an amusing scene. The Consul, who was a native of the country, invited all the travellers to the ceremony and the feast. The bride was attired in her gaudiest apparel, her hair braided in the most exquisite manner, and the eye-lashes and brows tinged with surmch. All the relations and a great number of friends were present, and the banquet was profuse and luxurious. The company sat on cushions ranged against the walls. The dishes, of the Turkish and Grecian cookery, were handed round in succession, with various kinds of wines, and a profusion of sweetmeats and sherbets. At last, when the music was brought, and the lights threw a vivid glare through the room, the company became gay and joyous. A number of Almeh girls commenced their voluptuous dance to the noise of the tambour and castanets. Many of the guests of both sexes joined in dancing, while others formed in groups to enjoy their chibouque and coffee. The bride and bridegroom stood beside each other, and looked very inanimate and unimpassioned. The former, who was an insipid good-looking girl, seemed resolved nothing should ruffle her Oriental apathy After they had retired, the mirth of the company became more vociferous, and was kept up till a late hour. This Consul had a very pretty wife, of whom he was extremely fond, and to whom he behaved with as much and more deference than if he had been a European husband. He never ventured to join her parties unless invited; but this is the Eastern etiquette, the ladies who visit the Harem being always sacred from intrusion. He one day introduced two English travellers to her, who were at Damietta: she was reclining on soft cushions, and had on a handsome robe of green, and no turban on her head. She had large black eyes, a languishing look, and a complexion perfectly colourless: in conversation she seemed to be indeed idealess.

Having taken passage on board a vessel of the country for Cairo, we sailed up the canal, the shores of which presented nothing but sand and barrenness to the view. But how delightfully the scene was changed, when, on coming upon deck early the next morning, we perceived the vessel going slowly down the Nile! It was just before sunrise, and the softest hues were spreading all over the horizon. The shores were covered with groves of palm, among which were numerous villages, while here and there the white thin minaret rose into the air, and a universal stillness reigned throughout the scene. It was impossible to find oneself, for the first time, on this celebrated river without the liveliest emotion. The boat stopped for some hours at the town of Foua. Having bathed in the river, I walked through the town: though so early, the shops were open, and fruit selling in the streets; more than one good Moslem, who had just risen from his bed, had taken his seat without his door, and with the Koran in his hand, was reading the Prophet's splendid promises, or teaching his child his prayers. Even in this town there were twelve mosques, and the Muezzin, from the top of the minaret, had begun to call to prayers. This cry, in so still a country as Egypt, and heard at the dawn or night from a distance, has

an effect the most beautiful and solemn that can be conceived. The Orientals choose those who have the most powerful and melodious voices for this service. Often on the Nile in Upper Egypt, when the silence of the desert has been around, that cry has come from afar:—"There is but one God—God alone is great and eternal, and Mohammed is his prophet," like the voice of an undying being calling from the upper air. The Nile is, in general, a calm and beautiful river, about a quarter or half a mile wide, frequently less, but during the inundation it often spreads two or three miles in width. Having returned on board, instead of some rice and a piece of buffalo, which I had pictured might be the fare in Egypt, I found a traveller might have his luxuries here as well as in more civilized lands, as my breakfast consisted of new bread, milk warm from the cow, coffee of the East, delicious grapes, and fresh cheese. On board were a number of passengers of various descriptions. Among them was a Janizary above the common rank, on his way to Cairo, where he had a home: he was a little man, well dressed and armed, and amused himself with abusing the Arabs; and having spread his handsome carpet on the deck, and reclined on it with his pipe, he looked about him like a lord: he had three or four mistresses. On the deck, beneath a canopy, and attended by her black slaves, sat an Egyptian lady: she sometimes allowed a portion of her features to appear, and, though in general shrouded from view, contrived to see very well all that was going on upon deck, as we found by the occasional loud peals of laughter that came from behind the curtain: once or twice she sent us a present of some sweetmeats. In a small cabin adjoining ours, were two Frenchmen, who laughed and talked as if they were in Paris, took their meals *à la Française*, the *dejeûné à la fourchette* at eleven, and dined at six in defiance of Orientalism: there were sundry other passengers of less note. Our progress was rather slow, as the crew appeared indifferent sailors; but nothing could be more lovely than to glide along at night in the calm cloudless moonlight: amidst such scenery it was difficult to close one's eyes in sleep. The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country is singularly injurious: the natives tell you, as I found they also afterwards did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that passage in the Psalms, "the sun shall not strike thee by day, nor the moon by night," should not have been thus illustrated, as the allusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun: a fact, of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards: indeed the sight of a person, who slept with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed. On the second day a very distressing circumstance happened. Our Reis, or captain, was a respectable and venerable old man, very devout; and it being past mid-day, and the vessel crowded with passengers, he was anxious to be as retired as possible at his afternoon prayers, and went into the small boat astern. He had knelt and turned his face to Mecca, and was quite absorbed in his religious exercises, his long white beard and tranquil features, with his position, presenting a meet picture of Oriental devotion, when in making one of his prostrations he bowed too low, and losing his balance, plunged headlong into the Nile. The alarm was instantly spread, and "The Reis, the Reis is in the water!" resounded

from all parts of the ship. The vessel was going at a rapid rate, and we saw him borne down by the stream for some distance, buffeting with the waves, and uttering feeble cries. Three Arabs, who were good swimmers, plunged overboard, but they were unable to overtake him. The old man's life was quite thrown away: had the ship been backed immediately, he would have been saved; but the confusion on board was so great, that this was neglected. His son, a tall young Egyptian, walked to and fro for some time on the shore opposite to where his father sunk, uttering loud lamentations, and calling sadly on Ali, Ali, the name of the old man.

On the fourth morning I landed with Michelle, and took a long walk by the shore, till we came to an Arab village, with a few date-trees around it. It was built as all the Egyptian villages are, of unburnt brick; the houses consist only of one story, and the earth-floor is partly covered with rush-mats, and seats of earth, a few feet high, are raised next the wall, and covered with mats as a divan. We succeeded at one of the huts in procuring a bowl of delicious new milk, and some hot unleavened cakes baked on the hearth: Michelle having bought a couple of fowls at another cottage, prepared one for dressing, as it was uncertain what time we should rejoin the ship. One of the Arab women undertook to cook the fowl, and carried it into the sanctuary of her house, which we were not suffered to defile by our presence: the Sultan could not be more watchful of his seraglio than these women, though they could not have a better guard to their honour than by putting one of their own faces at the entrance, for they were excessively plain. These people were of a dark complexion, and imprint their names in Arabic on their wrists; and the women have a similar indelible mark, stained with a green colour, extending from the mouth to the chin. At last, having seated ourselves under the shade of a wall, amidst a crowd of Arabs, some naked and some clothed, the fowl made its appearance, swimming like a great frog in a large vessel of hot water, and we had to tear it in pieces with our fingers. These people are very indolent, are seldom seen at work in the fields; and though the Nile has plenty of fish, they do not care to be at the trouble of catching them.

On the Monday morning we entered Boulac, the port of Grand Cairo. Our effects being put on a camel, and having procured asses, we proceeded a mile and a half to the consular house, passing, ere we arrived at the city, through large uninhabited tracts, covered with sand, and enormous heaps of rubbish, the ruins of the old city. The day before, we passed near the village where the family and relations of the unfortunate old Reis lived. His son landed there to meet a number of friends who drew near; and when the latter understood the unhappy death of the father, they began to mourn in a loud voice, and for a good while continued to join their tears and wailings, striking their breasts and clasping their hands. The Orientals, on the various occasions I have had of observing them, express with great force and simplicity the stronger emotions of the soul, of sorrow, of joy, or at meeting after a long separation.

The parting of a Turkish family in Greece, when death hung over every member of them—the meeting of two friendly tribes of Arabs in the desert,—were scenes never to be erased from my remembrance. Mr. Salt, the Consul-general, who was at Alexandria on our arrival

there, having handsomely requested us to make his house our home during our stay at Cairo, we proceeded thither. It is in a very retired situation, the approach being through narrow streets and passages. It was now the month of August; and though the weather was very sultry, I did not in general find the heat oppressive, except when walking out at midday. The purity and charm of the mornings and evenings in this splendid climate are very great: a cloud is scarcely to be seen in the sky; or, when visible, it is of the most transparent whiteness.

In Cairo you seek in vain to realise the magnificent descriptions of the Oriental writers; but it is not fair to form a judgment of its ancient glory from its present appearance. The immense hills of rubbish on all sides of the city, which have been accumulating for ages, and which are still increased by what is brought out from Cairo daily on the backs of mules, prove the superior magnitude of the old city. But with regard to the general mass of the buildings, the modern capital is perhaps as splendid as the famous "Masr" of old: the palaces of the caliphs, and some other public buildings, might have beautified it, but most of the streets in Cairo have an extremely antique appearance, and present in architecture and materials, no doubt, a picture of what it was formerly. In extent it is very inferior to Constantinople, and contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. But much of the former is taken up with gardens, whereas Cairo is almost destitute of those elegances. The houses are built of brick of a dirty colour, and are more lofty, and the streets are wider, than those of the capital of Turkey. The windows of lattice or frame-work of wood often project a couple of feet beyond the wall, and admit the view of what is passing without, and are at the same time screened from observation: here the inhabitants love to sit. The interior of the houses, from their construction and the position of the windows, has scarcely any sun,—coolness and shade being studied as much as possible. The streets are unpaved, but hard; and to allay the dust and keep them cool, the inhabitants throw water over them. Camels, loaded with skins of water, are almost continually driven through them, and the water flows out on the path as they go along. A traveller is soon convinced that the Orientals judge rightly in building their capitals with such narrow streets; it is quite a luxury in this climate to enter one. The height of the houses, and the projection of the upper stories, keep them always cool and shaded, and the burning sun is excluded. This city is chiefly supplied with water from the Nile, in the conveyance of which to the different dwellings a vast number of camels are daily employed. The houses have all terraced roofs, and that of the Consul's commands an extensive view of the city. It is delightful to rise by night and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day: you can see to read with perfect ease. From thence you can look all around on the terraces of other dwellings, on which numbers of the inhabitants lie buried in sleep. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital, not even the tread of a passing traveller or houseless Arab; nothing disturbs the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes on the imagination. The lonely palm-trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which break the view. The habits of life of the Europeans resident at Cairo are very regular: you find individuals of Spain,

France, Italy, Germany, &c., many of whom live in good style, and give handsome entertainments occasionally. One cannot find the comforts of an English breakfast at Cairo: a cup of coffee and a piece of bread are ready at an early hour for whoever chooses; at midday comes a luxurious dinner, of foreign cookery, with the wines of Europe and fruits of the East; and seven in the evening introduces supper,—another substantial meal, though rather less profuse than the dinner; and by ten o'clock most of the family retire. This is not the way of living best adapted to the climate, which seems to require only a slight refreshment during the sultry hours, and the solid meal to be reserved till the cool of the day. There is no good market to be found at Cairo; excellent mutton is always to be had, but other meats are difficult to be procured; of wine there is none save what is imported, and this is very dear, and not of good quality. The oranges and bananas of Rosetta, which are brought to Cairo, the fresh figs, almonds, and other nuts, and pomegranates, afford an excellent dessert. A singular luxury in this city, as well as in every other in the East, is the Caimac, or clouted cream, exactly the same as that made in Devonshire and Cornwall, and manufactured in the same manner. It is cried about the streets, fresh every morning, and is sold on small plates; and in a place where butter is never seen, it is a rich and welcome substitute. Many European ladies of different nations reside at Cairo, being married to Frank merchants: some of these are very agreeable women, and appear contented and happy with their situation. It is curious that you meet with women of every civilized land settled in the Eastern cities, save those of England. Scarcely ever will you find one of our own countrywomen living in climates and among customs so different from her own, though most of the English merchants are unmarried from this very reason. The want of the spirit of enterprise and the over-attachment to their own comforts are probably the causes which keep our ladies at home, or would make them unhappy abroad. I knew two who were settled in the East, but they were always complaining, and mourning after England.

The 16th of August was the day fixed on for the celebrated cutting of the bank of the Nile; a time of great rejoicing with the Egyptians, the inundation being now at its height. It is the custom for a vast number of people of different nations to assemble and pass the night near the appointed spot. We resolved to go and mingle among them, not doubting that something highly interesting would occur. We arrived at the place about eight at night, it being distant a few miles from the city: there was firing of cannon, illuminations in *their* way, and exhibitions of fireworks. The shores of the Nile for a long way down from Boulac were covered with groups of people, some seated beneath the large-spreading sycamores, smoking; others gathered around parties of Arabs, who were dancing with infinite gaiety and pleasure, and uttering loud exclamations of joy, affording an amusing contrast to the passionless demeanour and tranquil features of their Moslem oppressors. After some time, we crossed to the opposite shore: the scene was here much more interesting; ranks of people were closely seated on the shelving banks of the Nile, and behind them was a long line of persons selling various articles of fruit and eatables. A little to the left, amidst widely scattered groups of trees, stood several tents, and temporary coffee-houses, canopied over, and lighted with lamps. Per-

petually moving over this scene, which, both shores and river, and groups of palms, was illumined by the most brilliant moonlight, were seen Albanian soldiers in their national costume, Nubians from the burning clime of farther Egypt, Mamelukes, Arabs, and Turks. At a number of small sheds, each of which had its light, or small fire, you might have meat, fish, &c. ready dressed. We entered one of the coffee-houses, or large tents, to the top of which a row of lamps was suspended; and, being open in front, we could sip the refreshing beverage, and still enjoy the animated spectacle around. Being much fatigued, I wrapped my cloak round me, and slept for a couple of hours upon a rush-mat on the floor, so soundly as to hear nothing of a loud and desperate quarrel between some Arabs and Albanians in the same tent; but there was little cause for uneasiness in any situation, while my faithful Michelle was near; he knew so well the manners of these people, and possessed such perfect presence of mind. The night was wearing fast away, and, leaving the tent, we again joined the various parties in the shade or on the shore; some feasting and dancing, others buried in sleep. The other side of the beautiful river, which shone like glass in the splendid light, still presented a gay appearance; lights moving to and fro amidst the trees, boats pushing off with new comers, and sounds of gaiety, with the firing of musquetry being still heard.

At last day broke, and soon after the report of a cannon announced that the event so ardently wished for was at hand. We proceeded to the spot, around which immense crowds were rapidly gathering. The high and shelving banks of the canal, into which the Nile was to be admitted, were crowded with spectators. We obtained an excellent situation for observing the ceremony, by fortunately meeting with Osmin, a Scotch renegade, but a highly respectable man, and the confidential servant of Mr. Salt. The Kiaya Bey, the chief minister of the Pacha, soon arrived with his guards, and took his seat on the summit of the opposite bank. A number of Arabs now began to dig down the dyke which confined the Nile, the bosom of which was covered with a number of pleasure-boats, full of people, waiting to sail down the canal through the city. Already the mound was only partly demolished, when the increasing dampness and shaking of the earth induced the workmen to leave off. Several Arabs then plunged into the stream, and, exerting all their strength to push down the remaining part, some openings were soon made, and the river broke through with irresistible violence. For some time it was like the rushing of a cataract. According to custom, the Kiaya Bey distributed a good sum of money, throwing it into the bed of the canal below, where a great many men and boys scrambled for it. Several of them had a sort of net, fastened on the top of a pole, to catch the money as it fell. It was an amusing scene, as the water gathered fast round them, to see them struggling and groping amidst the waves for the coin; but the violence of the torrent soon bore them away; and there were some who had lingered to the last, and now sought to save themselves by swimming, still buffeting the waves and grasping at the money showered down, and diving after it as it disappeared. Unfortunately this sport every year costs a few lives, and one young man was drowned this morning. The different vessels, long ere the fall had subsided, rushed into the canal and entered the city, their decks crowded with all ranks, uttering loud exclamations

of joy. The overflowing of the Nile is the richest blessing of heaven to the Egyptians: as it finds its way gradually into the various parts of the city and neighbourhood, the inhabitants crowd to drink of, and wash in it, and rejoice in its progress. The vast square, called the Birket, which on our arrival presented a sad and dreary area, was now turned into a novel and beautiful scene, being covered with an expanse of water, out of the bosom of which arose the fine sycamore trees. On one side of this square is a palace of the Pacha; on the opposite side is the Coptic quarter:—the palace of the chief of the Mamelukes, of a poor appearance, with some houses, fortifications, and ruins, form the rest of this square. In walking round the city, and observing so many flat and naked parts, destitute of verdure, and encompassed with piles of ruins, one can hardly conceive how the waters can ever reach them; but every day, after the cutting of the bank, it is interesting to see how silently and irresistibly space after space is changed from a dreary, useless desert, into a smiling bed of water, which brings health and abundance with it. The sounds of joy and festivity, of music and songs, are now heard all over the city, with cries of "Allah, Allah," and thanks to the Divine bounty for so inestimable a blessing.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

Λιτὰς δὲ καὶ κληδόνας πατρῴους
Παρ' οὐδέν, αἰῶνα παρθένειόν τ',
Ἔθεντο φιλόμαχοι βραβεῖς.—Æschyl.

THE Prophet spoke; the Father heard,
And shudder'd at each awful word
Which, utter'd by that white-robed seer,
Smote deeply on his startled ear:
—"And is it thus," he wildly cried,
"And may no blood save thine be shed,
My daughter? Thou, my earliest pride,
The sunbeam of my wintry years,
On whom I rested hopes and fears,
Shalt thou be number'd with the dead?
Thine 'twere a meeter task to fling
Fresh flowerets o'er my pictured urn,
And bearing first-fruits of the spring,
And bidding Argive maidens mourn,
To soothe, with rites all duly paid,
Thy father's solitary shade,
Than thus, in virgin beauty given
A spotless victim to the skies,
Thy soul should seek its native heaven,
A sinful sire's atoning sacrifice.
Yet, as I gaze, and gazing weep,
The north wind's wrath is heard on high
The breaker sounds along the deep,
The storm is brooding in the sky;
And here a thousand sails are set,
All idly to the opposing blast;
And here, in fruitless council met,
We ponder upon injuries past,
And muttering curses to the main,
And vows of vengeance made in vain,

Still linger. O'er the troublous sea
The ocean-spirit summons thee,
And voices mingling with the wave
Have doom'd thee to a fearful grave.
—And wouldst thou bid thy father's name
Be branded with a traitor's shame?—
Shall after-time to mockery give
The sire, who chose his child to live,
Rather than, leading to the fight
A Grecian people's warrior might,
With snow-white crests all proudly glancing
Where Hellespont's blue waves are dancing,
On perjured Troy's devoted shore
A dreadful retribution pour!"—

He ceased, and in his half-closed eye
Flash'd forth unutter'd agony;
And thoughts of death were blended there,
And inward workings of despair,
And memories of the past, that stole
In tumult o'er his shuddering soul.
But of the darkness of his lot
All other outward sign was none;
He stood, as though he trembled not
For her, his best-beloved one.

He gave the word: the priests obey'd;
The victim on the shrine was laid,
And, shrouded in her saffron vest,
She meekly bowed to meet her doom.
No power withstood the Chief's behest,
To snatch her from an early tomb.
Mute, like a form of stone, she seem'd,
Save that, as on the King it beam'd,
Within her blue eye's tremulous gaze
Some feeling yet survived, which spoke
Remembrance of those happy days,
When in her father's hall she woke
Sweet music's voice, or to the skies
Join'd in the hymn of sacrifice.

That dreadful deed was wrought at last—
The wild waves knew the changing blast;
A thousand oars prepared to sweep
The freshening seas, a thousand sails
Quiver'd upon the western gales—
The stormy Pæan rung along the deep.
"Away, away, the rites are paid,
And vengeance, which hath long delay'd,
With heavier, surer, deadlier blow
Shall lay the lordly city low:
Away—away—" But he, their chief,
Nor heard those sounds, nor long'd to hear;
He felt a father's deadening grief;
His daughter's groans were on his ear:—
And, oh! through many a distant year,
'Mid festive shout, or battle's din,
The quenchless memory burn'd within
Of her whom, in her purity,
His ruthless voice had doom'd to die.

P.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S SECOND VOYAGE.*

WE would gladly have deferred our notice of this highly interesting publication until our July number, when it would have furnished a most cooling and pleasant article; but as the impatience of our readers is not to be reasoned with, we have ventured, even at this season, upon the icy task of reviewing it, and they may now enjoy the satisfaction of shivering over its freezing details. With the result of the former expedition every one is acquainted. The zeal and ability displayed by Captain Parry upon that occasion were such as to induce the fullest confidence in his talents, in case of another attempt: and accordingly, when it was determined to repeat the experiment, he was immediately placed in command of the new expedition. The Fury, a vessel of 372 tons, was equipped for the purpose; and the Hecla was recommissioned by Captain Lyon. In preparing their vessels, the experience of their former voyage enabled the adventurers to adopt many precautions against the dangers of the navigation and the severities of the climate. An excellent stove was erected to supply the ships with warm air, the sides of the vessels were covered with a close lining of cork to prevent the rapid escape of the warmth, and large supplies of warm clothing were laid in. In victualling the ships many improvements were made, and a stock of preserved meat was put on board sufficient to last for three years. The catalogue of delicacies, mentioned by Captain Parry in the Introduction, absolutely makes us hungry while we write; "a few casks of beef, corned expressly for our use,"—"vegetable and concentrated-meat soups,"—"carrots preserved in tin cases, by Messrs. Gamble and Co."—"cranberries, lemon-marmalade, tamarinds, pickled walnuts and cabbage;" and to all these must be added "spirits at thirty-five per cent. above proof," and vinegar "concentrated to one-seventh of the ordinary bulk." The officers who accompanied the former expeditions volunteered their services on the present occasion, and such of them were reappointed as the establishment admitted. The Rev. Mr. Fisher was named chaplain and astronomer; and thus provided and appointed, the expedition on the 8th of May, 1821, left the Nore.

After encountering some perils, the expedition in the beginning of August arrived off Southampton Island, when it became necessary for Captain Parry to determine the course of his operations. After mature deliberation he resolved to sail through the Frozen Strait, and search for a passage to the westward through Repulse Bay; but it was soon ascertained that no such passage exists, and the expedition returned to the eastward through the Frozen Strait. Every opportunity was taken of examining the coasts by boats and walking-parties, and on these occasions many traces of the Esquimaux were found. The rein-deer were numerous; and a large one was shot by one of the men, who, after the animal had fallen, struck it a blow on the head with the butt-end of his piece, and leaving it for dead, ran for a knife to bleed and skin it. The deer, however, did not wait for this operation, but very composedly got upon his legs, swam across a lake, and escaped. The exa-

* Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1821-2-3, in his Majesty's ships Fury and Hecla, under the orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R. N. F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition. Illustrated with numerous plates. 4to.

mination of the coast was continued till nearly the middle of October, and more than two hundred leagues in extent were discovered and minutely explored. In prosecuting these discoveries, Captain Parry exercised his undoubted privilege of immortalizing all his friends, relatives, and patrons, by bestowing their names upon capes, creeks, straits, bays, points, inlets, and islands. Any gentleman desirous of lasting fame might have secured it by making interest with the Captain; and should he again adventure into the Arctic Seas, and should the request be thought not too presumptuous, we would petition that our own publication may be immortalized in Point New Monthly.

The navigable season now making a rapid retreat, the ships were removed into winter-quarters, and arrangements were made for passing this dreary season in as much security and comfort as circumstances might afford. Due provision being made for the economical expenditure of the stores, and for the maintenance of cleanliness amongst the crew, it became necessary to devise some mode both of entertainment and employment for the men; and accordingly, as on a former occasion, a series of theatrical exhibitions was set on foot, much to the amusement of all the parties concerned. Captain Lyon was the manager; and as some preparation had been made previously to leaving England, a very respectable theatre was soon constructed on board the Fury. On the other evenings a school was established in each of the ships, at which a great number of the men continued to attend with laudable assiduity the whole of the winter. An observatory also was erected on shore, for the purpose of prosecuting astronomical observations. The officers, by way of beguiling the long winter-hours, occasionally held a concert, such as the musical talents of the expedition afforded. "More skilful amateurs in music," says Captain Parry, "might well have smiled at these our humble concerts; but it will not incline them to think less of the science they admire, to be assured that, in these remote and desolate regions of the globe, it has often furnished us with the most pleasurable sensations which our situation was capable of affording." In this manner the winter wore away.

Early in February 1822, a number of the Esquimaux came down to the vessels, and were accompanied to their habitations by some of the officers. Their houses, which were built entirely of snow, were constructed with the greatest ingenuity, with blocks of snow so cut as to form a substantial arched apartment, into which the light was admitted through a circular window of ice. These Esquimaux appear to have been a much more decent race of people than those who have held more frequent intercourse with the Europeans. They neither cried "*pilletay*" (give), nor saved the strangers the trouble of giving—a custom much in vogue amongst some of the Esquimaux. With this party of the natives a frequent intercourse was kept up, and full opportunities were afforded of becoming acquainted with their habits and dispositions. The officers gave a concert to the ladies, who, in their turn, favoured them with some vocal music. During this harmonious scene, Captain Lyon, like a cunning limner, took the opportunity of sketching some of these hyperborean St. Cecilias; "especially *Togolat*, the prettiest of the party. She was about six-and-twenty years of age, with a face more oval than that of Esquimaux in general, very pretty eyes and mouth, teeth remarkably white and regular; and possessed in

her carriage and manners a degree of natural gracefulness which could not be hid even under the disguise of an Esquimaux woman's dress, and, as was usual with Togolat, the dirtiest face of her whole tribe." Upon several occasions the voyagers had an opportunity of observing the Esquimaux mode of seal-hunting, as well as of seal-eating; the last by no means a delicate operation. The intestines being taken out, and "the blood baled up" and "the ribs divided," "all the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager by-standers, for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share: every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house, running eagerly in, and between the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugarcandy." On the 26th of February the theatre closed.

In the early part of March it was determined to despatch a party across Winter Island; and the command of it was entrusted to Captain Lyon, who narrowly escaped perishing, with all his companions, in consequence of a high gale and strong snow-drift which overtook them on their journey. The short narrative which he gives, reminds us of the dreadful sufferings of Captain Franklin and his party. Having pitched their tents for the night, a hole was with difficulty dug in the snow, into which they all huddled; and lighting a fire, contrived, by suffering none of the smoke to escape, to raise the temperature to 20°, while on the outside it was 25° below zero. The next morning they resolved to attempt returning to the ships (about six miles). After wandering for some time, they became completely bewildered, and several of the party "began to exhibit symptoms of that horrid kind of insensibility which is the prelude to sleep. They all professed extreme willingness to do what they were told in order to keep in exercise, but none obeyed: on the contrary, they reeled about like drunken men." Poor Sergeant Spackman was repeatedly told that his nose was frozen, but paid no attention to the admonition. The picture of the Sergeant's situation is really terrific. "The frost-bite had extended over one side of his face, *which was frozen as hard as a mask*, the eye-lids were stiff, and one corner of the upper lip so drawn up as to expose the teeth and gums." At length, most happily, the wanderers met with a new-beaten track, which led them in ten minutes to the vessels.

The firm but kind and conciliating conduct observed by Captain Parry towards the natives, cannot be too highly praised. Upon one occasion, information being given that Okotook, one of the Esquimaux, was dangerously ill of a pulmonary complaint, he was brought on board, accompanied by his wife, Iligliuk, the most intelligent of the Esquimaux. The account of his taking his first dose of physic is amusing enough. "He knew its taste was not pleasant; but this was certainly not all that he dreaded; for before he put the cup to his lips with one hand, he held his wife by the other, and she by him with both hers, as though they expected an explosion, or some such catastrophe, as the immediate effect of the potion; nor did he venture to relinquish his hold till the taste began to leave his mouth." The patient recovered, and, with the customary ingratitude of his countrymen, which appears

to be their most odious characteristic, took leave of his benefactors without a single word of acknowledgment.

In May, the weather becoming milder, another travelling party was despatched to the Northward, for the purpose of making further observations in that direction. This excursion employed about twelve days, but was not productive of any very interesting information. Towards the middle of the month, a number of the Esquimaux established their snow-tents near the vessels, where they remained some days, and on their departure were presented with "a couple of boarding-pikes, some knives, and several tin-canisters filled with bread-dust, for their journey." These marvellous acquisitions "threw them into immoderate fits of laughter, almost amounting to hysterics, which were succeeded by tears." There appears to have been considerable danger of their intellects suffering, as those of wiser people have done, by these sudden influxes of prosperity. On another occasion "the women screamed in a convulsive manner at every thing they received, and cried for five minutes together with the excess of their joy." So backward was the season this year, that it was not until July that, after much exertion and sawing the ice, the vessels were enabled to leave their winter station; in accomplishing which, they were exposed to extreme peril, from the breaking up of the ice. The good citizens of London, at the conclusion of a severe frost, may be seen gazing with great admiration at the plates of ice which float down the Thames and force their way through the bridges; but what would they think of a heavy floe some miles in length, driving fast towards them?" The crew of the Fury must have suffered no small degree of anxiety, when exposed to a possible collision with this floating continent of ice; they beheld it "come in contact, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, with a point of the land-ice left the preceding night by its own separation, breaking it up with a tremendous crash, and forcing numberless immense masses, perhaps many tons in weight, to the height of fifty or sixty feet, whence they quickly rolled down on the inner or land-side, and were as quickly succeeded by a fresh supply. Having escaped these dangers, the expedition proceeded in a northwardly course, until arriving off the strait, afterwards called the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, they found their further progress opposed by a fixed barrier of ice. Landing on the island of Igloolik, they had an opportunity of observing something of the summer habits of the Esquimaux, from whom they received some valuable geographical information. On a former occasion Captain Parry resorted to the same source of intelligence, and the maps which were then drawn by Iligliuk, "the wise woman," as the sailors called her, are inserted in the present volume. Towards the conclusion of July, Captain Lyon and one of his men accompanied a party of the natives on an excursion of some days, and were hospitably entertained at the mansions of their conductors. The place of honour, the deer-skin seat, was cleared for the Captain's reception, and a portion of the tent was screened off for him, where at night he went comfortably to sleep. He was, however, awakened, no doubt much to his surprise, "by a feeling of great warmth," and "found himself covered by a large deer-skin, under which lay his friend, his two wives, and their favourite puppy, all fast asleep and stark-naked." On the following day he was invited to a *soirée dansante*, where he found eighteen

ladies sitting round the tent, with the two gentlemen performers, the dancer and his assistant, standing in the middle. "The assistant, when the principal had pretty well exhausted himself, walked gravely up to him, and taking his head between his hands, performed a ceremony called *Koo-nik*, which is rubbing noses, to the great amazement and amidst the plaudits of the company. After this, as if much refreshed, he resumed his performance, occasionally, however, taking a koo-nik to enliven himself and the spectators." The Captain, in his turn, was required to display his saltatory abilities; and afterwards performed the koo-nik with the prettiest of the Esquimaux ladies. The nose is a favourite organ of salutation in many parts of the world: in New Zealand, according to Captain Cruise, friends and relatives who have been long absent, will, on meeting, sit nose-to-nose for a full half hour.

The navigable season was now rapidly closing, and the progress of the vessels in the direction in which, from the testimony of the Esquimaux, there was every reason to believe the most important discoveries might be made, was still rendered impossible by the ice. Foiled in the attempt to force the vessels forward, Captain Parry and a small party proceeded overland; and after four days' journey, had the satisfaction of arriving at the extreme northern point of the Peninsula, where they discovered the sea stretching to the Westward, and hailed it with three cheers. On the 20th of August the party again reached the ships. The observations made upon this and other excursions, all tended to confirm the idea, that the desired passage might be attained through the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, though the attempt for the present season was impracticable. Captain Parry therefore, having advised with his senior officers, resolved to return to the Eastward in search of winter-quarters; in which the ships were placed at the end of October, after a long and fatiguing process of sawing a canal through the ice. Here the Expedition was visited by many of the Esquimaux, and amongst them by some of their old Winter Island friends, whose company enlivened the dreary months of the winter, more especially as the distance of the two ships precluded the renewal of the dramatic entertainments. The schools, however, were resumed, and, as before, well attended by the men. Nothing could exceed the kindness displayed by Captain Parry and Captain Lyon towards the poor Esquimaux. Several of them who were afflicted with sickness, were comfortably lodged in the sick-bay of the ships; and on the number of patients increasing, a proposal was made to build an hospital for the use of the natives, "and a plan for the building, medical attendance, and victualling, was immediately settled, with a degree of cordiality and zeal," adds Captain Parry, "which I can never forget." To victual the hospital was rather a serious matter, for one of the patients who had received a severe wound in the leg, consumed four pounds of solid meat, in addition to about as much more which he received from his friends. The gastric capacities of the Esquimaux are certainly extraordinary. A boy, scarcely full grown, was allowed to help himself freely from the stores, and in twenty hours despatched the following quantities of solids and fluids:

Sea-horse flesh, hard frozen . .	4 *lbs.*	4 *oz.*
Ditto, boiled	4	4
Bread and bread dust . . .	1	12
	10	4

Rich gravy soup	1¼ pint
Raw spirits	3 wine-glasses
Strong grog	1 tumbler
Water	1 gallon 1 pint.

After this we were not surprised to read, that at one of their villages Captain Lyon met with two young men, "one of whom was slowly recovering from an illness occasioned by excessive eating, and the other had just fallen sick from the same cause, but was relieved by bleeding."

As the year 1823 advanced, it became necessary for Captain Parry to determine finally the course which it was proper to pursue. It had in the previous winter been in contemplation to remove the remaining stores of the Hecla to the Fury, and to despatch the former vessel to England, while the latter, under the command of Captain Parry, should remain another winter, with the object of prosecuting the attempt in the ensuing year. The health of the crews, however, was evidently yielding to the climate; and after mature consultation with the medical men, and by the advice of Captain Lyon, the commander of the Expedition finally resolved to return to England. On the 10th of October, the ships put into Lerwick in the Shetland Islands, where they were greeted with ringing of bells and a public illumination in the evening.

The result of this Expedition, though not successful, is yet highly satisfactory. It has strengthened the conviction, not only of the existence of a North-West passage, but of the ultimate practicability of accomplishing that passage. A strong presumption, as Captain Parry remarks, arises from the recent discoveries in these regions, that the Continent of America does not in any part extend far beyond the 70th or 71st parallel of latitude. That the sea is sometimes navigable upon the northern shores of America, has been ascertained by Captain Franklin; but the difficulty of approaching this sea on the Eastern or Atlantic side is still to be overcome. Captain Parry is of opinion that this difficulty is not insuperable, and that the route pursued by the present Expedition is the one best calculated to ensure eventual success. "For my own part," adds Captain P., "I never felt more sanguine of ultimate success in the enterprise in which I have lately been engaged, than at the present moment; and I cannot but entertain a confident hope that England may be yet destined to succeed in an attempt, which has for centuries past engaged her attention, and interested the whole civilized world." Of the high talents and indefatigable zeal displayed by Captain Parry and his officers during this Expedition, it is difficult to speak in terms of adequate commendation. Perhaps no two individuals could have been selected more fit for the prosecution of an enterprise like this, than the commander of the Expedition and his able coadjutor Captain Lyon. To the latter gentleman the public are indebted for the drawings, from which the beautiful prints which ornament the present volume have been engraved.

At the conclusion of the volume Captain Parry has devoted several pages to a further account of the Esquimaux of Melville Peninsula and the adjoining islands, more particularly Winter Island and Igloolik. Of their personal appearance the Captain speaks more highly than we should be inclined to do, forming our judgment from the representations of their features which his work contains. The colour of a young Esquimaux woman, "when divested of oil and dirt, is scarcely a shade

darker than that of a deep brunette; so that the blood is plainly perceptible when it mounts into the cheeks."—"They are by no means," continues Captain P., "an ill-looking people; and there were among them three or four grown-up persons of each sex, who, when divested of their skin-dresses, their tattooing, and above all, of their dirt, might have been considered pleasing-looking if not handsome people, in any town in Europe." With regard to their moral characteristics, the Esquimaux are a very singular race. Amid all the ignorance and privations of savage life, they display nothing of its ferocity. They live without government and without religion, appearing to have no idea of the existence of one Supreme Being, though they believe in the agency of spirits. No authority but the patriarchal one of parents and husbands is known amongst them, and that authority is seldom subject to abuse. The affection and kindness of parents towards their children has been remarked by former travellers, and is the most amiable quality which they possess. "The gentleness and docility of the children," says Captain Parry, "are such as to occasion their parents little trouble, and to render severity towards them quite unnecessary. Even from their earliest infancy they possess that quiet disposition, gentleness of demeanour, and uncommon evenness of temper, for which they are in more mature age for the most part distinguished. Disobedience is scarcely ever known; a word or even a look from a parent is enough; and I never saw a single instance of that frowardness and disposition to mischief, which with our youth so often require the whole attention of a parent to watch over and to correct." In point of honesty the Esquimaux are fully as virtuous as any reasonable moralist could expect, and occasionally withstand temptations to which many civilized consciences would yield. Their worst qualities appear to be ingratitude, selfishness, and envy. Of their manual arts, and of their mode of hunting and living, many curious details are given in the volume before us, to which we can only refer the reader. Of their amusements the following extract will give some idea.

"It may be supposed that among so cheerful a people as the Esquimaux there are many sports or games practised; indeed it was rarely that we visited their habitations without seeing some engaged in them. One of these our gentlemen saw at Winter Island, on an occasion when most of the men were absent from the huts on a sealing excursion; and in this Iligliuk was the chief performer. Being requested to amuse them in this way, she suddenly unbound her hair, plaited it, tied both ends together to keep it out of the way, and then stepping out into the middle of the hut, began to make the most hideous faces that can be conceived, by drawing both lips into her mouth, poking forward her chin, squinting frightfully, occasionally shutting one eye, and moving her head from side to side as if her neck had been dislocated. This exhibition, which they call *ayokit-tak-poke* *, and which is evidently considered an accomplishment that few of them possess in perfection, distorts every feature in the most horrible manner imaginable, and would, I think, put our most skilful horse-collar grinners quite out of countenance."

"The next performance consists in looking steadfastly and gravely forward, and repeating the words *tabuk-tabak, keibo-keibo, kebang-e-nu-to-eek, kebangenutoeek, amatama, amatama*, in the order in which they are here placed, but

* "This name, as well as those of the other games I am now describing, is given in the third person singular of the verb used to express the performance."

each at least four times, and always by a peculiar modulation of the voice speaking them in pairs as they are coupled above. The sound is made to proceed from the throat in a way much resembling ventriloquism, to which art it is indeed an approach. After the last *amatama* Iligliuk always pointed with her finger towards her body, and pronounced the word *angetkook*, steadily retaining her gravity for five or six seconds, and then bursting into a loud laugh, in which she was joined by all the rest. The women sometimes produce a much more guttural and unnatural sound, repeating principally the word ikkeree-ikkeree, coupling them as before, and staring in such a manner as to make their eyes appear ready to burst out of their sockets with the exertion. Two or more of them will sometimes stand up face to face, and with great quickness and regularity respond to each other, keeping such exact time that the sound appears to come from one throat instead of several. Very few of the females are possessed of this accomplishment, which is called pitkoo-she-rak-poke, and it is not uncommon to see several of the younger females practising it. A third part of the game, distinguished by the word keitik-poke, consists only in falling on each knee alternately; a piece of agility which they perform with tolerable quickness, considering the bulky and awkward nature of their dress."

"The last kind of individual exhibition was still performed by Iligliuk; to whom in this, as in almost every thing else, the other women tacitly acknowledged their inferiority, by quietly giving place to her on every occasion. She now once more came forward, and letting her arms hang down loosely, and bending her body very much forward, shook herself with extreme violence as if her whole frame had been strongly convulsed, uttering at the same time, in a wild tone of voice, some of the unnatural sounds before mentioned."

We have refrained from entering into any scientific details, as the Appendix, containing the most important discoveries in Natural History, and other similar matters, has not yet been published.

WINTER SONG. TO MY WIFE.

The birds that sang so sweet in the summer skies are fled,
And we trample under foot leaves that flutter'd o'er our head;
The verdant fields of June wear a winding-sheet of white,
The stream has lost its tune, and the glancing waves their light.

We too, my faithful wife, feel our winter coming on,
And our dreams of early life like the summer birds are gone;
My head is silver'd o'er, while thine eyes their fire have lost,
And thy voice, so sweet of yore, is enchain'd by age's frost.

But the founts that live and shoot through the bosom of the earth,
Still prepare each seed and root to give future flowers their birth;
And we, my dearest Jane, spite of age's wintry blight,
In our bosoms will retain Spring's florescence and delight.

The seeds of love and lore that we planted in our youth,
Shall develope more and more their attractiveness and truth;
The springs beneath shall run, though the snows be on our head,
For Love's declining sun shall with Friendship's rays be fed.

Thus as happy as when young shall we both grow old, my wife,
On one bough united hung of the fruitful Tree of Life;
May we never disengage through each change of wind and weather,
Till in ripeness of old age we both drop to earth together!

H.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. XI.

*Mr. Mathews's Theatrical Gallery: Second part.**

That portion of the above unique collection, which was noticed in my last paper—namely, the portraits and theatrical scenes—if more striking in its general character than the portion now to be described, is perhaps less interesting, and comes less "home to the business and bosoms" of those who peculiarly concern themselves in theatrical affairs.—And who is it that does not, in the present day—in wish and in thought, at least, if not in fact?—Of all the various classes of which society is composed, there is not one, about which all the others feel so much curiosity as they do about actors. And the next best thing to knowing a person about whom one feels interested, is to have an opportunity of inspecting those objects which are calculated to enliven and call up the various associations, both actual and imaginary, of which we are possessed concerning him. From this it follows, that to all lovers of the drama, and admirers of those who give a substantive being and existence to it, the actors—the Gallery now before us will offer more subjects of attraction than any other that I have yet had occasion to describe; and that attraction will be of a more intimate and permanent nature. And if the interest excited by it is not of that high and ennobling character, which results from the inspection of those collections devoted to the more imaginative classes of Art, perhaps it is not the less valuable on that account—since the human heart by which we live is kept in a sound and healthful state, not so much by gazing on the everlasting stars that are above and at a distance from it, as by feeding on the humble roots that grow in the common path which we are destined to pass over, and inhaling the breath of those frail flowers of a day that spring up by its side.

The first portion of this secondary department of Mr. Mathews's gallery, which I shall now describe, is what may truly be called the Garrickiana—consisting of busts, casts, models, medallions, medals, drawings, engravings, dresses, and an almost innumerable collection of other objects, all referring to the various circumstances of that distinguished artist's life, as connected with the British stage. Perhaps the most valuable and interesting among these, as a detached object, is a beautiful and elaborate casket, exquisitely carved out of the wood of the mulberry-tree, ascertained to have been planted by Shakspeare's hand. In this casket was presented to Garrick, by the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, the freedom of that city; and that document itself, with the letter which accompanied it, still retain their place in the casket.—The allegorical subjects depicted on the four sides and the top of this casket, are executed with extreme delicacy—being carved into high-relief out of the solid wood.—For those who are capable of using visible objects as a means of calling up, or even of creating, imaginative abstractions, the sight of this casket (together with several other minor

* In the first paper on this subject there were two trifling errors which should be corrected. In Zoffanj's picture of Jaffier and Belvidera, the Belvidera was described as Mrs. Beverly, instead of Mrs. Cibber; and the characters of Charles and Joseph Surface, in the original cast of the School for Scandal, were reversed.—Charles was performed by "gentleman Smith," and Joseph by John Palmer.

objects preserved here, illustrative of the general feeling that prevailed during his own day, in regard to this extraordinary actor) will furnish a striking idea of that truest of all fames, which consists in feeling that our being is projected without us, and has become part and parcel of the being of those with whom we live. Posthumous fame, as an anticipated possession, is but a cheat after all—a castle in the air. It is a splendid mockery, to be sure, and a useful one; but it *is* a mockery nevertheless.—But the man who has lived to have his shoe-tie craved as a boon, and sold as a sacred relic*, may set posterity and its awards at defiance; for he *has* lived, and nothing that those who *are to live* can do, either for or against him, is worth a moment of his consideration. In fact, there is no fame and distinction like an actor's. It not only "comes home to *his bosom*," but to his very senses;—he sees it with his eyes—he hears it with his ears—he feels it tingling at the very tips of his fingers:—and yet he is not content. There never was an actor that did not, in his secret heart, curse his choice of a profession;—at least, after the novelties attending the first practice of it were a little faded. He sighs for "the scholar's, statesman's, soldier's, pen, tongue, sword;" for any kind of distinction, in short, but that which he has: as if there were any difference in distinctions, *as such*, except in degree—and as if any were so tangible, so palpable, so unequivocal, as that belonging to a favourite actor. In fact, the applause which *he* gets, is the thing itself; while all other is but "as the *echo* that doth applaud again." There is no exception to this remark, unless it be in the case of the public speaker: and this can scarcely be considered as one—inasmuch as the public speaker, whatever his views or sentiments may be, *is* in a great degree an actor.

There are two other detached objects in this part of the collection, which I cannot help mentioning in particular, on account of the associations they excited in my own mind, in regard to the character of Garrick, as a dramatic artist; and I confess (without pretending at present to investigate the why and wherefore) that they called up before me a more distinct and *visible* image of that artist, in all the extraordinary variety of his alleged power, than all the portraits of him that I have ever seen, or all the descriptive criticisms that I have read. These are, the head-dress in which he performed the mad and heart-stricken Lear; and (think it not an anticlimax, reader—"from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step!")—the shoes in which he played Abel Drugger. I shall leave the mention of these two objects to produce their own effect on the reader, and pass on, if not to "mettle more attractive," at least to that about which I may more safely trust myself to remark: for to say the truth, I find some difficulty in escaping from the above-named objects, without being impelled to exclaim, in the language of Lear himself—"Stay—I'll preach to thee! &c.;" and forthwith proceed to pen down certain wise reflections, which are at this present writing rife within me, but which the reader might possibly think "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" especially as the ine-

* The shoe-rose which Garrick wore on the night when he quitted the stage is among the relics preserved in this collection. It was begged as a boon by his friend Davis, and has since come into Mr. Mathews's possession, accompanied by a document duly authenticating it! *This* "is true fame."

vitable effect of indulging in them, would be to preclude any further account of the subject of this paper.

The principal portion of the Garrickiana are contained in an immense portfolio, which may be considered as an illustrated life of the artist—the different objects it comprises being arranged in something like a chronological order, with reference to the various epochs of his public career. Any thing like a detailed notice of these is of course out of the question; but some idea of their extent and interest may be conveyed, by mentioning, that they comprise no less than two hundred and thirty original drawings, engravings, letters, &c. &c.—all strictly applicable to the subject, to the illustration of which they are devoted. The following original letter, in Garrick's hand-writing, I have leave to copy and lay before the reader—who will find it highly interesting on various accounts. In the first part it proves the careful manner in which Garrick studied and investigated the different bearings of every portion of the character he was depicting; and the conclusion offers a pleasing specimen, most pleasingly expressed, of his candour in admitting the influence which praise exercised upon him.—This letter has never before been printed:

"Dear Sir, *"Monday Morning.*

"The next best thing to saying your prayers was certainly reading Macbeth—so you have not much to answer on my account.

"I am always happy to agree with you, and which I do most sincerely in your opinion of the scene with Banquo. I was, indeed, not quite master of my feelings, till I got to *clutch the air-drawn dagger*. I like your description of the state of Macbeth's mind and body, at the time he affects cheerfulness to Banquo—it is a well-painted picture—but I won't flatter myself that I ever played up to your colouring.

"You are certainly right in your account of my speaking, '*Doctor, the Thanes fly from me*,'—but I differ a little with you in opinion, that I formerly spoke it in a *burst of melancholy*. Macbeth is greatly heated and agitated with the news of the English force coming upon him. His mind runs from one thing to another—all is hurry and confusion. Would not his speaking in a melancholy manner in the midst of his distraction be too calm?—'*Come, put my armour on—Give me my staff—Seyton, send out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me!—Come, sir, dispatch—Pluck it off—Bring it after me, &c.*' You have flattered me much by your very obliging letter, and I shall profit by your criticism this evening, if I should happen to be in order. I am an old hunter—touched a little in wind—and somewhat foundered—but stroke me and clap me on the back, as you have kindly done, and I can make a shift to gallop over the course. Once more I thank you for your letter, and am most truly, "Your obliged humble servant,

"D. Garrick.

"P. S. I returned too late last night from Hampton to answer your letter."

In looking over the numerous portraits of Garrick (all which are known to be extant) mounted in this splendid volume, we are struck with the infinite variety of character and expression which they include; and yet we are at the same time satisfied that they are all in some degree like the original, since they are all, without exception, in some particular like each other. In fact, I should think that the extreme *volubility*, if it may be so expressed, of Garrick's face, must have been the most extraordinary characteristic belonging to it.—Among the numerous objects collaterally connected with Garrick in this volume, perhaps the most interesting is a lovely portrait of his wife, taken at a

very early age. To those who remember to have seen the late Mrs. Garrick sitting in her box at Drury-lane theatre—a withered lady of ninety—*seeming* to listen to the performance on the stage, but in reality only hearkening after the dim echoes that it awakened in her own heart—the sight of this picture will be peculiarly touching.

To the theatrical antiquary this portfolio will also furnish a high treat. Not the least among the items that will attract his attention is the play-bill, in which is announced Garrick's first performance at the Goodman's-fields theatre. The words "Richard III. by a gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage," will serve to prove the important proposition that the authors of play-bills are the least in the world of innovators!

We must now turn from this splendid volume of illustrations of the life of *one* English actor, to another work, which is intended to include those of all the English actors of any note that have flourished in London since the days of Shakspeare. This may be considered, in its plan, as an entirely novel undertaking; and the lovers of the acted drama will unquestionably regard it as a really important one. The first part of it is already complete, and comprises the period from Shakspeare's day up to the year 1760—including engraved and other portraits of one hundred London actors, with biographical sketches of all that is authentically known concerning each of them. The portraits are mounted at the head of the folio page, and comprise all that are rare in their class; and the biographical notices occupy the lower part—being extended or compressed, as the materials seem to require—but professing to include facts and events alone—not criticisms. As a specimen of the manner in which the biographical portion of the work is executed, I have copied out the following interesting notice of a person, who is perhaps at once more and less known than almost any other that has lived in what may be called our own times.

"Joe Miller.—The name of this actor is familiar to every body, and is perhaps more frequently repeated than that of any of his more celebrated brethren of the sock.—Every wit, every punster, every retailer of anecdote, good or bad, is in the habit of meeting the name of Joe Miller; and but few out of the number are aware that he was a comedian of considerable celebrity; and that to his talents on the stage solely, it is believed, he is indebted for the fame and notoriety attached to his name. Samuel Ireland, in his illustrations of Hogarth, says, 'Joe Miller's Jests (a circumstance but little known) was compiled by Mr. Motley, a dramatic writer. Indeed, poor Joe was so far disqualified from writing, that he could not read.' Victor asserts that Miller could not read—as if it were a matter of notoriety. He says of him, 'Joe Miller is known to have been a lively comic actor, and agreeable favourite of the town in several of his characters, particularly in Ben, in Love for Love.' The above engraving is taken from the original edition of the Jests. He is there represented in his favourite character of Sir John Wittol, in the Old Bachelor. He is reported to have kept a public-house in the parish of St. Clement Danes; at least, if he did not, there is little doubt, from his general mode of living, that he contributed in no small degree towards keeping up one for some other person. He passed most of his time with the whimsical Spiller, whom I shall hereafter mention, and their general place of rendezvous was at the Spiller's Head, in Clare Market. This son of mirth died in 1738, at the age of fifty-four, and lies buried in the upper church-yard of St. Clement's parish. His epitaph was written by Stephen Duck, the noted

thresher, and Queen Caroline's poet. The lines engraved on his tombstone are as follows: 'Here lie the remains of honest Joe Miller, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian.

'If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest from the grave,
The grave had not so soon his tenant found,
With honesty and wit and humour crown'd.
Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
Or guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.'

STEPHEN DUCK.

"Miller was a natural, spirited comedian. He was the famous Teague in the Committee, and in all the comedies where that character is introduced, (meaning, I suppose, that he acted all the low Irishmen): and though the gentlemen of Ireland would never admit that he had the true brogue, yet he substituted something in the room of it, that made his Teague very diverting to an English audience. Miller was excellent in Sir John Wittol, Talboy, Castril, Ben, &c.; and as a proof of it, he died in the receipt of a good salary, which he had long enjoyed without being able to read. They said his principal motive for marrying was not for a fortune, but for a wife learned enough to read his parts to him.

"In a review of a new edition of the Jests edited by Cumberland, it is said 'Miller was an actor of very dull capacity, and his dulness made it a good joke to call a book of jests by his name.'"

It was mentioned in my last paper that these notices have been collected, and that the whole is arranged and written by Mr. Mathews himself. It should be added that the Gallery contains ample materials for completing the work up to the present day. So that we may hope, after Mr. Mathews has gone through his range of all other possible characters, to see him "at home" at last in that of an author.

In glancing at the general theatrical library which forms a part of this gallery, we must only stay to mention that it contains, among a variety of other curious works, the four first editions of Shakspeare—those of 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685; also a most singular folio volume, containing an illustrated copy of Ireland's Confessions, prepared by his own hand, and including all the original drawings, papers, letters, &c. by means of which he contrived to carry on his strange impositions. Besides these objects, we meet with play-bills in complete sets, for a period of no less than thirty years—including Garrick's day; numerous single plays; and finally, three large volumes of *Autograph Letters.* As I have been favoured with the liberty of using these, the reader may chance to hear more of them hereafter. In the mean time I cannot resist the temptation of stimulating his curiosity (whether I should ever satisfy it or not) by telling him that this MS. treasure includes scraps from the hands of almost every great and little *known*, gentle and simple, that has flourished during the last half century; together with not a few from the hands of certain great and little "*un*knowns," from which we shall perhaps beable to extract still more amusement.

The only other portion of this collection which my space will allow me to describe in detail, is, the busts which ornament various parts of

it. There is something at once strange and impressive in the effect we derive from the marble presence of an *unknown* person, about whom, from whatever cause, we may have felt a deep interest or an intense curiosity. It is almost like being in the presence of the dead form, preserved by some strange magic, so as to exhibit all the intellectual character which it possessed, or rather typified, during its mortal lifetime, but none of the physical character. It is a paradoxical existence—a sort of life-in-death—an immateriality emanating from the most material of things. There is nothing, in short, which creates at once so distinct and so ideal an existence in the mind, as the bust or statue of a person whose real form and lineaments are unknown to us. But the sight of a bust or statue representing one with whose person we are acquainted, and whom we are almost daily in the habit of seeing, or of hearing mentioned as a living being engaged in the active pursuit of our own time, excites, in those who take the pains to examine the affections and operations of their own mind, still more strange and anomalous sensations. And the more striking the likeness to the person represented, the more strong and strange will be the effect produced. It will seem as if some fairy's wand had struck the living, breathing, and thinking being, into an image of stone—but still suffered it to retain the human passions and affections that we have seen it exhibit the effects of in life; and we feel as if the same hand that has here fixed the faculties into a preternatural stillness, could by another touch, set them free again, to act and be acted upon as before.

We have some striking examples of both these classes of busts here. In the centre of the gallery—like the sun of the drama in the centre of that host of satellites to which it has given life and light—stands Shakspeare—his dead eyes beaming with immortality, and his lofty brow discoursing of all things—past, present, and to come. Near him stands the loftiest of those whom he has contributed to render illustrious, and who (let us not fear to say it) has contributed no less, in her turn, to illustrate *him*: one who may be considered as the grandest specimen of "a glorious human creature," that modern times have seen. Need I add to this the name of Sarah Siddons? There she reposes, in the rich meridian of her glory—serious from deep thought, but untouched by the slightest degree of severity—proud in conscious power, but with no tinge of pretence or affectation—majestic from a constant communion with high thoughts and majestic images, but altogether removed from that mock majesty which arises from station and state alone. And then for passion, true tragic passion—what a world of it is concentrated in that "proud patrician lip!" Upon the regal brow thought sits, like an enthroned monarch; while about the mouth sensibility lingers, as if reluctant to depart—still living, but yet retiring and repressed—subdued and rendered subservient to those more lofty attributes in the presence of which it stands rebuked. To have seen this lady is to have lived not in vain; and to stand before this fine representation of her is the next best thing to seeing her still.—Near the above-named bust stands one of Charles Kemble, which will excite particular attention, on account of its having been modelled by Mrs. Siddons herself. Next in attraction to that of Mrs. Siddons, and *only* next, is the bust of Sir Walter Scott.—It is admirably executed as a work of Art; but it possesses

the crying demerit of making the worthy Baronet look like no imaginary person so much as "the Author of Waverley!"

The only other busts that require particular mention are two, representing Liston and Mr. Mathews himself. A bust of Liston! think of that, reader! And one, too, that while it preserves an admirable likeness, excites no sensations or associations of a ludicrous, still less of a ridiculous nature. I must leave the reader to account for this fact himself: suggesting, however, in passing, that I can scarcely conceive how a man of genius *can* look ridiculous, in his own proper person, and without *intending* to look so. Certain it is, however, that in this bust of Liston, there is a something not undignified.

The bust of Mr. Mathews himself, which is the last object I shall particularly refer to in this singular collection, strikingly confirms a favourite theory of mine, that the "human face divine" is almost entirely moulded by the still more divine mind, to the operations of which it is made subservient. In Garrick's face, fine as it is, there is no *characteristic* expression whatever—nothing but that mobility (or, as I have ventured to call it, volubility) which enabled it to become "all things to all men." And it is nearly the same with the *private* face of Mr. Mathews, as represented in this bust. It has so long been employed in illustrating the characters of others, that it has at length lost its own. And this should be a subject of any thing but regret to its possessor; for from this quality it is that much of his extraordinary power arises, poetically speaking. His face, like the material of the bust before us, is a clay in the hands of the modeller; and he himself is the artist, who can mould it by turns into whatever he wishes it to be. So that ("not to speak it *punningly*") if Mr. Mathews has lost the countenance of one person, he has gained that of every body else.

POETICAL SCENES.—NO. III.

PANDÆMONIUM.—*A Sketch.*

The following Sketch was written last year, as introductory to a drama, founded in some measure upon the "*Faust*" of Goëthe, or rather upon the "*Prodigious Magician*" of Calderon, who is clearly the original of the celebrated German. Goëthe has introduced his evil spirit in Heaven. It is, at least, as much in character to give him his credentials in Hell.

[SCENE—PANDÆMONIUM. *A vast Hall, dimly lighted, is seen, and in the distance a river of fire. A throne and seats around it are vacant. A band of* SPIRITS *is heard in the air.*]

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Spirits!—Angels!—Cherubim!
Kings,—and Stars,—and Seraphim!
Armies, and battallions—driven
Headlong from the azure Heaven
By the keen and blasting light,
And the racking thunder-blight,
And the terror of The Ban,—
Come!—unto our great Divan!

[*Hosts of Spirits descend and rise up from different quarters.* MOLOCH *descends suddenly and takes his station.* CHORUS *resumes.*]

Come!—He comes, the crimson king!
On his broad wide-wandering wing,
As a comet, fierce and bright,
Rushes through a moonless night.

[Belial *descends swiftly upon his throne.*]

He is come, the angel brother!
Fairer, and yet like the other,
As the thought is like the deed,
Swift, but with unerring speed.

[Abaddon *descends.*]

And a third (amongst a choir
Of thunders)—the sublime Destroyer!
Who from blood did take his birth,
And built his fame upon the earth,
Higher than the victor's glory,
Death-propp'd and made false in story.

[Mammon *descends slowly.*]

Spirits.

Who is this,—a flaming error,
Without speed or sign of terror,
Cover'd by his golden robe?—

Chorus.

He is king of all the globe;
Master of the earthen deeps,
Where the blind bright treasure sleeps;
Crowned lord of courts and bowers,
Dicers' hearts, and women's hours.

[*A host of Spirits is heard rushing forwards.*]

Come!—They come. The air is heavy
With the iron-banded levy.
Every wind is loaded well
With the rank and wealth of Hell;
And the fiery river dashes,
Bounding into double light,
As one by one a Spirit flashes
On the cloud-incumber'd night.
The triple-dog doth quit his feast,
And bayeth at the burning East:

[*The light increases: flowers are seen springing up.*]

And, lo! the vast blood-grained flowers
Unfold wide their broad pavillions;
And the night-extinguish'd dreams,
And the star-awaken'd millions
Clothe them in fresh powers,
And rush to the dawning beams.

Spirits.

Come, O come! In this crimson air,
The children of ruin and sin are fair:
We shout and we play,
For Death is away,
Making on Earth a dark holiday.
O King of the Night!
Where sleeps thy scorn?
Where tarries thy light,
O Prince of Morn?—
Come! O come!

[*The approach of* Satan *is seen afar off.*]

Come!—He comes, he comes, he comes!
Strike the tempest from the drums!

Scatter music on the air!
Drown the dissonant tongues of care!
Bid the raging trumpets blow!
Let the crimson liquor flow!
Bid the Bacchanals shriek and cry,
'Till the madden'd Echoes fly
Round and round the mighty halls,
Where the fiery river falls!

[*He is distinguished nearer.*]

Come!—He comes, the king of kings!
On his bright angelic wings,
Which have swept through space and night,
Swifter than the arrow's flight,
Thorough Chaos and its dark stream,
As a thought doth pierce a dream.

[SATAN *descends upon his throne, which expands.*]

GENERAL CHORUS *of Spirits.*

Hail, all hail!—Thy brethren bowed
Welcome thee from flame and cloud,—
Spirits of the wind and thunder,
(Who have lain in sullen wonder
Ever since the great Dismay,)
Stand up again in their strong array,—
Eagle spirits who face the Sun—
Gods, whose glittering deeds are done
On the crumbling edge of ruin,
When the muttering storm is wooing
(With love-threats upon his lips)
Earthquake, or the coy eclipse.
Hail! Hail! Hail!—We sing
Great welcome unto our exile king!

SATAN.

Spirits! for this large welcome thanks as large!
Hail all!—Since last we met I have been wandering,
Through stars and worlds, to the shut doors of Heaven;
And thence have sailed round the huge globes which lie
Lazily rolling in the twilight air,
And done ye service.—On one (a belted world)
I alit, and faced great statures like ourselves,
On one a race of madmen, on another
Women to whom the planets came down at night:
All shapes I look'd on,—souls of every tinge,
From black ambition down to pallid hope:
Some worshipp'd the white moon, and some the sun,
Some stars, some darkness, and a host—themselves.
Some bow'd before Abaddon's glory: some
Call'd on our Moloch here, and drank hot blood:
Others to princely Mammon knelt, and watched
His golden likeness; while our Belial (shaped
Like Venus or libidinous Bacchus) reigned
Omnipotent as Death. Even myself a few
Did not disdain—
Spirits!—I have sown fear
Deep in bold hearts, and discord amidst calm;
Sharp hate I planted in the soil of love,
And jealousy, that bitter weed which springs
Even in the sky. Doubt and revenge I gave

To worms, which else had crawl'd, whereat they rear'd
Their straining necks on the mountain-tops, and stood
Questioning every pale star on its way,
And argued 'gainst fierce Fate, until the doors
Of Death gave back in fear, and they were—gods!
This have I done, and for it claim your thanks.

All. Hail! Hail!—

Satan. Since when I have flown across the perilous deep,
Haunted by pain: the crash of rocks uptorn
Sang by me, and the loud mad hurricanes
Roar'd through the ether, and hot lightnings sought me,
And bellowing in my track the thunder ran.

Moloch. Still thou art here, unhurt?

Satan. Still am I here,
Undaunted and untouch'd.—Now speak, Abaddon!
What hast thou wrought on earth these hundred years?

Abad. Earth has, thou know'st, been Moloch's. When he drove
His red battallions through the wind, I chained
Outrageous Famine in her den, and fed
The blue Plague till it panted into sleep;
Then to the Earthquake gave a populous town,
And so they rested: yet,—to pass my time,
I pluck'd a Seville doctor from his chair,
And, cloth'd in his lusty likeness, taught through Spain
Averroes and Galen. I talked boldly,
Concocted poisons, and foretold eclipse,
And wed inseparably mind to dust:
So I 'd a host of sceptics. Some went mad;
Some let their souls out through a gash i' the side;
The rest drank deep of Xeres. What didst thou? [*To Mammon.*

Mam. Hearing there was a Cardinal 'bout to die,
I lay me down beside the Vatican;
And, when I saw his soul escape in smoke
Over Saint Peter's, I uncased my spirit,
And stole into the scarlet churchman's heart.
His corpse was quite oppress'd, so many mourn'd!
Sighs that would ships unanchor, groans which shook
The Palatine and its myrtles, heaved the room:
To stay which storm I rose. You should have seen
The petticoat-mourners! Two sad sons o' the Pope
Cried "Curse!" and dried their grief:—the rest all fled.
How well I did as —, — — the ——,
Becomes not me to mention.

Belial. I have drunk deep
Amongst the Mussulmans, and unveil'd looks
In cloisters that made monks forget their beads,—
Blown lax siroccos on strong honesty,
And fired with amorous dreams the virgin's sleep—

Satan. What says our gravest brother?

Beelz. I sate beside
A throned king, and was his counsellor:
And we knit laws together, such as bind
Strong hearts unto our side, and some which chained
The panther-people, as the witchmoon binds
In terror or mute dreams the raging sea.
Sometimes these links fell shatter'd; but we glued
The fragments with hot blood, and all grew firm.
At last, that million-headed beast, whose frown
Doth scare even thrones—the riotous rebel mob

Rose up, and trod my master-king to dust.
I left his fragments on the city gates,
And flew to join ye.

Satan. The same burthen still.

Mam. This picture hath two sides; and one is bright.
Wilt thou hear *all?*—Our gold forgets its power:
It glitters still, looks rich, and smiles—but yet,
Like a false friend, it fails.

Abad. Men multiply
Like worms; but though the strong still slay the weak,
Yet 'tis not much. Some rascal qualities,
Pity, Remorse, and Fear, usurp men's souls.

Moloch. Away! away!

Belial. The church, which late we thought
Grew up so lofty with its load of clay
And toppled to its ruin, now revives.

Satan. Ah, Moloch! did I not confide to *thee*
That dusty planet?

Moloch. I have done my best;
Nay, have done well, too. For a hundred years
The wretches have been fighting, men and boys,
Slandering, thieving, lying, cutting throats,
And drown'd their passions in a crimson rain.
Fierce Ignorance in college and church has sate
Throned, and (from fear) respected. Knaves have thrived:
Fools have sprung up and prosper'd: Truth has perish'd.
A few poor devils only (spare the word!)
Have starved themselves in caves, or preach'd to air
'Bout matters beyond *my* capacity.

Belial. 'Tis that, good Moloch, which has wrought this ill.

Satan. These imps, though small, are cunning. Thy plain virtue
Is no match for their tricks. Our Belial here
Shall waste his leisure there a hundred years.
Wilt thou have comrades?

Belial. One. Our friend here (Mordax)
Will give me his aid perhaps, unless he owns
Some better engagement for the time. Wilt go?

Satan. Speak, spirit! Wilt thou follow our great brother?
Mark! if thou dost,—though *here* thou 'rt free as wind,
Thou must obey.

Mordax. I will obey the prince.

Satan. 'Tis right.—(*To Belial*) He shall have licence and large gifts,
And take what shapes he likes and stretch of power.—
Hast thou matured thy plan? Dost thou affect
Any particular quarter of the globe?

Belial. No, so it be but warm; somewhere i' the South.

Mordax. If I may speak—

Satan. Speak out!

Mordax. As there are some
Who in the race of thought outstrip the rest,
And pluck the fruit alone,—would 't not be well
To make one great example?—There is a fellow
Who, as 'tis boasted, scares the swerving stars,
Hoodwinks the moon, and earthquake and eclipse
Commands by strength of prayer; and he can tame
The tempest, and vast seas, though raging mad.
He untwists dreams: Time he outstrips; and looks
Right through the future. Thus men *boast*. In fact,
He *can* read our black language.—

Satan. How!—Who is 't?
Mordax. A Count of Ortiz, Fernan de Marillo.
Satan. He is descended from a meddling stock.
One of his fathers I struck dead with lightning
At Cordova. *He* fain would read our acts,
And learn the qualities of death and fire.
Hie thee to Spain, good Mordax! Fly, my brother!
There's much to do on earth if this be true.
Belial. 'Tis truth, indeed. I have some good friends there,
Inquisitors, and nobles, and cowl'd monks,
Who, with the common herd, will give us help.
Mordax. Ay—Montemar, and Sanchez, and the Pope
Will aid us, and—and—Nunez—
Satan. Sir, speak truth!
You are not now on earth, 'midst dust and worms,
But in the palace of your king, where Truth
Reigns as in air. Be silent!
Moloch. There is nothing
I hate so utterly as an useless lie.
Mordax. Pardon!
Satan. Thou hast our licence to betray,
To sting, to slander, and to practise pain
On earth,—not here.
Belial. Poor fellow, pardon him!
He could not help it: Nature—
Satan. He's forgiven.
No more, good brother! we must say farewell.
When thou art gone we will proceed in council.
Belial. Farewell! I'll have some curious tales for you
At our next meeting. Long farewell to all!

[Belial *and* Mordax *ascend, and are gradually lost in the distance.*]

CHORUS.

Fare ye well! Farewell!—
May ye prosper, wheresoever
Through the scorned earth ye go,
Amidst death and pain and woe,
Smiting always, healing never.

Fare ye well! Farewell!—
All the regions of great Hell
Echo their wide wonder,
That a god should elsewhere roam,
And the strong unwieldy thunder
Leaves his black and hollow home,
And along the brazen arches
Pealeth, and the wing'd blast parches
With its breath the iron shore;
And the billows, in red ranks,
Rush upon the scorched banks,
Sighing evermore!

[*Darkness covers the assembly at the conclusion of the Chorus.*]

No IV. 'Raffaelle *and* Fornarina.'

MEMOIRS OF GOETHE.*

There is no living man who has filled so great a space in the literature of the last half-century, and that in such varied, and to appearance, inconsistent departments, as Goëthe. The author of Faust, and Werther, and Götz von Berlichingen, has set his strong impress on the genius of the age. We accordingly hail with much pleasure the appearance of his Memoirs—the work and amusement of his old age—in an English dress.

This present translation† is respectably executed, though occasionally a few foreign idioms—a fault difficult to be avoided—have crept in. The translator has judiciously struck out those passages which in the original contained the accounts of his travels in Italy, France, &c. which do not fairly come under the head of biographical narrative, and consist chiefly of antiquated details.

Goëthe opens the account of his life with the description of his horoscope.

"It was on the 28th of August, 1749, exactly at noon, that I came into this world, at Frankfort on the Maine. I was born under fortunate auspices; the sun was in the sign of the Virgin at the utmost degree of elevation. The aspects of Jupiter and Venus were favourable to the day. Mercury testified no signs of hostility; Saturn and Mars were neutral. The moon, however, then near the full, was an important obstacle; and the more so, as the labour which attended my birth coincided with the hour of her new phase. She retarded my entrance into the world until that moment had elapsed."‡

He dwells with the most agreeable minuteness on the feelings of his childhood, and describes with a lingering eloquence the walks, haunts, and amusements of these early days. He gives us even graphic descriptions of the rooms of the house he was born in—its furniture—its books—its pictures. He justly considers the almost unremembered events of that period as the materials for the thoughts and actions of future life. His childish imagination was filled with deep reflections on the objects of the highest and most mysterious nature—such as the existence, government, and providence of the Deity, [p. 17.] and with glowing contemplations of the gorgeous days gone by. [p. 8. 11. &c.] In these early indications we may trace the line adopted by the future poet.

His habits even then were solitary, but he received an excellent education by means of home instruction—a system which he most pointedly condemns. [p. 19.] He recalls with delight the recollection of his first reading Robinson Crusoe, which truly is an event in a man's life, and dwells with rapture on the happiness which was imparted to him by the Contes Bleus, Fortunatus, the Wandering Jew, &c.—tales which are the common property of Europe, and which will continue to delight the

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* Translated from the original German. 8vo. 1824.

† We have before taken a concise notice of the present Memoirs, prior to their translation. See vol. v. page 521.

‡ "Here Goethe, in imitation of Sterne, alludes to the reveries of the astrologers. Our readers are aware that, according to their system, the revolutions and movements of the stars in their course have a decisive influence over the birth and destiny of every individual. To determine this influence, according to the position of the stars at the moment of birth, is what they call drawing the horoscope."

rising mind long after the trashy stories which are now forced into the nursery, under the pretext of utility and instruction, shall be forgotten. From the beginning of his life he had the enthusiasm and the whimsicality of genius, both of which are eminently shewn in his original method of adoration. The passage is eloquently written.

"My attention had been particularly fixed on our first article of faith. God, in intimate union with nature, which he cherishes as his work, appeared to me to be undoubtedly the same God who is pleased to maintain habitual relations with man. In fact, why should not this Omnipotent Being interest himself in our proceedings as well as in the motion of the stars which regulates the order of days and seasons, as well as in the care of plants and animals? Several passages of the gospel contain positive expressions on this subject. Being unable to form an idea of the Supreme Being, I sought him in his works, and resolved to erect an altar to him, after the manner of the patriarchs. Certain productions of nature were to represent the world, and a flame was to arise, figurative of the human soul ascending towards its Creator. I therefore chose the most valuable articles in the collection of natural curiosities which I had at hand. The difficulty was to arrange them in such a manner as to compose a little edifice. My father had a handsome music-desk of red lacquer, adorned with golden flowers, in form of a four-sided pyramid, with ledges, to execute quartettos. This desk had not been used for some time. I took possession of it, and laid my specimens of natural history upon it in gradation, some above others, in regular and significant order. I wished to offer my first act of adoration at sunrise. I had not yet determined on the manner in which I should produce the symbolical flame, which I intended at the same time to emit a fragrant odour. At length I succeeded in securing these two conditions of my sacrifice. I had in my possession a few grains of incense. If they would not produce a flame, they might at least give light, and spread an agreeable perfume in burning. This mild light, shed by burning perfumes, expressed what passes in our minds at such a moment, even more perfectly than a flame. The sun had long risen above the horizon, but the neighbouring houses still intercepted his rays. At length he rose high enough to allow me, by means of a burning-glass, to light my grains of incense, scientifically arranged on a fine porcelain cup. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes. My piety was satisfied. My altar became the principal ornament of the apartment in which it stood. Others perceived in it nothing but a collection of natural curiosities, distributed with regularity and elegance: I alone knew its real intention. I wished to repeat my pious ceremony. Unluckily, when the sun appeared I had no porcelain cup at hand; I placed my grains of incense on the top of the desk: I lighted them; but I was so absorbed in my contemplations, that I did not perceive the mischief which my sacrifice had done, until it was too late to remedy it. The grains of incense, in burning, had covered the fine red lacquer, and the gold flowers, with black spots; as if the evil spirit, driven away by my prayers, had left the indelible traces of his feet on the desk. The young pontiff now found himself in sad perplexity. He succeeded in concealing the damage by means of his pile of natural curiosities; but he never afterwards had the courage to attempt to repeat his sacrifice, and he thought he saw in this accident, a warning of the danger of attempting to approach the Deity in any manner whatsoever."

The flames of the seven years' war occasioned some discord in his family, one party espousing the cause of Austria, another that of Prussia. His great-grandfather, as senator of Frankfort, had carried the crown at the election of Francis the First, and, as became the bearer of such a precious weight, was Austrian, and carried with him part of the family: his father had been nominated Imperial Counsellor by Francis's rival, Charles VII., and inclined to the Prussian interest. Goëthe himself was

dazzled by the talents of Frederic, and, without entering into the merits of the dispute between the states, made him his hero. He quarrelled accordingly with his grandfather, and other disputes on different grounds which he had with his schoolfellows estranged him from society. To these quarrels and their consequences he attributes his indifference for the public opinion of him, which, he truly remarks, has been a striking feature of his life. His studies continued unabated; and he particularly notes the effect Klopstock's Messiah had on him at its first appearance. His father, however, would not allow it to be a poem at all, it being unfortunately without rhyme; a circumstance which "stumbled" as many in Germany, as a similar want in Paradise Lost did the reading public of the days of Charles; but the other members of the family paid it the national tribute of admiration.

An unexpected event introduced him to the theatre. The French entered Frankfort in 1759, and of course brought with them their drama. Goëthe became acquainted with the players, and entered with much interest into all their affairs. His father's house was occupied by the Count de Thorane, who behaved with the politeness which at that time characterized the French army, but was unable to conciliate old Goëthe, whose conduct certainly was rather *brusque*. The circumstance of having such a guest improved his knowledge of French, to which he soon added English and Hebrew. The reason of his learning Hebrew is singular enough:—he had composed a little romance in which he introduced a ridiculous character speaking the jargon of the German Jews, and this whimsically suggested to him the idea of ascending to pure Hebrew. His studies were hence naturally directed to the Bible, and

"This study of the sacred books concentrated on one single point all my scattered acquirements—all the powers of my understanding and judgment. I am unable to describe the sensation of internal peace which I experienced, when I could penetrate into the profound meaning of these wondrous writings. When my too active imagination led me astray—when fable and history, mythology and religion, mingling in my mind, left my ideas confused—I took refuge in those ancient Oriental countries; I plunged into the first books of Moses: and amongst those races of shepherds who peopled Asia, I found at once the charms of the deepest solitude, when my fancy wandered in the wilderness; and those of the most agreeable and sweetest society, when I imagined myself beneath the tents of the patriarchs."

Under these feelings he wrote the history of Joseph in a poetical kind of prose, which certainly was a great exertion for a boy scarcely advanced beyond childhood.

His studies continued, and his circle of acquaintances increased. Nothing can be better, or more dramatic, than his character of the friends of the family, Oehlenschlager, Reinecke, Malapart, &c. How graphic particularly is the picture of the interview between the two latter, and their dispute about touching a tulip! But we soon find him in a different situation. He falls in love, and describes the interview in which he ventured to declare his passion, with a pencil worthy of Werther. He met the lady at a supper-party given by a relation, for whom he had written a love-song to pass a jest on an acquaintance. He got but one glance, and his love was fixed. He discloses his affection in the most delicate and graceful way in the world. A flirtation of the most refined kind follows, even after he has discovered that his Margaret is of much inferior rank. On these scenes Goëthe dwells with a rapturous and minute eloquence,

which proves that length of years has not weakened their impression. After all, it has an unhappy ending. Margaret's relations become implicated in disgraceful transactions of forgery and swindling. Goëthe's constant visits to their private haunts induce a belief that he is connected with their proceedings, from which suspicion he of course frees himself; but his quondam associates, of whose desperate proceedings he knew nothing, are banished, and Margaret, though innocent, quits the town. He is inconsolable for a long time, but is at last cured by learning that his mistress had sworn in her declarations before the magistrates that she only regarded her lover as a child, and permitted him but childish liberties. This rouses his pride:—He, *almost* a man—but three years her junior—to be called a child! The thought is insupportable, and he banishes from his heart the fair author of so truculent an affront.

Contrary to his wishes, which directed him to Gottingen, he was sent to study law at Leipsig, where he was put under the care of Poehme. Here he made great progress in various branches of literature, and continued to cultivate his poetical powers. He met here also some of the most celebrated men of that day in Germany, and on them and their works he makes most acute and ingenious remarks. His introduction to Gottsched (p. 198) is particularly amusing. Of course he fell in love, and wrote dramas—neither of which were destined to make any great impression, or last any long period, for we find that on his leaving Leipsig he forgot the one and burnt the other. On coming home he was afflicted with an abscess of the neck, and assailed by the mysticism of an enthusiastic female disciple of Count Zinzendorf. He was cured by his physician in a manner which he evidently half considers as miraculous, and his mind did not wholly escape from the influence of the mystic doctrines preached to him. He fell to reading alchymy, astrology, and cabalism; and he gives (p. 259) a long and most interesting account of his ideas as to the objects which are beyond the reach of our senses. He appears to have been even affected by omens; of which we give one specimen, as it relates to her whose death and misfortunes have, in spite of the errors of her life and government, made her one of the most interesting women of the last century,—Marie Antoinette. She passed through Strasburg while Goëthe was there, and was received with much pomp. An edifice was erected in an isle of the Rhine for her reception, and its grand hall was decorated by most brilliant and rich tapestries, executed after pictures of the French artists of that period.

"I should, in all probability, have seen something to admire in the style of these artists; for neither my judgment nor my imagination was inclined to exclusive prejudices. But the subject of these paintings shocked me. It was no other than the history of Jason, Medea, and Creusa; that is to say, the picture of the most disastrous of all marriages. To the left of the throne was seen the unfortunate bride, expiring in the agonies of the most cruel death. To the right was the distracted Jason, deploring the death of his children, who lay dead at his feet; whilst the Fury who had destroyed them fled through the air in her car drawn by dragons.

"All the maxims of taste which I had imbibed from Oëser were fermenting in my head. The placing of Christ and his apostles in one of the apartments of an edifice devoted to a nuptial ceremony, was a breach of propriety in my estimation. There could be no doubt but that this singular choice had been dictated solely by the size of the room. I excused this, however,

in consideration of the pleasure I had received from the tapestries. But the enormous blunder committed in the principal room quite astonished me. I loudly called on my companions to witness this flagrant attack on good sense and taste. 'What!' I exclaimed, regardless of the bystanders, 'will they actually set before the eyes of the young Queen, at the very first step she makes in her new dominions, the representation of the most horrible of marriages? Is there nobody amongst the French architects and decorators able to understand that a picture is a representation; that it acts on the senses and the mind; that it must produce an impression; that it excites presentiments? Had they nothing more appropriate than these frightful spectres to exhibit to their beautiful and amiable Queen on her first arrival?' I know not how much more I said; but my friends were anxious to prevail on me to be silent, and to hurry me away, for fear of some unpleasant occurrence. They assured me that people did not lose their time in looking for the meaning of pictures; and that nobody in the whole population of Strasburg and its vicinity, nor even the Queen herself, or her court, would think of any such matter.

"I still well remember the beautiful and noble countenance, the gay yet majestic air, of this young princess. We saw her very plainly through the glasses of her coach. She seemed to be conversing in a very affable manner with the ladies who accompanied her, and to be much amused with the sight of the crowd which thronged around her.

"The Queen pursued her way. The crowd dispersed, and the town resumed its usual tranquillity."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Scarcely had the echo of the news of the Queen's arrival in the capital ceased to resound, when we were thunderstruck by the report of the dreadful event which had attended her marriage fêtes. Owing to the neglect of the police, a multitude of men, horses, and carriages had been precipitated amongst heaps of building-materials which encumbered the public road; and these royal nuptials had plunged the whole city in mourning and affliction. Every endeavour was used to conceal the real extent of this disaster from the world and from the royal couple. Numbers of individuals who had perished were secretly interred. Many families were only convinced of their share in this fatal event by the indefinitely prolonged absence of their relations. Need I say that this disaster forcibly reminded me of the terrific images which had been presented to the Queen in her grand drawing-room at Strasburg?"

His career as an author was soon about to commence. "Certain subjects," he says, "had in a manner rooted themselves in my soul, and were by degrees taking a poetical aspect. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The life of the former had made a deep impression upon me. The rough and honourable character of this independent man, at a period of savage anarchy, inspired me with the liveliest interest. In the popular drama of which Faust is the hero, I found more than one tone which vibrated strongly in my very soul. I also had passed through the circle of the sciences, and had early convinced myself of their vanity. All my endeavours to find felicity in life had hitherto proved fruitless. I delighted in meditating on these subjects in my solitary hours, although as yet without writing any thing." With these feelings he read the Vicar of Wakefield, which appears to have strongly affected him, and on which he makes some admirable reflections; and about the same time Shakspeare became the idol of his soul. From this moment he threw off the trammels of French authority and renounced Voltaire, though he pays due tribute to the talents of that extraordinary man.

In preparing for Werther he endeavoured to free his mind from all

external influence, to regard all out of himself with benevolence and affection, and to leave all beings to produce their effects on him according to their respective natures. Such is the mystic sort of language in which he, like most of his brother critics of Germany, thinks proper to describe his mental emotions. Causes more matter-of-fact may be found in his having become acquainted with people whose habits and manners he has pourtrayed in his romance. Of these Werther himself (which was once doubted) is only the representative of a young gentleman of the unromantic name of Jerusalem, whom he describes as middle-sized, oval-faced, blue-eyed and fair-haired, dressed in a blue frock, yellow leather waistcoat, and boots with brown tops. Young Jerusalem had fallen in love with his friend's wife, and blew his brains out in due course of time. Charlotte was every thing that we find her in the Sorrows of Werther, as was Albert also; and Goëthe's practice of holding imaginary conversations in solitude, in which he made his friends fancied interlocutors, gave him a facility of combining these characters together in the situations he has so eloquently described. The work made a great sensation in Germany, and the author became at once popular. Ladies vied with one another as to who was the original Charlotte—a circumstance not a little amusing to Goëthe; and critics reviewed it, as critics will do; and wits, as wits will do, parodied and burlesqued it. In this country we all know what a noise it made, and what serious alarms it excited. *O curas hominum!* We are too fond of alarming ourselves. The robust and manly intellect of Englishmen is not made of such milk-and-water stuff that we need fear any danger from excess of romantic sensibility; and as to our religion or morals being hurt by a tale, which besides was not intended to do either, why we look upon it to be a most uncalled-for libel on both. But among us every generation of literature as well as politics must have its bugbear to frighten it.

Goëthe now mixed with the literati of Germany, with whom he had taken a high rank. He sketches the characters of several of the most distinguished, in a highly vivacious style, and continues the details of his adventures and his loves, for he was very susceptible, as gaily as usual. But we cannot afford room for farther analysis. Every page of the book teems with profound views of human nature, with powerful criticism, and with sharp pictures of human life. We recommend the character of Zimmerman, particularly, to the attention of our readers. His temper, his conversation, his domestic tyranny, his stern enthusiasm, are given with the hand of a master.

It would be unjust if we were to conclude this article without remarking, that the collection of memoirs of German literati given at the conclusion, is excellently drawn up and highly useful to English readers.

THE HUNTER OF THE URUGUAY TO HIS LOVE.

Wouldst thou be happy, wouldst thou be free,
Come to our woody islands with me! *

Come while the summer sun is high,
Beneath the peach-tree's shade to lie;
Or thy hunter will shield thee the live-long day
In his hut of reeds from the scorching ray.
Those countless birds with wings of light
Shall flit and glitter before thy sight;
And their ceaseless songs from the palm-trees nigh,
Shall charm thee with echoing melody.

The leopard shall yield his spotted skin,
That thy couch may be softly spread;
Nought of evil shall enter in
To lurk around thy bed.

The Ao † shall shun that sacred spot,
And flee away in fear:
The river-serpent shall harm thee not,
Nor the Cayman venture near. ‡

Thou shalt list to the hymn of the bearded choir §
As eve comes gently on;
How the woods resound
With the lengthen'd sound,
Till in distance it is gone!

Thou shalt mark the Ounce ‖ in the leafy shade,
How he lures his finny prey,
Whose colours in the gleam display'd
Illumine the watery way:
The bright Dorado shall glitter by
With scales of gold and blue,
As the lucid waters tremblingly
Reflect each varying hue.
Come, my beloved—delay no more—
I linger for thee upon the shore.

Fear not the rocks that darken our course,
Our canoes are swift and strong;
Fear not the eddy's hurrying force—
We shall dart like light along!

The willows are waving to hail us home,
When the hunter and his bride shall come.
All the joys of summer stay for thee,
Oh! come to our woody islands with me.

M. E.

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* The Uruguay river is full of wooded islands, consisting of willow, peach, and palm-trees; they are the haunts of innumerable birds, remarkable for the splendour of their plumage and sweetness of their note. The Yaguarete or leopard of South America abounds here, and men pass the summer on these islands in hunting them for the sake of their skins. There are many rapids and eddies in some parts of this river, and the Indians use double canoes with oars, some seventy feet long.

† The Ao is an amphibious animal, very ferocious and formidable.

‡ The Cayman, an animal of which some tribes of Indians stand in strange fear, believing it can only be killed by the reflection of its basilisk eye.

§ The bearded monkeys, a troop of which are called by the Portuguese a choir, from their singing in concert at sunrise and sunset.

‖ The Ounce has a singular stratagem to lure his prey.—See *Southey's Hist. of Brazil.*

THE CHOICE.

Flora had an eye of blue,
  Gentle, languishing, and clear—
Lips like roses dipp'd in dew,
  Vermeil cheeks, and forehead white—
  Such a being of delight
Poets sometimes bring us near.

Mary had a dark full eye,
  And a cheek of healthy red;
Brown her hue—good-naturedly
  Her lips were ever on the smile
  With expression free of guile;
None her beauty captive led.

Flora knew she had a face
  Lovely as mortal ever saw;
She was vain, and every place
  Where she moved, admirers came,
  Praised her beauty, spread her fame,—
Made her nod a sovereign law.

Mary of herself ne'er thought—
  Never dream'd of fifty lovers;
For her sober reason taught
  She could be content with one,
  And her wishes never run
On a troop of idle rovers.

Flora, fond of coquetry,
  Pitied none who sighed before her;
Open, generous, vain, or sly—
  All who bowed she welcome gave,
  Proud to hail a new-made slave—
A fresh suppliant to adore her.

Mary, simple creature! thought
  Such a homage insincere;
She all lovers set at nought,
  But the youth who little praised,
  Sighed, and blushed, and slily gazed,
If another eye were near.

Flora was a beauteous show,
  Cold as marble was her heart;
Love her bosom never knew,
  Passion she had never felt
  When her warmest lover knelt,—
She was but a thing of art.

Mary had a bosom soft,
  Beating fondness and good-nature;
She would weep and sigh as oft
  She met with woe or misery—
  If her lover bent his knee,
Passion burn'd in every feature.

Who to choose would hesitate—
  Between love or lifeless beauty?
Need I then my choice relate!
  I despise the fairest face
  That no sweet emotions grace—
I to Mary pay my duty.

L.

ABSENTEEISM.—NO. I.

"Les absens ont toujours tort."

The phrase "Absentee," says Dr. Johnson, is one "used *with regard to Irishmen* living out of their country:" and as its origin is Irish, so its use and application are strictly confined to the history of that unfortunate people. The inference to be drawn from this fact is plain: that there is something in the circumstances of the Irish, peculiar to themselves,—something which forces upon them a line of conduct contrary to the ordinary instincts of humanity, and compels them to fly from that land which all other nations regard with more or less of favour and affection,—from that land which youth quits with regret, and to which age clings with passion, when all other passions fade,—the land of their nativity.

In every history of Irish grievances, this cabalistical term "absentee" appears in the front of the array, and, like the terrible "*Il Bondocani*" of the Calif of Bagdat, strikes down all before it: the apology for every abuse, the obstacle to every plan of amelioration, the bugbear of the timid, the stalking-horse of the designing.

"Absenteeism," observes the Secretary for the Home Department, "is an operative cause of tumult, but it is without a remedy;" and thus dismissing all ministerial responsibility with a laconic aphorism, he launches an integral portion of the empire committed to his management, to revolve for ever in the turbulent whirlpool of a vicious circle of cause and effect. Tumult expels the rich landholders, the absence of the rich landholders perpetuates tumult: this is a law of nature, which admits of "no remedy;" and the executive have nothing to do but to procure the passing of penal statutes according to the necessities of the moment, and to find the means of extorting four millions a year from English industry, to pay the expense of Irish misrule.

In political philosophy there are no evils without a remedy, save those which arise out of the common condition of humanity;—and the minister who confesses a political evil which he cannot remove, should remove himself; for he is himself the greatest evil with which the people have to contend. Sully, who administered the affairs of France under the most adverse circumstances, when it was still harassed with civil contentions and torn with religious factions, saw no political impossibilities, though many political difficulties, with which he courageously and successfully grappled: but, alas! the Secretary for the Home Department is not Sully.

To what physiological peculiarity of constitution this irremediable tendency to wander, inherited from their progenitors by the restless sons of the great Milesius, is to be attributed, the learned Secretary has not informed us; and it is certain that Spurzheim, on his visit to the Irish capital, discovered no migratory inequality upon the surface of the Irish cranium, to account for the disposition. But in whatever particular of temperament or exuberance of cerebral developement the cause of this effect defective lies latent, it is matter of historic fact, that though the ancient Irish were restless enough at home ("never," says Campion, "wanting drift to drive a tumult,") yet this activity, which induced them "to pick a quarrel, fall in love, or any other diverting accident of that kind," never found vent in absenteeism. Where, indeed, could Irishmen

go to better their condition, when all in Ireland, who were not saints, were kings; and many were both, while none were martyrs.* "*Il est certain negoce*," says the French proverb, "*où l'on perd beaucoup en quittant boutique*;" and this proverb, at all times applicable to Irish absentees, was particularly so in that golden age, so often referred to by antiquaries, when Ireland, "lying aloof in the Western Ocean, was a nest of kingdoms," when superb and wealthy monasteries and royal palaces occupied every foot of the territory, and when swallows built their nests in old men's beards for want of worse habitations. In those true church and state times of Ireland's prosperity, of which the Orangeman's Utopia is but a type, it is little wonderful that the people gave into no wanderings, but those "*du cœur et de l'esprit*;" and that a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's purgatory, a royal progress of some Toparck of the South to a Dynast in the North, or a morning visit from King Mac Turtell to his close neighbour King Gillemohalmoghe † (which occasionally ended in the broken heads of both parties), should include the recorded absenteeism of two thousand years.

It was reserved, however, for one of these royal heroes first to commit the patricidal crime: and the first Irish absentee of note, though a great king, was but a *mauvais sujet*, having pillaged his people, wasted his revenue, ran away with his neighbour's wife, and sold his country for a mess of pottage. It is almost unnecessary to add that this royal founder of absenteeism is condemned to the contempt of posterity by the title of Dermot Mac Murrogh O'Kavenagh, King of Leinster; and that the result of his absenteeship was the successful invasion of Ireland by Henry II. the crusading grants of Pope Adrian IV., and, above all, the fearful forfeitures followed by rebellion on one part, and on the other by an effort at extermination, which have multiplied from age to age those possessors and deserters of the soil, who have drawn over "the profits raised out of Ireland, and refunded nothing."‡

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* Irish potentates were then as plenty "as Munster potatoes." "Ils se coudoyert," as in the *salle des rois* of Napoleon. Irish saints were equally numerous; but, if the scandalous chronicles of the times be worthy of credit, the social order of that day was not the better for the circumstance. While King Mac Murrogh was running away with Queen O'Rourke, wife of O'Rory, King of Briffny, who was on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's purgatory, his son was undergoing the operation of having those eyes put out, which had looked too tenderly on the queen of Ossory. The gallantries of these Macs and O's from the earliest ages to the present day, recall the answer of the French Silvester Daggerwood to his manager, who asked his line of parts, "*Chacun s'en tienne au metier de ses pères; je sais que dans notre famille, nous sommes tous amoureux de père en fils.*"

† King Mac Turtell was King of Dublin, and held his kingdom by tribute from the King of Leinster. "Not far from Dublin," says the admirable Maurice Regan, historiographer to Mac Murrogh, and who wrote in French,—"not far from Dublin there lived an Irish king named Gillemohalmoghe." Of the territories of this prince, Michael's-lane in Dublin formed a part. It is called in the black book of Christchurch, Gillemohalmogh. As there is some reason to suppose that the kingdom extended as far as Swords, Sir Compton Domville may be regarded as the modern representative of the Gillemohalmogh dynasty.

‡ Child's Discourse upon Trade.—"No inconsiderable portion of the entire of Ireland has been confiscated twice, and perhaps thrice, in the course of a century."—*Lord Clare's Speech on the Union.*

The causes of absenteeship are, in fact, coeval with the first steps of English power in this country. "Those that were adventurers," says Temple, "in the first conquests, and such others of the English nation as came over afterwards,

It appears very probable that one of the motives by which the lords of Ireland (as the English kings were long styled) were actuated in giving such large tracts of land to great English proprietors, was to get rid of the troublesome and rebellious Barons, by tempting them to reside in that "most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven" where so much was given up to their power and pillage, and where the services demanded in return, "the raising of forts and castles and fencing themselves with garrisons, as captains, keepers, and constables," might forward the royal interests by protecting its power against the inroads of the natives. "For, except Leinster," says Campion, "all other parts retayned still their ancient kind of government, and were always ready to start at every corner, *tag and rag*, to expell the English." But the framers of Magna Charta, the guardians of all that was then known of liberty in England, were not by the bribe of principalities to be kept from the great scene of action; and some of the most considerable, having accepted, or seized upon the fairest portions of the land, made them over to sons-in-law or other kinsmen; and having thus, by the scratch of their rude pen*, conveyed to others the fee simple of an Irish province, hastened back to England to dispute the power of the barbarous despots, who reigned by their sufferance, or were deposed by their caprice.

In process of time, the mischief of this species of transfer was not only felt as an additional grievance by the Irish, but as an annoyance by the English sovereign.† The injury done to their power by the absence of those whom they had deputed to watch over it, at a time when that power was held by a precarious tenure, was deemed so great, that a law against absentees was passed so early as the time of Richard II. The divisions of the houses of York and Lancaster, however, abrogated all laws; "at which time," says Spenser, "all English lords and gentlemen which had great possessions in Ireland, repaired over hither into England, some to succour their friends here, and to strengthen their partie, others for to defend their lands and possessions here against such as hovered after the same, upon hope of the alteration of the kingdom, and success of that side which they favoured and affected."‡ The result of this absenteeism of the great

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took possession by former grants of the whole kingdom, and *drove the Irish* in a manner out of all habitable parts of it, and settled themselves in all the plains and fertile places of the country, especially in the chief towns, ports, and sea-coasts. It was *no capital* offence to kill any of the rest of the Irish; the law did neither protect their life nor revenge their death."—*History of Irish Rebellion.* Here is the starting-post of absenteeism, pointed out by an English minister and historian.

* The signatures of Magna Charta evince that the nobility of those times, like Pierrot in the farce, were "*un peu brouillés avec l'Alphabet*;" but the spirit which founded that great arch of British freedom, was well worth all the namby-pamby acquirements of all the modern nobles who ever presided over archæology, (or, as Walpole calls it, "old woman's logic,") flirted with the muses, and combined to give tracts to England, or rose-trees to the starving peasantry of Connaught and Munster.

† Henry II. obliged the Earl Strongbow to return to Ireland, "being likely for his own wealth and assurance to procure all possible means of bridling and annoying the Irish." In the time of Edward III. military emigration seems to have been considerable. The Irish robbers did good service at Cressy.

‡ The Irish were always ready for a little commotion at home or abroad: "Great was the credit of the Geraldines ever when the House of York prospered,

landholders of Ireland was natural and inevitable. "The Irish, whom before they had banished into the mountains, where they lived only upon white meates,* as it is recorded, seeing now their lands so dispeopled and weakened, came down into all the plains adjoining, and thence expelling those few English that remaynęd, re-possessed them again." But these re-possessions were only temporary. New conquests and new forfeitures ensued. New possessors, unaffected to the soil, and disdainful of its children, afforded fresh causes of absenteeism, which, in whatever way it operated, was injurious to the country; till at length the forfeiture of Leix and Offaly (the King and Queen's Counties) under Edward VI. threw the whole of those spacious and fertile districts into the hands of new proprietors; who having established themselves by "fire and sword," transferred the ownership "to *foreigners by connexion, and resided themselves in England*."

But if the first barbarous English legislators for Ireland (and when has the epithet been inapplicable?) were, at an early period of their unfixed power, sensible of the injury which the state and the country suffered from absenteeism—if the Plantagenets took cognizance of the evil, and endeavoured to provide against it by statute, the Tudors (those sanguinary but sagacious despots) considered the absence of the Irish from their homes and country as a state engine; and wielded it with a policy which always advanced their own interests, and confirmed their power over that unhappy land. Sometimes they allured the Irish nobility to their splendid court for the purpose of dazzling their imagination and corrupting their patriotism. Sometimes they cited them as accused or criminals on shallow pretexts, to awe them by their array of power, or to intimidate them by their display of cruelty. Yet, frequently forced to feel that the prosperity of the country and the English interests were both best served by the permanent residence of the gentry of the pale, they did not the less frame laws which made it penal for the proprietors of the soil to spend its profits elsewhere than at home.† The love which the Irish had borne to the house of York,

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and likewise the Butlers thryved under the bloud of Lancaster." It was this disposition towards the House of York, which ensured a temporary success to Perkin Warbeck in Ireland. The unfortunate Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, was born in Ireland during the lieutenancy of his father, the Duke of York. His godfathers were the Earls of Ormond and Desmond. Whether this Irish origin will serve to explain the peculiarity of his destiny, I cannot say; but the residence of a York in Dublin may in part explain the popularity of that faction there. Shakspeare probably alludes to this personage in Henry VI.

"Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array."

* The English reader is not to suppose that these *blanc-mangers* of the poor Irish were such as are to be had at the Verys or Beauvilliers. The Irish white-meates were curds and whey, the only provisions which men whose lives were "in wandering spent and care" could obtain. The Irish then lived like Arabs, a prey of cattle being the subject of their fiercest contests.

† Had they made the country endurable to live in, they would have done what all the penal laws that ever have been framed can never effect—they would have kept the Irish at home. At the time when Henry VIII. was framing his "act of absencie" for preventing the increase of the absentees, the state of the country in which they *were by law* thus obliged to live, is thus described by Spenser:—"Not-

had rendered it a point of courteous policy to appoint the second sons of the king to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, with a deputy for the execution of the high office: and Henry VIII. as Duke of York, while yet a boy, and during the life-time of his elder brother, began his career of power under this character, conjointly with his deputy, Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, "a mighty made man," says his chronicler, "full of honour and courage"(1501). This grand conservator of the peace, however, had the old Irish fashion of being occasionally disposed to break it; and his fierce feuds with the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, ("nothing inferior to Kildare in stomache, and in reach of policy farre beyond him") were the causes "of much ruffle and unquietness to the realm." These served his enemies for a pretext to draw down upon him the displeasure of the English government, and finally induced Henry VII. to summon the old deputy over to the English court, and to seek to break down that haughty and turbulent spirit in a region rarely favourable to powerful energies and independence of mind. A bon-mot saved the earl from the danger which awaited him, and limited his absenteeism to a few months residence in the court of Henry, from which he returned to Ireland more powerful than he left it.

Gerald Fitzgerald, son of the aforesaid earl, "a gentleman valiant and well spoken," succeeded his father in all his dignities; but though appointed lord deputy of Ireland, his influence, power, and spirit, soon awakened the jealousy of Henry VIII. Being "overtaken with vehement suspicion of sundry treasons, it was deemed politic to draw him away from Ireland; and, by secret *heavers* and enviers of his fortunes, nourishers of the old grudge, the king was urged to call upon him to attend the English court." The illustrious but involuntary absentee was, on his first arrival in England, treated with a severity vainly intended to intimidate a spirit, which was afterwards to be subdued by other and more seducing means. Among many frivolous charges, "*he was opposed with divers interrogatories touching the Earl of Desmond, his cousin, a notorious traytor.*" His trial, however, was but a mockery, and as the object was to sink the popular chief of a nation into a pliant courtier, to bind him more firmly to the English interests, and to weaken his feelings of patriotism, the union of the turbulent Gerald was proposed with the Lady Elizabeth Grey, the king's own kinswoman, and daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. This marriage, celebrated with royal splendour, with all the festivities of a boisterous but splendid court, was deemed a preliminary step to permanent subjection, and to frequent and long visits to the English court. Scarcely, however, had Kildare returned home and resumed the deputyship of

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withstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, (Munster more particularly is here spoken of,) yet in one year and a half (during the war carried on against the Earl of Desmond for the purpose of forfeiting his estates) the natives were brought to such wretchedness, as that any stoney heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glyns they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them, they looked like anatomies of death, they shake like ghosts crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrion, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, in as much as the very carcasses they spared not to scape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue them withal, that in short space there was none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast."—*State of Ireland*, 1581.

Ireland, when the domestic tumults of the great lords of the pale involved him in new accusations on the part of the crown, "intimations of new treasons passing to and fro, with complaynts and replyes;" and as Cardinal Wolsey "*did hate the Kildare bloud*," and had resolved on breaking down their power, the earl was again called from his strong hold in Ireland, and accused of having "wilfully winked at the Earl of Desmond (whose large possessions were his crimes in the eye of the minister), and with having curried acquaintance and friendship with mere Irish." While lying under the imputation of a crime, always heinous in the Irish,—natural affection to the land and its suffering children,—the brave Kildare (like an eagle taken from its eirie in the mountain-cliffs of its native region, and chained to the earth in a golden cage) was suffered to loiter away his existence, in listless indolence and life-wearing anxiety, in the purlieus of a court that resembled the seraglio of an Asiatic satrap, alternately favoured and persecuted, as the caprice of the sovereign or the aversion of the minister ruled the hour. It was at this period, when his mind was borne down by his humiliating position, that he was prevailed on to consent to his daughter the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald's permanent residence at court; and it was by this concession that the loveliest of all Irish absentees, "*the more than celestial Geraldine*," has become an object of interest and admiration to posterity, as the poetical idol of the gallant and unfortunate Surrey.*

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* English antiquaries have been much puzzled to determine the identity of this "more than celestial Geraldine." "Who she was," says Walpole, "we are not directly told." Surrey himself mentions some particulars of her, but not her name. The editor of the last edition of Surrey's Poems, in some short notes on his life, says, "that she was the greatest beauty of her time, and maid of honour to Queen Catharine; but I think I have very nearly discovered who this fair person was, &c. &c. &c. I am inclined to think her poetical appellation was her real name, as every one of the circumstances tally." The elegant antiquary then devotes three pages to prove the probability that Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, was the Geraldine of Lord Surrey. Warton adopts this supposition, and compliments the biographer on having, with the most happy sagacity, solved the difficulties of "this little enigmatical ode."—*History of English Poets*. There was, however, a much shorter way of solving the difficulties, namely, the consultation of Irish authors for an historical incident respecting one of the most illustrious Irish families. Campion, who had probably many a time and oft seen the "fair Geraldine," with his usual quaint simplicity says, "The (Fitzgerald) family is touched in the Sonnet of Surrey made upon Kildare's sister, now Lady Clinton:"—

From Tuscane came my ladyes worthy race,
  Faire Florence was sometime her ancient seate;
The western isle, whose plaisant shore doth face
  Wilde Cambre's cliffes, did give her lively heate."

The Ode goes on as follows;—

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast,
  Her sire an earle, her dame of prince's blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
  With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.

Honsdon did first present her to mine yeen,
  Bright is her hue, and Geraldine her hight,
    &c. &c. &c.

This fair and celebrated Irish absentee, after having sent her illustrious lover to Italy "to defend her beautie by an open challenge," in which he was victorious, married the Earl of Clinton:—a most unsentimental conclusion to a most romantic story.

Although educated at the rural palace of Hunsdon with her kinswomen the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and though afterwards maid of honour to the Queen, it is probable that this lady was rather an hostage than a guest, and was detained more by force than by inclination;—as the sequel of her story goes to prove. "All this while," says Campion, "abode the Earl of Kildare at the court, and with much ado found shifte to be called before the Lords to answer solemnly." When, at last, every excuse for delay was exhausted, and every hope of subduing his invincible spirit faded, he was "called before the lords to answer solemnly," who "sat upon him diversly affectioned; and especially the Cardinal Lord Chancellor (Wolsey) who disliked his cause, comforted his accusers, and enforced the articles objected." The whole scene of this mock trial is so graphic, and the speeches of the Cardinal and of the Irish Lord Deputy so curious and descriptive of the state and manners of the time, that the introduction may be pardoned of an episode which goes to prove, by a striking instance, that Irish absenteeism under any form, voluntary or involuntary, graced by royal favour, or marked by ministerial persecution, is derogatory to the dignity, and injurious to the interests of the Irish nobility. The Earl of Kildare, alone, unfriended, without the aid of counsel to plead, or witness to depose in his behalf, appeared in the midst of the Lords, every one of whom was the slave of the King or the parasite of the minister,—"for what," (says Walpole, one of their own caste,)—"what twelve tradesmen could be found more servile than every court of peers during the whole of this reign?"—Wolsey was the first to speak, and he began with these words:—"I wot well, my Lord, that I am not the meetest man at this board to charge you with these treasons, because it hath pleased some of your pew-fellows to report that I am a professed enemie to all nobilitie, and namely to the Geraldines, but seeing every curst boy can say as much when he is controled, and seeing these points are so weightie that they should not be dissembled of us, and so apparent that they cannot be denyed of you, I must have leave, notwithstanding your state slaunder, to be the mouth of these honorable persons at this time, and to trumpe your treasons in your way, howsoever you take me. First, you remember how the lewde Earle your kinsman, who passeth not whom he serve, might he change his master, sent his confederates with letters of credence to Fraunces the French king, and, having but cold comfort there, to Charles the Emperour, proffering the helpe of Mounster and Connaght towards the conquest of Ireland, if either of them would helpe to win it from our King. How many letters? what precepts? what messages? what threats have been sent you to apprehend him? and yet not done! why so? forsooth, I could not catch him: nay, nay, Earle, forsooth you would not nightly watch him. If he be justly suspected, why are you partiall in so great a cause? if not, why are you fearfull to have him tryed? Yea sir, it will be sworn and deposed to your face, that for feare of meeting him, you have winked, wilfully shunned his sight, altered your course, warned his friends, stopped both eyes and eares against his detectors, and, when soever you tooke upon you to hunt him out, then was he sure before-hand to bee out of your walke: surely this juggling and false play little became either an honest man, called to such honour, or a nobleman put in such trust. Had you lost but a cow or a garron of your owne, two hundred

Kyrneghes would have come at your whistle, to rescue the prey from the uttermost edge of Ulster: all the Irish in Ireland must have given you the way." But in pursuing so weightie a matter as this, mercifull God! how nice, how dangerous, how wayward have you bin! One while he is from home, sometimes fled, sometimes in the borders where you dare not venture: I wist, my Lord, there be shrewde Bugges in the borders for the Earle of Kildare to feare: The Earle, nay the King of Kildare, for, when you are disposed, you reigne more like than rule the land:—where you are malicious, the truest subjects stand for Irish enemies: where you are pleased, the Irish enemie stands for a dutifull subject: hearts and hands, lives and lands, are all at your courtesie; who fawneth not thereon, hee cannot rest within your smell, and your smell is so ranke, that you tracke them out at pleasure." Whilst the Cardinall was speaking, the Earle chafed and changed colour, and sundry proffers made to answer every sentence as it came; at last he broke out, and interrupted them thus. "My Lord Chancellour, I beseech you pardon me: I am short-witted, and you, I perceive, intend a long tale. If you proceede in this order, halfe my purgation will be lost for lacke of carryage: I have no schoole tricks, nor art of memory; excepte you heare me while I remember your words, your second processe will hammer out the former." The Lords associate, who for the most part tenderly loved him, and knew the Cardinal's manner of termes so lothsome, as wherewith they were tyred many years agoe, humbly besought his Grace to charge him directly with particulars and to dwell in some one matter till it were examined through. That granted, "It is good reason (quoth the Earle) that your Grace beare the mouth of this chamber. But, my Lord, those mouthes that put this tale into your mouth, are very wide mouths, such indeed as have gaped long for my wreck, and now at length, for want of better stuff, are fain to fill their mouths with smoak. What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long. If hee can bee taken by my agents that presently wayte for him, then have my adversaryes betrayed their malice, and this heape of haynous wordes shall resemble a man of strawe, that seemeth at a blush to carry some proportion, but, when it is felt and poysed, discovereth a vanity, serving only to fraye crowes; and I trust your honours will see the proofe hereof and mine innocencie testified in this behalfe by the thing it selfe within these few dayes. But goe to, suppose hee never bee had, what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory? notwithstanding his high promises, having also the King's power, he is glad to take egges for his money, and bring him in at leysure. Cannot the Earle of Desmond shift, but I must be of counsell? cannot hee bee hid, except I winke? If hee bee close, am I his mate? If he be friended, am I a traitour? This is a doughty kinde of accusation, which they urge against mee, wherein they are stabled and myred at my first denyall. You would not see him, say they: who made them so familiar with mine eye-sight? or when was the Earle within my Equinas? or who stood by when I let him slip? or where are the tokens of my wilfull hood-winking? Oh, but you sent him word to beware of you: who was the messenger? where are the letters? convince my negative. See how loosely this idle reason hangeth. Desmond is not taken, well, we are in fault: why? because you are. Who proves it? nobody. What conjectures? so it seemeth. To whom? to your enemies. Who

told it them? What other grounds? none. Will they sweare it? they will sweare it. My Lords, then belike they know it: if they know it, either they have my hand to show, or can bring forth the messenger, or were present at a conference, or privy to Desmond, or somebody betrayed it to them, or themselves were my carryers or vice-gerents therein. Which of these parts will they choose? I know them too well to reckon myself convict by their bare wordes, or headlesse hearsayes, or frantick oathes: my letter were soone read, were any such writing extant; my servaunts and friends are ready to bee sifted. Of my cousin Desmond they may lye lewdly, since no man can heere well tell the contrary. Touching my selfe, I never noted in them either so much wit, or so much faith, that I could have gaged upon their silence the life of a good hound, much lesse mine owne. I doubt not, may it please your honours to oppose them, how they came to knowledge of these matters which they are so ready to depose, but you shall finde their tongues chayned to another man's trencher, and as it were knights of the post, suborned to say, sweare, and stare the uttermost they can, as those that passe not what they say, nor with what face they say it, so they say no truths. But of another thing, it grieveth me that your good grace, whom I take to be wise and sharpe, and who of your own blessed disposition wish me well, should be so farre gone in crediting those corrupt informers, that abuse the ignorance of their state and country to my perill. Little know you, my lord, how necessary it is, not onely for the governour, but also for every nobleman in Ireland, to hamper his vincible neighbours at discretion, wherein, if they wayted for processe of law, and had not these lives and lands you speake of within their reach, they might pass to loose their owne lives and lands without law. You heare of a case, as it were in a dreame, and feell not the smart that vexeth us. In England there is not a meane subject that dare extend this hand to fillip a peere of the realme;—in Ireland, except the lord have cunning to his strength, and strength to save his owne, and sufficient authoritie to racke thieves and varletts when they stirre, hee shall finde them swarme so fast that it will bee too late to call for justice. If you will have our service take effect, you must not tye us always to the judicial proceedings, wherewith your realme, thanked bee God, is inured. As touching my kingdome, my Lord, I would you and I had exchanged kingdomes but for one moneth, I would trust to gather up more crummes in that space, than twice the revenues of my poore earledome;—but you are well and warme, and so hold you, and upbraide not me with such an odious storme. I sleepe on a dablin, when you lye soft in your bed of downe; I serve under the cope of heaven, when you are served under a canopy; I drinke water out of a skull, when you drinke out of golden cuppes; my courser is trained to the field, when your jennet is taught to amble; when you are begraced, and belorded, and crowched and kneeled unto, then I finde small grace with our Irish borderers, except I cut them off by the knees." At these girds the councell would have smiled, if they durst; but each man bitt his lippe, and held his countenance. The Cardinall perceived that Kildare was no cake, and rose in a fume from the councell-table, committed the Earle, and deferred the matter till more direct probations came out of Ireland.—It is unnecessary to add, that these "*probations*" were readily procured. "For of this treason," continues the quaint chronicler, "he (Kildare)

was found guilty, and imprisoned in the Tower a long time. The gentleman betook himself to God and the King, was heartily loved of the lieutenant, pittied in all the court, and standing in so hard case, altered little his accustomed hue, comforted other noblemen prisoners with him, dissembling his own sorrow. One night, when the lieutenant and he, for disport, were playing at *slide-groat*, suddenly commeth from the Cardinall a mandat to execute Kildare on the *morrow*. The Earl marking the Lieutenant's deep sigh on reading the bill, 'By Saint Bride,' quoth he, 'there is some mad game in that scralle, but, fall how it will, this throw is for a huddle.' When the worst was told him: 'Now I pray thee,' quoth he, 'doe no more but learn assuredly from the King's owne mouthe whether his Grace be witting thereto or not.' Sore doubted the Lieutenant to displease the Cardinall; yet, of very pure devotion to his friend, he posteth to the King at midnight, and said his errant (for all houres of the day or night, the Lieutenant hath accesse to the prince upon occasions). King Henry, controwling the sawcyness of the priest—those were his tearmes—gave him his signet in token of countermand; which when the Cardinall had seene, he began to breake into unseasonable words with the Lieutenant, which he was loath to heare, and so he left him fretting. Thus broke up the storme for a time, and the next yeare Wolsey was cast out of favour; and within few yeares Sir William Skevington sent over deputy, who brought with him the Earle pardoned, and rid from all his troubles."

But this "riddance" was only of short duration. New causes of complaint, and new reasons, were soon found or invented for once more drawing the Earl from the strong hold of his interest and power—his native country: and he was again "commanded by sharp letters to repair to England." His arrival there was followed by a report of his execution *, which soon reached his family in Ireland. His son, whom he had left Lord Justice in his place, the gallant but impetuous Lord Thomas, on hearing of this supposed act of treachery against his father, threw down the sword of office, and flew into open rebellion, followed by his five uncles the Lords Fitzgerald. The insurrection was soon quelled; and the unfortunate Geraldines having surrendered, set out for England on the parole of the Lord Marshal Dorset, where, shortly after their arrival, they were all executed in one day. The death of the old Earl himself in the Tower, where he is said to have died "for thought and paine," ends the tragic story of the enforced absenteeism of the Geraldines. †

This murder of the Lady Geraldine's uncles, father, brother, and that of her unfortunate and highly endowed lover, "who," says Lodge, "reflected splendour even on the name of Howard," and who was put to death by Henry VIII. for quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor, must

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* "A false muttering flew about that his execution was intended."

† "Soon after," says Campion, "was the house of the Geraldines attaynted by Parliament, and all of the name busily trayned out for feare of new commotions. But Thomas Leurces, late Bishop of Kildare, schoolemaster to a younger brother, Gerald Fitzgerald, the Earle that now liveth, secretly stale away with the childe, first into Scotland, then into France, and, misdoubting the French, into Italy; where Cardinall Pole, his neare kinsman, preserved him till the raigne of Edward the Sixt, with whom hee entred into high favour, and obtayned of him his olde inheritance of Meinothe."

have rendered the English Court a dreary residence to her. Still, however, she remained there, most probably under the influence of the same major force which first drew her from her domestic home. But while Henry thus continued to retain the most beautiful woman of Ireland near his person, he began to see, as it appears, the policy of keeping the men at home; and he passed his famous bill against "*absencie*," the preamble of which is curious, as portraying the evils against which it was framed—at least that portion of the evils by which the English government, for a long series of years, was alone touched. Like a good many more modern acts, be it remarked *en passant*, it commences by the formal averment of a self-evident falsehood: "That for as much as it was notorious and manifest, that this land of Ireland being heretofore inhabited and *in due obedience* to the said king's most noble progenitors, who in those days in the righte of the Crown of England had great possessions, rentes, and profits, within the same land," &c. It then goes on to state "the ruine, rebellion, and decay," which ensued by the absence of the great landholders: who, "after abiding within the said land, nobly and valiantly defended the same against all the king's enemies, and also *kept the same in such tranquillity and good order*, as the King of England had due obedience of the inhabitance there, the laws obeyed, and the revenues and regalitie were duely answered;" but that afterwards "they and their heires absented themselves out of the said land of Ireland, *denjorning* within the realm of England, not pondering, ne regarding the preservation thereof,—the townes, castels, and garrisons appertaining to them fell in ruin and decay, and the English inhabitants therein, in default of defence and *justice*, and by compulsion of those of the Irish, were exiled, whereby the king's said progenitors lost as well their said dominion and subjection there, as also their revenues and profites; and their said enemies by redopting or retaining the said lands, dominions, and possessions, were elevated into great pride," &c. &c.

Hitherto, with a few exceptions, *absencie*, as touching a residence in England, had been confined to the great Irish lords of the pale, who, though of English descent, and bearing Norman names, had in the course of successive generations run through all those shades of naturalization, which left them in manners, habits, and affections, but little distinguishable from the aboriginal Irishman, who proudly traced his origin to the Lady Scota, the daughter or grand-daughter of King Pharaoh. * But it was reserved for the reign of the Virgin Queen to drive the genuine nobility of Ireland from their native land at any loss or risk into distant regions † and unknown countries, or to allure them

* The various epithets applied to these retrogradations on the scale of civilization are very amusing. Between the "mere and uncivil Irish," and the "English Lords of the Pale," were the "English Lords beginning to wax Irish;" "degenerating," "becoming mere Irish," and ending by being "very wilde Irish," &c. &c.

† O'Sullivan Beare, one of the bravest and noblest chiefs of Kerry, and Lord of part of the paradise of Killarney, in writing to the Spanish minister an account of his sufferings at this period, urges him "to the speedy sending of a ship to receive him, his wife, and children, to save them from the hands of his most merciless enemies: Making choice (he pathetically adds) rather to forsake my ancient inheritance, friends, followers and goods, than any way trust to their graceless pardon or promise."—*Pacata Hibernia.* Here was absenteeship in the sixteenth century!!

to her own formal and fantastic court, by a show of feminine sympathy; which, though in direct contradiction to her whole policy and conduct, was well calculated to win the unwary, and to soothe the unfortunate.*

The Queen, in her quality both of woman and sovereign, was fond of making speeches; and she probably found it prettier to be pathetic than just, as she certainly found it easier to chide than to call in the pack of bloodhounds she had let loose upon the devoted country of her delegated sway. While the Fitzwilliams, the Binghams, the Drurys, the Bagnals, and others of her Irish ministers, were carrying destruction through the land by "fire, sword, and pestilence†," the fair and royal rhetorician was exclaiming in her closet against their conduct, by classical allusions to parallel facts, which shewed at once her learning and her sympathy. "I fear," she said, apostrophizing her ministers in Ireland, "that the same reproach will be made to me as was formerly made by Bato to Tiberius. It is you who are to blame for these things, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds but to wolves." The Irish, "who love learning to a fault," says Spenser, and women too, God forgive them, were bewitched by similar declarations of pity breathed in the language of the learned from the lips of the royal and the fair. The O'Rourkes, the O'Neils, the O'Connors, forgot the wiles and the treachery of which their fathers had been the dupes or the victims; and each in his turn expiated his credulity in its fatal results.‡

The English were accustomed to the presence of the Geraldines, the Butlers, the De Courceys, De Burgos, and other great Anglo-Irish lords of the pale who, though by "gossipry and alliance" they occasionally fell into Irish habits, and sported a glib or a mantle at home, were still sure to resume the English costume when at the English court. But the true aboriginal Irish gentlemen, the brave O's and Macs, who, driven to their woods and morasses with no other weapon of defence than their skein, their hatchet, or their pike, had for centuries resisted the well-armed force of England,—they were creatures of almost fabulous interest and existence; and the "anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," were not more monstrous to English apprehensions than the "flying Irish," whose wings were sup-

* Elizabeth frequently discovered that her Deputies were carrying the joke too far. On the occasion of the wanton massacre of Smerwick, "The queen (says the Bishop of Chichester) was not *pleased* at the *manner* of this execution, and was hardly *after* drawn to admit any excuse of the slaughter committed." The "*manner*" was curious enough,—"It was concluded that only the leaders should be saved, (the leaders were Spanish officers,) the rest slain, and *all the Irish* hanged up; which was presently put into execution, to the great disliking of the Queen; who detested the slaughter of such as yielded themselves."—*Baker's Chronicle.*

† "The queen was assured," says Leland, speaking of the inhuman rigour of Lord Deputy Gray, "that he tyrannized with such barbarity, that little was left in Ireland for her Majesty to reign over but ashes and dead carcases."—*Hist. of Ireland*, v. ii, p. 227.—Here are reasons for absenteeship quite as cogent as any which can be advanced in the present day.

‡ The credulity of the Irish has ever been their ruin. Some English officer having assured certain Irish chiefs that, upon surrendering themselves to the government, they would obtain their pardon; these chiefs (says Leland) "embraced the counsel, submitted, and consented to attend the Lord Deputy St. Leger to Ireland. But here the only favour granted them was, that they were not brought to immediate execution. They were committed to prison, their lands declared forfeit, and granted to those on whose counsel they had surrendered."—*Hist. of Ireland*, v. ii.

posed to grow beneath their heads. To the higher castes, however, they were known by the reputation of their prowess and their comeliness; and were noted by some of the poets of the day, alike for their invincible spirits and their lofty stature.* This romantic interest thrown round a race at once so brave and so unfortunate, so wild and yet so gallant in their bearing, might not have been without its effect in influencing the policy of the coquettish queen, and drawing to her court those (as yet unseen) Thanists, the known admirers of her sex and contemners of her power.

The restlessness of suffering, the enterprise of romantic valour, the partiality of the House of Tudor to the O'Neils, and other inducements which Elizabeth herself held out, determined the famous Shane O'Neil (by the prescriptive right of ages Thanist of his powerful sept, and by the patent of Henry VIII. to his father, Earl of Tyrone) to visit the court of England in the most perilous moment of his life. The sudden appearance of the representative of the ancient kings of Ulster in the antechambers of Whitehall excited a sensation in which the "lion-ported queen" is said to have deeply and obviously participated. He burst upon the guarded presence of her, whose acts against his religion and his rights "resembled the bloody mandates of a Turkish divan rather than the mild ordinance of a Christian queen," in all the fearless hardihood of one who "bore a charmed life," fresh from the lines of revolt, with the excitement of the fierce contest between the oppressor and the oppressed fluttering at his bold heart and fevering his manly brow, and robed in a costume new to the ribboned and tagged chivalry of the British court. He is described as entering the presence-chamber at the head of a rude but imposing train, composed of his guard of honour, the Irish gallowglasses, who, armed with battle-axes, their heads bare, their long hair flowing in locks on their broad shoulders, their yellow surplices with open sleeves trailing to the earth and surmounted by a military harness—formed a strange contrast to the groupings and *tournure* of the courtiers through whom they passed, and who in their own frippery *euphueism* of dress and manner must have looked upon these singular absentees as though they were the natives of some distant clime. Even the less refined "Londoners," says Spenser, "marvelled at this strange sight."

O'Neil had come to plead his own cause at the foot of the throne. "The Queen," says one of the court historians, "received him with an affectation of tenderness; and after he had resided some time at court, the flattery of his address, which appeared artless and unstudied, and the speciousness of his allegations, so wrought upon her, that, at his departure, she dismissed him with favour and presents." This absenteeism of O'Neil, though favourable to his pride, and flattering to his vanity while abroad, was injurious to his interests at home. His base-born brother, Matthew, availing himself of his absence, had usurped his rights, and assumed the chieftainship of his sept. The question was debated (as if it were debateable) by the Irish government, who, in defiance of all law, "ruled the point in favour of the bastard; prac-

* "Then came the Irishmen of valiant hearts,
And active limbs, and personages tall."
Sir J. Harrington's Translation of Orlando Furioso.

tising (says Parnell *) a policy that has governed them (the English) to the latest times in India, where it has been the custom to raise to the throne, in violation of the customary mode of succession, a person who depended for his station on their power, who was strictly a dependent, and *who might be set aside whenever a favourable opportunity occurred.*" The *Sic jubeo* of the Virgin Queen was, of course, decisive. The bastard was proclaimed the lawful heir; and the consequence was a rebellion on the part of Shane. In this rebellion the chieftain was unfortunate, and the whole possessions, both of Shane and Matthew, were confiscated. "In order," says Parnell, "to divert Shane, the territory was reputed Matthew's; and in order to get rid of Matthew's claim, the territory was confiscated as Shane's." † Meanwhile, however, the Queen had won golden opinions in Ireland for her reception of the most popular of Irish chiefs. The gates of absenteeism were now thrown most seducingly open. The track was already beaten down which led from the desolated banks of the Shannon to the pavilioned shores of the Thames. Men, whose national failing was a sanguine credulity not untouched with personal vanity, whose infirmity of temperament was a reckless impetuosity, and whose weariness of suffering caught at every change as a relief, now first began to find new hopes for their country and themselves springing up in the "primrose path of dalliance" which conducted them to the British court, and placed them in personal contact with a woman and a queen—with one who, unlike her savage delegates in Ireland, received them "with tenderness, and dismissed them with favour." The baubles given by a royal hand, and displayed at Shane's Castle, were pledges to the followers of O'Neil that the heart of the Queen was of another policy from the counsels of her ministers. A mandate, therefore got up in the form of a slight accusation, but considered by the accused as an invitation, brought the O'Rourke chief or prince of Brefny promptly and inconsiderately to the feet of the fair sovereign who had issued it.

This gallant Irishman, as renowned for his personal beauty as for his turbulence, had long been a favourite theme of complaint in the despatches of the Irish deputies. Even his personal influence, and the splendid endowments out of which it arose, were brought as damning proofs against him. These also induced, perhaps, the Queen to judge for herself; and the handsome absentee was received like O'Neil with a show of tenderness, though not, alas! like him, "dismissed with favour." While history has briefly thrown off the facts of his summons

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* Apology, p. 58.

† *Si je ne vous mange pas en oiseau, je vous mangerai en souris.* "Other times," they say, "bring other manners;" and it is not impossible that men, restrained by the *manners of our own times*, may avail themselves of the circumstance of their enforced moderation, to reproach the writer who thus recalls a fact disreputable to the English government, with *ripping up old sores.* The fact, however, is "germane to the matter;" for it was such forfeitures that sowed the first seeds of that permanent absenteeism which modern ministers affect to deplore: and it was these flagrant violations of common justice, that first nurtured the lawless disposition in the peasantry, which is made an excuse for the suspension of all constitutional rights, and which is most unjustly charged on the Catholic religion. Besides, as long as the system is continued, which withholds emancipation, and gives over the land to the tyranny and plunder of churchmen and their inherents, the "ripping up old sores" is both useful and justifiable.

to court, his detention, and his unexpected execution, tradition has woven his story in the many-coloured web of her own romantic loom; and though the catastrophe of the tale, which still circulates in the neighbourhood of his ruined castle, attests the ignorance or the love of the marvellous of those who invented and circulated it; still there is a dovetailing of the old Irish *Shanaos* with historic record, which shews that *si cela n'étoit pas vrai, c'étoit bien vraisemblable.*

"A wild story concerning O'Rourke," says the author of the History of the Irish Bards, "wanders about the County of Leitrim. O'Rourke was a powerful and turbulent chieftain of this country in the reign of Elizabeth. The Queen invited him to London, making him, at the same time, warm professions of honours and service, though she only intended, by this invitation, to lead him into a kind of exile, in order to secure his obedience. The ingenuous O'Rourke, duped by the Queen's arts, promised to comply. Before his departure, he assembled his vassals and neighbours in the great hall of his castle, and entertained them with all the splendour of the times.* This is the feast so humorously described by Mac Gauran. On O'Rourke's arrival at Whitehall, the Queen was ready to receive him. The elegant symmetry of his person, and his noble aspect, struck her Majesty, and she secretly determined to rank him with her choicest favourites. A sumptuous apartment was allotted him in the palace, and a train of domestics were ordered to attend him. One night, a female tapped at his door, and was readily admitted; but she retired before the morning broke. The lady continued her visits for several nights, always retiring about the same hour. O'Rourke's curiosity was awakened, and he often urged her, but in vain, to disclose her name. At length he discovered, by the light of the moon, a ring on one of her fingers, which he observed with strict care, in the hope that it would lead to a discovery. Next day espying the identical ring on her Majesty's finger, he unfortunately insinuated to her that he had discovered his fair visitor. The following night an assassin was employed to punish him for his idle curiosity." The public execution of O'Rourke is however on historical record. †

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* The only crime of which O'Rourke could be accused, was his having received some shipwrecked Spaniards under his roof. Men, says O'Connor, whom the most hardened barbarity could scarcely consider as enemies. It is remarkable that O'Rourke previously to his execution was denied a priest of his own persuasion. But Miles Macgrath, the converted archbishop of Cashel, was sent to prevail on him to conform. "No," said O'Rourke firmly, "but do you remember the dignity from which you have fallen; return to the ancient Church, and learn from my fortitude the lesson you should have taught me, and which you ought to have been the last to disavow."

If there is a shadow of truth in this wild story of Leitrim, and Rourke did not betray the lady, he deserves canonization. Essex, however, who shared the same fate, preserved the same honourable secrecy; and the purity of the Virgin Queen remains intact.

† The ruins of O'Rourke's castle still exist. They are sublimely situated on a rock that hangs and frowns over a rapid river, near Manor Hamilton, in the county of Leitrim. A few trees are scattered immediately about the castle, and around are heathy mountains rising to the clouds. "O'Rourke's noble feast" has been rendered immortal by the translation of Dean Swift.

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

Sleep midst thy banners furl'd!
Yes! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing;
Thou chief of hosts! whose trumpet shakes the world!
Sleep! while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
—Oh! strong is night—for thou, too, art at rest!

Stillness has smooth'd thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils by thee;
Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
Alike unconscious and defenceless thou!
Tread lightly, watchers!—Now the field is won,
Break not the rest of Nature's weary son!

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing
To the green places of thy boyish daring,
And all the windings of thy native stream;
—Why, this were joy!—Upon the tented plain,
Dream on, thou Conqueror!—be a child again.

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
And thy dark troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping,
—So wilt thou rise, oh! thou of woman born!
And put thy terrors on—till none may dare
Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there!

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine!—And man must kneel before thee,
And for his birthright vainly still implore thee—
Shalt thou be stay'd because thy brother weeps?
Wake! and forget that, midst a dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furl'd!

Forget that thou, e'en thou,
Hast feebly shiver'd when the wind pass'd o'er thee,
And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy fever'd brow!
Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on!
—Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

F. H.

THE WISH.

Oh! dews of morning, mild salubrious air,
Woods, grassy banks and rivers winding near,
Hills clothed with verdure, and the cool retreat
Of grateful valleys! may propitious Fate
Those joys of my paternal land restore,
United once again, to part no more;
Unspoil'd by art, by terror undismay'd,
Retired, forgotten in life's silent shade
So long beloved—securely let me see
Tranquil old age advance, from tumults free!
Calm my declining years, and calm their close,
May I submissive yield to soft repose,
And sleep beneath the turf or silent stone,
My ashes undistinguish'd and unknown.

J. M'C.

A TRIP TO LISLE.

We love roast beef, Old England, and our home,
  Our comforts, and our glorious constitution;
And yet, somehow, we love in France to roam,
  And this appears a problem past solution;
For let me ask if any good can come
  From those French fellows, fond of revolution:
Unless for fun you have a mind to go
To drink champaigne, buy gloves, or something so:

Or, if you have a duel on your hands—
  Or can't conveniently discharge a debt—
Or have more wives than one by holy banns—
  Or by mistake a signature have set,—
A better reason nobody demands;
  And then in Calais you a lodging get,
Where you may shun unpleasant notoriety,
And live in quite a decentish society.

Then there are minor reasons, which befit
  The softer sex, and which their husbands call
A waste of money, though they 're every bit
  As good as what to most of us befall.
Some want new caps or bonnets—nay, can it
  Matter if they have any want at all?
For if a jaunt, dear creatures, can amuse them,
Where is the barbarous man that would refuse them?

So to our story, lest it should prove tiresome:—
  Stella had got a bran-new house on lease,
And said she 'd go to Calais, just to buy her some
  Paper to hang it, with a tale of Greece,
Or Turkey, or Cook's voyages. A higher sum
  It costs not, (they 're in slips, five francs apiece,)
And if it did, Eugenius, her loved lord,
  Could well to pay the difference afford.

All that we saw and did upon our route,
  If you 'll but listen, I 'll relate in rhyme;
For prose wants wit, which verse can do without,
  It quite suffices that the verses chime,
And that you lengthen every stanza out
  With *quantum suf.* in syllables and time:
Falsehood or truth, it does not signify,
Invention is the soul of poetry.

Our party was not numerous; we were four,—
  Eugenius, Stella, I, and dear Fidele,
A dog, whose useful qualities are more
  Than in a single stanza I can tell;
For Fid. was faithful to the very core,
  Sagacious, watchful, keen in sight and smell;
For all which virtues he was quite adored,
And shared his master's ease in bed and board.

You 'll ask—"How could we quit so fine a place
  As D—d—'s, verdant with umbrageous trees,
Where men and beasts are all in such good case,
  And every day brings comfort, joy, and ease."
Alas! mankind is such a fickle race
  That nothing for a constancy can please:
So, in a coach-and-four, we posted over
The Surrey hills, through Kent, and down to Dover.

We hired a boat to cross the *herring pond*,
Which intersects Great Britain and fair France,
I mean the Straits of Dover—Slough Despond
To me, who may be very sick perchance,
And so I cannot say I'm over fond
Of seeing ocean foam or Tritons dance.*
Some folks there are who think it does them good
To vomit up their undigested food.

Beneath the favouring breeze the canvass swells;
Our stomachs heave, and every cheek grows pale.
On deck 'tis cold, below bilge-water smells;
No place is comfortable when we ail.
Besides, what antidote this feeling quells
To those who seldom on salt-water sail?
Brandy, and wine, and lemon-juice, some try,
And some warm water only—this do I.

We all had passports; nor must we deride
A thing, because to no plain good it tends
Save an expense and hindrance. 'Tis my pride,
Whene'er I go abroad, to tell my friends;
And he who would his destination hide
Takes a false name, and there the matter ends.
What's, then, a passport—for I never knew,
As I'm a Christian born;—pray, sir, did you?

Hail, Calais! ours thou should'st have been by right,
As ours thou wast, when wiser rulers reign'd;
Else, for what reason did our armies fight,
Or why with British blood was Belgium stain'd?
With such a key to Paris, still we might
A thousand score of French have coolly brain'd,
When of the Bourbons they, sad traitors, tired,
And wanted any king than the *Desired*.

Hotel Dessin received us: 'tis the best
In Europe, says the guide-book (sold by Leigh);
And, as I have not visited the rest,
And am not rich enough to go and see,
Why I believe it:—and, it is confest
No rooms can finer or more spacious be;
And then a garden, theatre, and bath,
Combined as here, what other hotel hath?

Two roads branch off from Calais gate:—one carries
The traveller down to Brussels and to Spa;
The other leads to Boulogne and to Paris:
We took the Eastern, towards the Pays Bas.
For all depends how long a person tarries,
And we had but a single fortnight's law;
So, as our stay was for a little while,
Eugenius thought he'd only go to Lisle.

We posted to St. Omer's the first night;
Nor did I think the bed or supper bad,
I'm sure the hostess acted very right
To give the best of every thing she had.
For 'twas Eugenius's supreme delight
To make the mistress, maids, and waiters glad;
Who, in return, good souls, were nothing slack
To shew how much they hoped to see him back.

Where Cassel's heights o'erlook the fertile plain,
  Baring a hundred steeples to the view—
(A sight I fear I ne'er shall see again;
  At least 'tis ten to one I never do—)
Vandamme has got a very small domain,
  Where he the bitter cud of shame may chew,
For having served his master very ill,
Who, but for him, might be an emperor still.*

And yet, perhaps, he revels on at ease,
  Unconscious of the mischief he has done,
Plants cabbages and prunes his apple-trees,
  And cries, "Poor Bonaparte's race was run!
How could we keep off such a swarm of bees?
  The Czar and Austria must at last have won.
At all events, whatever is, is best,
And so poor Bonaparte's gone to rest."

From Cassel to Balleul is two posts more;
  And at Balleul I've something to relate:
We saw a red-faced Englishman, who wore
  A dark-blue coat, a fur cap on his pate:—
He look'd like one who had been rich before—
  He was a half-pay major *en retraite*;
And, being married to a breeding spouse,
Had not wherewith in England to keep house:

And so, upon reflection, I divine,
  He fix'd in France, by preference, to live,
Where things are cheaper. You may have your wine
  For what, at home, you would for small beer give.
Nay, for a franc a-head you well may dine;—
  Money, in England, goes as through a sieve.
Firewood alone in France is very dear,
But then you want no fire for half the year.

We might have learn'd his history, had not I
  Wanted the courage, when we pass'd, to speak.
Again, in changing horses, he went by,—
  But silence is so difficult to break.
Whene'er I think on't I could almost cry,
  And all this comes from being over meek.
His ears burn'd terribly, I'll lay a wager,
We talk'd about him so—poor half-pay major!

And when, at close of day, to Lisle we came,
  Eugenius occupied the very bed
(At least, the waiter said it was the same,)
  On which King George the Fourth had laid his head,
And, if it was not so, I'm not to blame,
  For then another had been placed instead.
But, for a certainty, one thing I know,
His Majesty was there three years ago.

Heaven! when I think what quantities of brick
  Upon this self-same Lisle have wasted been,

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* Alluding to the battle of Culm, lost by General Vandamme on the renewal of hostilities after the armistice of Dresden, and which decided the fate of the campaign.

What ditches deep, what ramparts high and thick!
  I vow it is the strongest place I've seen.
But then the people oft are ague-sick,
  Which makes them look so very pale and lean.
Nor should I like to live in such a town,
Because a siege might come, and knock it down.

In all the cities on the Continent,
  (At least, in every one where I have been,)
Unless it be of very small extent,
  I've always noticed, lurking near the inn,—
And most of all where Englishmen frequent,
  Who like to see whatever's to be seen,—
A shabby fellow with a half-bred air,
Who calls himself, in French, *commissionaire.*

His most ostensible employ is that
  Of leading strangers round to all the sights:
A walking guide-book, who can tell you pat
  Where the museum is—the play-house nights—
What shop is best to buy a Leghorn hat—
  And who the Ultras, who the Liberals spites—
With many other useful things to know
To such as journalize where'er they go.

Stella had got her purchases to make,
  Which all were duly bought, brought home, and paid;
And then 'twas settled we a walk should take
  To see the ramparts and the esplanade.
Next, after dinner, how my legs did ache
  To mount the steeple. Stella was afraid
Because the stairs were rickety, therefore,
She vow'd she ne'er would mount a steeple more.

We reach'd the summit;—what a glorious view
  On every side for twenty miles around!
But then the east wind furiously blew,
  Which made us quickly hasten to the ground.
The library and the museum too
  We visited. Few pictures there we found
That we thought good, (they mostly copies are,)
Save one of Fortune, painted by Mignard.

There was another call'd forth a reflection,
  Which smells of blasphemy, I can't deny;
It was a picture of the Resurrection,
  With little bodies scrambling up the sky
Pell mell, with neither order nor connexion;
  They look'd like *white bait* served up in a fry:
Such as at Greenwich folks go down to eat
In summer time, when tit bits are a treat.

Flanders, a speedy parting let us drink:
  True that thy verdant fields are never bare;
Yet, when I hear thy name, I always think
  On fetid ponds and pestilential air.
And then Eugenius was upon the brink
  Of getting a vile intermittent there;
So, leaving Calais somewhat on our right,
We reach'd Boulogne sur Mer the second night.

Boulogne can boast two towns, the Low and High!
  I like the Low, because the harbour's near!
For there you may a sole or lobster buy,
  Or take a morning walk upon the pier,
Or, with your telescope, stand still and spy
  If the steam-packet does not yet appear;
Then see the women land, like drowned rats,
Wearing new shawls, but very shabby hats.

Our inn was managed by one Sieur Boutroy,
  A cleverer fellow is not to be found;
Some years ago he was a stable-boy,
  And now is worth full eighteen thousand pound,
All fairly earn'd in the hotel employ.
  'Tis true some folks his reputation wound,
As how a horse, that stood at livery there,
Was rode to death upon some inn affair.*

We now had been just fifteen days away,
  And all this time Eugenius had been bursar,
Which was, perhaps, the reason made him say,
  "Let's back to Calais, to look out for Mercer." †
Eugenius made him in the harbour stay
  During our absence; for there's nothing worse, Sir,
Than to be waiting when the wind is fair,
And find the packet-boat you want, not there.

And that's the reason why most folks prefer
  A steam-boat, though a dangerous machine,
The wheels and piston keep up such a stir:
  Besides, you may be blown to atoms clean.
But then your passage you need not defer;
  As, spite of wind and tide, each day they're seen,
At a fix'd hour, across the Straits to start,
Whether you choose the Arrow or the Dart.

And I believe Eugenius made a vow,
  Never to go by sailing-boats again.
Stella was sick, and I the Lord knows how:
  And then we were six long hours on the main.
The surfy billows broke across the bow,
  Wetting Eugenius like a shower of rain;
Whilst I, reclined upon a cabin bed,
Penn'd the bad stanzas which you now have read.

Then let it not be thought the jaunt was vain,
  Stella has got the paper for her room;
We all have drunk good claret and champaigne;
  And Stella's cheeks display health's loveliest bloom.
Of nothing had we reason to complain.
  And, if I knew what Fate had in her womb,
A better lot, I'm sure, she could not bring
Than crossing o'er to Calais every Spring.

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* The late Mr. Robert H. on crossing from France to England, left a horse in the care of Boutroy, which, on his return, he found had died during his absence, and he accused Boutroy's son of having killed it by fatigue, in galloping after carriages to induce travellers to lodge at his father's inn.

† Mercer, the captain of the King George sailing packet-boat.

MODERN SPANISH THEATRE.—NO. II.

The learned Andres has remarked (in imitation of what has been said of the Æneid) that the French classical Drama was the finest production drawn from the old literature of Spain;—seeing that, but for the initiatory labours of Lope de Vega and Guilleu de Castro, the masterpieces of Corneille and of Moliere would never have had an existence. It is not necessary at this moment to discuss the accuracy of this ingenious and somewhat epigrammatic definition. It is unquestionable that the dramatic Poets of the Peninsula, besides being the forerunners, were, to a certain extent, the models of their neighbours. It is also certain that they availed themselves of the use of the Spanish literary treasures, and extracted from them portions, not merely of original thought, but even of style and phraseology. The *Cid*, the *Menteur*, the *Princesse d'Elide*, with many other compositions of Spanish derivation, abundantly support M. Andres' position. On the other hand it must be confessed, that if the French owed much of their early dramatic literature to the Spaniards of the 17th century, they have paid the arrear of debt, with usury, in becoming, as they certainly have, the parents of the modern Spanish theatre. The latter is, in fact, merely the echo of theirs—shaped and fashioned in their mould. To them it is indebted for its regularity, its moral scope, and its existing decorum; but to their example it has sacrificed its vivacity, humour, and nationality. And here we are at a loss to decide what claims the French have on the gratitude of the Spaniards: for whatever they have gained from them in the way of art, they have decidedly lost in imagination; insomuch that their theatre in acquiring the Gallic character, has entirely lost the originality which first distinguished it.

In our last article we considered in what manner the genuine Spanish style had been subverted by the innovations of Gongora, and was entirely lost under the Austrian dynasty. Candamo, Zamora, and Cañigares, were the last poets of the national school. Their works, though of very limited merit, were the last flashes of its expiring glory. This fact should be well established in the mind, as it alone enables us to account for the difference which exists between the two kinds of the Peninsular drama, and might else embarrass the reader. It must too be understood that the line of difference amounts to a distinct and complete separation. The reader will also remember what we before remarked respecting the patronage of the Spanish stage by Philip V. and his successor Ferdinand VI.

The Bourbons had introduced into Spain the manners and customs of France. Their flatterers, with the spirit of accommodation peculiar to the race, were by no means slow in adopting these novelties. By degrees every thing was Gallicised. The language became adulterated by the jargon of the court, and actually received a new turn in its grammatical structure. It was rendered more artificial, and deprived of much of its gravity, and of that oriental character which had distinguished it for ten centuries. It also exchanged its musical richness for almost mathematical precision. The Academy of the Spanish Language was founded by Philip V. in 1714, on the same principle as that of Paris; and this act of dubious benefit was the only one attempted by that monarch in favour of the literature of his realm. The men of letters in Spain had already acquired, in perusing the compositions of

the age of Louis XIV., an inclination for the literary dogmas of the French. Already they had conceived a notion that the extravagances of the old Spanish writers were hardly excused even by the brilliancy of their genius; and they fell into so blind an enthusiasm for their new models, as almost to exhibit a feeling of shame for what they had before regarded with pride. The species of literary Areopagus established by the king, rendered the new system permanent.

From this academy arose speedily the three most considerable supporters of the new theory. The first of these, Don Ignatius de Luzan,* one of the most learned men and accurate writers of his time, and, moreover, an elegant lyric poet, gave the most decided blow to the Spanish literature of the seventeenth century. His two odes on the retaking of Oran have distinguished merit, and are greatly esteemed in Spain. He published in 1737 his "Art of Poetry." This work, though merely following the example of Aristotle and Boileau,† and was grounded on the familiar maxims of Rapin and Muratori, obtained great respect for M. Luzan from all the tribe of writers after the French school, with the greater number of whom he has been thenceforward an authority without appeal. His book, indeed, is well written, and shews, for the most part, taste as well as moderation. Sometimes, however, like all sectarian leaders, he carries his zeal for the new system to an extreme of prejudice against the old. He, doubtless, proposed to himself the erection of one altar on the ruins of another—the overturning of Lope de Vega's statue, to make room for that of Moliere. With this view it has been his rule to say little, and that guardedly, respecting the points of merit in the old dramatists; whilst he has expatiated largely on their defects, and has exerted against them, in his Analysis, all the weapons of logic and severe criticism. Although he has thereby completely exposed his own weak side, yet it is not difficult to see what must have been the issue of such pleading before so prejudiced a court.

The task undertaken by Luzan was followed up to completion by Don Louis Velasquez, Member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in Paris, and Don Gregorio Mayans y Ciscar, librarian to the king of Spain. They were both well calculated for the attainment of such an object. Accomplished as writers, they had also a perfect acquaintance with the literary history of their country. The first of these wrote in 1754 his work, entitled "Origines de la Poesia Española;" the other produced, in 1757, his treatise on Rhetoric. In both these performances the *ultra-classical* maxims are studiously displayed; and no quarter is shewn to those poor authors who had been at all remiss in regard to the established academical usages.

We cannot suppress a smile at the *classico-mania* so absolute in those days, when we read in the preface of Don Blas de Nasarre, in 1749, to his edition of the eight comedies of Cervantes, "that these were, in fact, no other than parodies, designed by the author to ridicule the plays of Lope de Vega, in like manner as his 'Don Quixote' had ridiculed the books of ancient chivalry." Can we cite a stronger specimen of party feeling than this? Nasarre was an extravagant admirer of Cer-

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* He was a counsellor of finance, and a member of several literary academies.

† M. Luzan was not even the first to perform this, for Pinciano wrote his work two centuries before.

vantes, and, in his reluctance to have the *aliquando dormitat* applied to his idol, could only find in such an after-thought as this, an excuse for what he believed a defect. This is, indeed, the *polinisme* of the critic's art carried to the extreme!

But whether it be that didactic controversy is apt to disturb those who are beginning the pursuit of an art, or that the spirit of enquiry which was just then directed towards the sciences might have somewhat impeded the creative springs of the imagination, it is certain, and very remarkable, that the first half of the eighteenth century exhibited not a single lyric poet of any note, and not one dramatic. It was not till 1750 that M. Montiano y Layard* published his "Virginia," as a specimen of a genuine tragedy on the classical model. It was entirely a copy after Racine—the same simplicity of plot, purity of language, and servile conformity to rules. With all this, it has not been able to escape neglect. It is cold, formal, and spiritless, like the statue of Prometheus before the fire of Heaven had descended upon it. The same remark will apply to the "Ataulto," another of Montiano's tragedies. It is only his excellent disquisition on Spanish tragedy, accompanying his own tragedies, that has established his name in the estimation of posterity. This is, in truth, a masterpiece, both in its style and its preceptive character.

After this period there occurred another void in the dramatic writing of Spain. From the time of Montiano and his contemporaries no remarkable production appeared until the days of La Huerta; from the latter up to our time, however, a pretty regular succession of novelties has been kept up. La Huerta is well known in Europe under the double character of a zealous defender of the old poets, and of a poet in his own person. In whichever of these relations we consider him, he is entitled to attention. He executed the laudable plan of collecting together the best plays of the old stock, which he published in 1785, under the title of "Teatro Hispañol." Had he availed himself only of this manner of reply to the intemperate attacks of the ultra-classicals, he had well achieved his purpose, notwithstanding the occasional errors of judgment in the selection he had made.† But, growing heated himself, he fell into the same extravagances as those which he charged upon the critics of the other school. With a view to exalt his own partizans, he exerted himself to depreciate the other side. His prefaces to sundry volumes of the "Teatro Hispañol" are so many furious invectives against Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, or against their admirers: and, in short, the man who could pronounce the "Athalie" worthy only to be played by youthful boarders in a convent, and who could style the "Tartuffe" a miserable farce, was certainly not the best possible judge in a literary cause.

The tragedies which Huerta has left us are three in number; and by one of those singular inconsistencies sometimes met with in the human mind, these performances, by the champion of the old style, are executed in the *classic* mode. The first of these was "La Raquel." In

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* Counsellor of State, and Director of the Academy of History, at Madrid.

† He confined himself nearly to publishing the comedies of *Capa y Espada* (ordinary life) and those of intrigue, leaving out the whole of Lope de Vega's plays.

this he has put forth all the stately and rich qualities of the Castilian versification. Two of the characters are cleverly enough sketched—a courtier cringing to the capricious haughtiness of a loyal lady favourite; and an *infanzon*, or old Castilian knight, frank, brave, and loyal, combating the vices of a dissolute court, but never forgetting the respect due to his king. These two excepted, the characters possess little force, and the plot little ability. This tragedy, however, first performed in 1778, met with prodigious success, and is even now frequently exhibited on the Spanish boards. Its popularity is attributable to the true patriotic character of the piece, the charms of its poetic dress, and the constant allusions to Peninsular politics. The other two productions of La Huerta are a poor imitation of the "Electra of Sophocles," and an admirable translation of Voltaire's "Zaire."

Don Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin,* father of him who has since acquired the name of the *Spanish Moliere*, was likewise a poet of high reputation, and one of the chief writers who have promoted the ultimate advancement of the Belles Lettres in Spain. The recent edition of his works, carefully edited by his son, may be recommended to all admirers of Spanish poetry. It is our present business to view him only as a dramatic poet. He wrote both tragedies and comedies. The former, like those of Montiano, have been unsuccessful on the stage, by reason of their languor and want of striking effect; but they are relished in the perusal for their beauties of rhyme, and the felicitous sayings interspersed through them. In one of them, "La Hormesinda," we have a superior example of epic style, in the description of the battle of the Gaudalete, wherein the hapless Rodrigo paid so dear a forfeit for a moment's forgetfulness. The comedies of the elder Moratin have displayed greater merit. With considerable ease of style, and spirit of dialogue, they are very deficient in that penetration into human character that has so peculiarly marked the productions of his son. They contain personages insufficiently developed, and plots indifferently conceived and terminated. Nevertheless, being probably the first who attempted in Spain the manner of Terence and of Moliere, he is regarded as one of the founders of the new school: it is certain, besides, that to him is chiefly owing his son's preparation for dramatic writing. Two of his best comedies are "La Petimetra" (the female fribble) and "Hacer que hacemos" (great cry and little wool).

After the elder Moratin we meet no one deserving of remark before Don Thomas Yriarte,† so renowned for his *literary fables*,‡ and his anti-musical poem called "Music," which obtained him so many flattering compliments from Metastasio. This writer produced some very good comedies, which have maintained an honourable repute on the stage. One of these, "El Señorito Mimado," (the Spoiled Child) represents with striking accuracy the social results of a too indulgent, or, in other words, a neglected education. The characters of the mother and the son are admirable. M. Yriarte has likewise afforded us an excellent translation of Destouches's "Philósophe marié."

We may here mention the dramatic lucubrations of M. Jovellanos,

* Attached to the household of the Queen Widow.

† Holding an office under the minister for foreign affairs. ‡ Published in 1787.

which were published at the period we are now treating of, although his death is of no earlier date than 1811. The name of Jovellanos* excites in us cherished recollections. He who bore it was at once the most honourable man, the most enlightened citizen, the most liberal public officer, the most correct, philosophical, and eloquent writer, that Spain has seen in the present century. His virtues and his sufferings for his country have become alike proverbial. Heaven grant that country may one day acknowledge the extent of her obligations towards this worthy man!

At an early age M. Jovellanos wrote the tragedy of "Munuza," the subject of which is much the same with that of the "Hormesinda" of Moratin the elder, but less skilfully versified; in fact, his manner of rhyming was not good. The doubtful reception afforded to this piece soon created in him a distaste for the drama. His mildness of character and tenderness of heart scarce allowed him to feel interest in a study which requires the base and brutal parts of human nature to be sometimes exposed. It was not until several years afterwards that feelings of indignation and philanthropy impelled him to pen his comedy of "El Delinquente Honrrado" (the Honest Criminal). This composition belongs to the sentimental class, and is somewhat akin to the *Fils Naturel* of Diderot. In both these instances the authors array themselves against certain laws equally cruel to the individual and powerless in the public opinion. The edict of Philip V. (pragmatica) in prohibition of duels, was copied from that of his grandfather Louis XIV. It threatened with death all the parties implicated in any degree in an affair of honour. But rigour can never be substituted with effect for the process of enlightening, where popular prejudices are to be subdued; and the result was, that duels were even multiplied in Spain by this cruel mode of resistance to them. M. Jovellanos has pourtrayed in his hero an involuntary victim to the point of honour, and has worked up with a masterly skill the materials of language, character, situation, sentiment, social interest, and moral aim. In the first scenes of this piece we discover, moreover, some touches of the genuine comic, proving that M. Jovellanos, had he pleased, might have excelled in that style. To see it well represented invariably produces emotion—to read it, charms us at every line with the generous spirit of its author. We may here perhaps be reminded that, after all, the "Delinquente Honrrado" is but a drama; be it so; we will add, however, that it is the best of all the Spanish dramas.

It is impossible to name Jovellanos without an immediate reference in memory to Melendez.† These men were united by the ties of a friendship honourable to themselves and to human nature. M. Melendez is the author of a comedy entitled "Las Bodas de Camacho," (the Marriage of Camacho,) which, although rather feeble as a dramatic effort, is always read with pleasure for its charming versification.

The limits of this article deny us the space to estimate the pretensions of each author. We are, besides, eager to arrive at the brilliant epoch of the theatre of our own days, rendered illustrious by Moratin

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* He was a minister of Charles IV. and a member of the Central Junta in 1808 and 1809.

† Fiscal, or king's attorney, in the council of Castile.

the younger. In the mean while we will just observe, by way of clearing the field for our next subject, that M. Forner has written a very respectable comedy under the name of "The Philosopher in Love;" that M. Candido Yrigueros is advantageously known by his comedy of "El Precipitado," (the Blunderer,) and by his remodelling several of Lope de Vega's plays, especially that of "Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas;" that Llaguno has excellently translated the "Athalie" of Racine; that Ayala has given us the tragedy of "Numancia Destruida," (the Destruction of Numantia,) which is on a plan different from that of Cervantes, and has been frequently exhibited on the Spanish stage, although not destitute of faults; that Don Ramon de la Cour has written the cleverest interludes, and has translated or imitated most of the short pieces by Moliere and Regnard; and, in fine, that Valladores, Comella, Zamora, and numerous others, have supplied the theatres with an abundance of plays, either in the historical or the *larmoyant* kind. Of these we shall say a word or two in our next article; reserving, however, the principal portion of it for a critical account of the productions of Moratin the younger.

EATING SONG.—BY SCARRON.

When I 'm hungry, and am eating
Store of what my soul delights,
I feel pleasure not more great in
Scratching where the maggot bites:
Friend, d' ye know on what I 'm thinking;
Every one makes songs on drinking,
But I, whose jaw 's my only glory*,
An eating song shall set before ye.

When a soup we 're gaily swilling,
Savoury as consommés are,
The transports through the body thrilling
The soul does still more warmly share.
Thus that glutton rogue, the Devil,
When he tempted Eve to evil,
Offered neither glass nor flagon,
But a mess her jaw to wag on.

Four times can an active fellow
Eat his paunchful in a day,
While if once we get too mellow
The wisest brains are wash'd away.
Have you drain'd a thousand bottles?
'Tis but wetting still your throttles:
While at one dinner, he who wishes,
Swallows a thousand different dishes.

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* Scarron had lost the use of his lower limbs.

A COUNTRY BALL.

Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes,
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

A short time since I received an invitation to spend a few days with a friend in the country, and was puzzled to account for the unusual attention. On my arrival at his house, through which a happy bustle and gay confusion seemed to prevail, the mystery was speedily unravelled. I was shewn into the drawing-room, where various symptoms of approaching smartness were discoverable. A parcel of white gloves strewed the table, a gay bodice was suspended on a skreen, and scraps of satin and net remained on the carpet, to prove that recent alterations had been made in the evening paraphernalia. To the uninitiated some of these appearances might have been less intelligible; but I have five sisters above sixteen; and a man so circumstanced has knowledge "thrust upon him." I felt a strong internal persuasion that a ball was approaching, and my hostess speedily confirmed my suspicions, by informing me that there was to be an assembly that very night at a neighbouring town. She had scarcely had time to make this communication ere a message summoned her to the privy council above, where the young ladies of the family were

"reasoning high
Of Levantines, new fashions, lace, and gauze,
Flower'd gauze, French lace, new fashions absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

I could imagine the eager converse that was there carrying on, and fancied I heard distant murmurs of that concert of tongues produced by the habit peculiar to females of all talking at once on an interesting subject. I caught occasional glimpses of smiling girls who came into the drawing-room on some important errand, and who cast favouring glances on me as if the joys we were going to participate created a bond of amicable union between us. One pretty creature was stripping a myrtle of its branches; some of her companions were practising quadrilles in the library, from whence they had dislodged their half-smiling, half-frowning father; and a delicate girl of about eighteen was conducted to a sofa, "magnâ comitante catervâ," and obliged by the strong arm of power to lie down and preserve her strength and spirits for the voluntary fatigues of the evening. This fragile plant, whose name was Caroline, and a sister called Anna, two years her junior, were going to their first ball—the former having been *kept in* longer than usual by delicate health, and the latter being *forced out* sooner than the law directs by the irresistible and demoralizing power of the approaching assembly.

I soon caught the spirit of my party, and positively longed for the evening; yes! I, who go to at least thirty balls in the three spring months, was really impatient for the pleasures of a country assembly. But, then, the bright faces of my young companions—their gay prophecies, and eager anticipations; their spirits foaming over into the most sparkling mirth; their choruses of ringing laughter; their steps buoyant as if they already heard the music of the orchestra;—these were all very different notes of preparation from the languid tones in which I had been accustomed to hear the evening's dance discussed, from those assurances that "it will be stupid, and that it will not be necessary to go

before eleven or twelve," which damp all ardour, and create a slight sensation of self-contempt, by proving that it is to Fashion not Pleasure we are about to sacrifice. The two *debutantes* yielded most reluctantly to the somewhat more phlegmatic arrangements of the rest of the party. A female cousin of theirs, indeed, who had had the misfortune of spending half a season in London, and whose opinions, touching dress and quadrille steps, usually carried the weight of a Papal decree, proposed setting out at half-past ten; but the monstrous suggestion roused a general outcry, the oracle of fashion lost all its power, and the carriages were ordered at nine o'clock. Dinner was no sooner concluded than Caroline and Anna retired to their toilets, led thither, I imagine, by a hope that time spent in preparation would pass with more rapidity. Fanny, their eldest sister, followed them—followed to assist

> "In that adornment, tasteful, rare,
> Which makes the mighty magnet, set
> In woman's form, more mighty yet."

This sweet-looking Fanny interested me much: though young, and gay, and pretty enough to enjoy the approaching pleasure on her own account, it was of her sisters only that she seemed to think; her time, her taste, her ornaments, were all at their service; her wishes, her ambition, seemed for them; her cheeks glowed with delight when she heard them praised; her eyes kindled when she looked upon them, and every smile on their countenances was immediately reflected by hers.

We were to be a party of twelve, nine of whom were dancers; and my hostess delighted to reckon our numbers, and appeared to estimate her importance in the field of battle by the strength of her detachment. Few can be ignorant of the confusion necessarily attendant on a general sacrifice to the Graces. On the present occasion I was not a little amused by the bustle going on around me, by the contention of bells and tongues, the entreaties for assistance, the messages conveyed from room to room, the mingled notes of mirth, impatience, excitement, and vexation. Now, as a door suddenly opened, I heard sounds of commiseration excited by a torn glove: now came murmurs because those important auxiliaries, the curling irons, did not possess the property of ubiquity, and ever and anon were shouts of young laughter springing from hearts light enough to transform even annoyance into merriment. At length the ceremony was completed, and we all met in the drawing-room to look at one another till the proper moment for departure. My hostess was a very beautiful woman, evidently vain of her person, and fond of dress. She would probably have been ridiculous from excess of vanity, had she not had three pretty daughters to draw off the exuberant supply. Children sometimes change their parents' defects into graces. Pride, vanity, ambition, covetousness, appear very different qualities when felt for our offspring, and yet they are scarcely less selfish than when felt for ourselves.

There was an old lady, my host Mr. L.'s mother, who appeared to take great interest in the amusement and attire of the young people. Unable to accompany us to the scene of action, she joined, however, with the spirit of youth in all our hopes and wishes. She rubbed her spectacles bright, and desired that a table, with candles, might be placed near her arm-chair. Then she called each of the girls to her in succession, made them stoop while she examined the decorations of their heads,

then felt the texture of their dresses, and ended by a kind kiss, by expressions of fond approval, wishes for pleasant partners, and cautions against taking cold. I was pleased by the demeanour of the gay, blooming girls as they stood before the old lady; their giddiness and vivacity subsiding under the influence of that fond respect and holy tenderness which virtuous old age inspires. Caroline and Anna looked half-ashamed of their unaccustomed smartness, blushed and smiled from a mingled feeling of bashfulness and pleasure—now practised a quadrille step to try the steadiness of the flowery wreaths in their hair—now murmured at the dilatoriness of the coachmen—and now whispered to each other some sentence of impatience or wonder. To me there is something in the dancing enthusiasm of extreme youth which disarms ridicule.

At length we set out, and in due course of time passed over the four miles that intervened between us and happiness, and entered that inn in the town of S., which was dignified by the occasional appropriation of its largest room, to the partial satisfaction of the dancing appetites of the neighbourhood. In this apartment, indeed, other weighty transactions took place: here were held meetings of justices, of reformers, of Bible societies;—here learning, patriotism, and piety, first talked and afterwards ate;—here half a score of persons would sometimes yawn during a lecture on Astronomy, and sometimes five times as many would laugh at an indifferent juggler. The decorations of this saloon were few and faded, its crimson curtains were dingy, its benches wanted new cushions, and the busts of George the Third and Lord Chatham, which stood upon the chimney-piece, looked grim from the smoke of coals and tobacco. At the end of the room were two ponderous crimson and gold chairs, prepared many years back in case of a visit from any of the royal family, and which continued to stand in patient readiness for the improbable distinction. In the small ante-room adjoining this apartment, we paid for our tickets, while the ladies disrobed themselves of shawls and wrappers. I asked Fanny to dance, she declined on the plea of being uncertain whether she should feel disposed to join in the exercise, but the pleased sparkle of her eye when she saw me transfer my petition to Caroline, convinced me that she had gained her end, by securing a partner to her sister. We entered the ball-room, and spent some time in parading up and down, greeting acquaintance, staring at strangers, criticising beauty, and examining dress. I heard sundry enquiries after the health and growth of children, and of shrubberies, complaints of servants and of pointers, long accounts of colds in the head and parties to dinner, lamentations over the snow and the low prices, speculations about partners, sarcasms upon those of the *second set* of townspeople, who had ventured to intrude among their betters, and earnest wishes for the arrival of a noble family who resided in the neighbourhood, in order that the daughter of a newly created baronet might be prevented from opening the ball. At length the room was sufficiently furnished with beaux to permit the commencement of dancing: the master of the ceremonies began to bustle and exhort, introductions and engagements took place in all directions, murmurs of "May I have the honour," and "I shall be very happy," floated around; a few detached couples took their places, indicating the site

of the approaching quadrille, the musicians scraped with fresh vehemence, and discord told that harmony was coming.

"Nunc, nunc, properate puellæ."

When the longed-for moment had arrived, Caroline's ardour for dancing appeared to be considerably diminished; she took her place with a timid and almost a faltering step, and seemed to fear that every eye was upon her. The needless flutterings, the ready blushes, the inexplicable apprehensions, the becoming awkwardnesses of a *debutante*, are to me infinitely interesting. Half a season in London puts them to flight for ever; in their stead we have elegance, self-possession, dignity, fashion:—these are all excellent things, but I like them better at five-and-twenty than at eighteen. My partner's style of dancing was quiet and unobtrusive, but it pleased my taste better than the consequential ease and unimpeachable precision of her London cousin. The latter, however, excited much admiration and surprise; spectators accumulated round her quadrille, and whispers concerning the incalculable advantages of town instruction passed from parent to parent, each of whom made some reservation in favour of her own daughter's less elaborate performance.

In the course of the evening we had several country-dances, for the accommodation of those elderly ladies and grave gentlemen, who were too wise or too stiff to venture into the mazes of a quadrille. I was amused by the indemnifying vivacity which the girls and boys infused into the old-fashioned dances, the unauthorized frequency of the turns in the poussette, the down-the-middle prolonged to the very end of the room, the unrestrained chat which was carried on during the vulgar ease of this saturnalia. I am speaking, however, of only the younger and more rustic of the company; some there were, sufficiently fashionable to feel the degrading nature of their employment, and who moved through the plebeian dance with an air of languor and weariness, highly creditable to their taste. Miss B. in particular, the dancer of transcendant skill, looked on contemptuously, and refused to join in the base deviation from London practice, pleading in excuse that she did not remember the figures. She appealed to me on the subject, supposing that I should be capable of entering into her feelings; she inveighed, also, against the music, and lights, and refreshments; was almost fainting for want of ice, and quite surprised that there was no waltzing. In me, however, she found a sorry comforter; I was in a humour to be pleased with every thing, ready for the Boulanger, or Sir Roger de Coverley, had my young companions so decreed; willing to dance every dance, and to make myself useful and agreeable. I certainly lost an excellent opportunity of distinguishing myself as a fine gentleman, on a stage where the character would have excited considerable attention and surprise. I aspired, however, to no higher distinction than being considered a pleasant partner, and wished for by half-a-dozen nice girls at the next ball.

The love of dancing grows by what it feeds on; and its presiding goddess requires to be propitiated by two or three hours' attention before she will inspire her votaries with all her raptures. After twelve o'clock animation increased; and as the hour of separation approached, as ma-

trons began to nod, and their husbands to complain, the daughters grew more and more eager, and danced with more energetic delight. The slight refreshments of tea and biscuits (all which the parsimony of the managers afforded them) acted on their excitable spirits with the effect of sparkling Champagne. With Caroline and Anna it was evidently so, whilst in their enjoyment there appeared no mixture of gratified vanity. Their aim was not conquest, but pleasure; not lovers, but partners; and to sit still inflicted no wound on their pride. At length watches began to start ominously from their fobs, old-fashioned repeaters were held by old-fashioned papas to the recoiling ears of murmuring daughters, shawls and sighs wandered round the room, petitions, arguments, rebellion, were in vain; in vain young men, urged by young women, commanded the musicians to proceed, a Stentorian voice issued a contrary-mandate; might prevailed over right, the violins ceased, a general groan succeeded, adieux were exchanged, carriages were announced, and the ball was over. Of the drive home I can give no description; neither will I attempt to relate the conversation of the morrow's breakfast; we fought the battle o'er again and again, we all had faces, dresses, flirtations to describe, oddities to quiz, partners to praise or decry, adventures to relate, mistakes to deplore. Caroline and Anna much lamented that they had forgotten to introduce into a quadrille the new steps which their London cousin had taught them; they lamented, too, that the name of one pleasant partner had escaped them; and that the eyes of another were not now before them to decide a dispute about their colour. Other lamentations I heard not, all was bright and gay in their recollections; and when I left them five days after the important evening, their pleasure in talking of its events seemed yet undiminished. I doubt not that even now a day scarcely passes without two or three allusions to the happy December night; jokes then born will live as long as the light hearts whose merriment created them; scenes and persons then beheld will cling to the memory when later and more important events are forgotten; time will bestow a fictitious charm on all that then occurred; and the grandchildren of my young friends will hear of this country ball as something indescribably delightful, and far surpassing any thing they have themselves beheld, will hear of *me* perhaps as a perfect hero of romance, to whom the youths of 1860 can bear no comparison. E.

SONNET.

Chide not, Aruna, that to thee no more
 My rhymes of homage and affection flow;
  The mould of verse within my brain is broken.
The subtle music, that was wont of yore
 T' accompany the inspired spirits glow,
  Hath ceased. Its latest words my Muse has spoken
Even at thy feet—there won its fond request,
 Expiring 'neath the glance that gave it birth:
Its task fulfill'd, and leaving me so blest
 That nought remain'd to plead for upon earth—
  It died; and happy Love, that strings more tight
  All other harps, hath broken mine outright. Y.

IRISH ARTISTS.—NO. II.

When last I communicated with you, my dear F——, on the subject of Irish Art, we found the new Academy destitute of all immediate opportunity for assuming its functions and prosecuting its views. Although instituted by royal charter, and composed of members well qualified to realize the considerable expectations in which we must believe that illustrious recognition to have originated, it was still without exhibition-room, or council-room, or house of refuge; in fact, a "name," only, cut off from the sterling as well as poetical appendage of "local habitation." You may, perhaps, call to mind other circumstances, which I believe I also stated, and which served to heighten a dilemma, in itself sufficiently perplexing. You may remember it was proposed and hoped to induce from the guardians of an unappropriated fund, formed to commemorate his Majesty's visit to Ireland, some aid for the houseless artists; and lastly, that this hope was crossed by the interference of a connoisseur association of private gentlefolk, who sought to get themselves nominated as the dolers out, at will and pleasure, of any relief to be so obtained. And this was our last glimpse of Irish Art; unsheltered on the common of society; hopeless of any shelter of the kind she could safely or honourably accept; and rather in danger of sacrificing her independence to her necessities.

I have now to change the picture, and you may advise your amateur tastes and more elegant feelings of a coming gratification, so far as the previous topic may have interested you; or so far as the question of Art in its ramification to the land of Barry, of Hamilton, and of Shee, can be supposed to interest the sovereign connoisseur. I have seen laid, since my recent return to Dublin, the first stone of what is to be a fine edifice for the reception of the Irish Academy, and, indeed, for the abundant accommodation of all its wants and purposes; and, let me add, the patronage under which this national temple of art rears its head, is of a happier kind than I recollect to have been afforded to the lifting up of the arts in any other country.

France's great Louis was, no doubt, munificent in his efforts to advance and dignify her painting and sculpture; but he was also the man that exacted from the graphic muse an enfeebling and enslaving adulation. He rescued her from a state of nature, only to put her into a levee suit, teach her to bow, and keep her at court for his royal honour and glory; just as his Majesty might have dealt with an amiable savage, reclaimed into a beef-eater. Italy was more fortunate in her Lorenzo; or else in the stuff and spirit of those of her sons who wielded the pencil and chisel; certainly, Michael Angelo was too rough and energetic, and Raphael too natural and amiable for a courtier: still, however, in Italy, the patronage was despotic and condescending; and the artists were too much bound to be obliged. England, so far as we have yet seen, obtained her Royal Academy under yet better auspices: here was no flourish of princely donation; for, except a *loan* of a few thousand pounds, since *paid back*, I believe, the British academicians remain to this day unloaded with any overwhelming burden of gratitude; unless we go the doubtful length of imposing upon them that fardel, on account of the unfurnished and incommodious apartments which, in

common with various public clerks and agents, they occupy in a very large house. Yes, I beg pardon; there was one thing done for them, at the time of their inauguration, that neither they nor I should ever forget; and as the anecdote is not generally known—though I take it on the best authority, that of a distinguished royal academician,—you shall forthwith hear it. Some lordly connoisseurs would argue that the council could never go right unless they were admitted as honorary members—oh, these honorary members! The council properly referred to the advice of George the Third; and when their delegate mentioned the matter to the royal ear—"No, no, no,—keep them out—keep them all out!"—was the wise and vivacious answer.

Perhaps, after this, you expect to hear that the young Hibernian Academy has fallen in for a legacy of twenty or thirty thousand, so that the usual event, which must have preceded the reading of the will, fortunately frees them from all shew of gratitude to the patron, in this world. Or you may conjecture that some eastern vizier or pacha, too far removed to tax them to any extent or continuance, has enclosed a brilliant, not inferior to the Pitt or Pigott diamond, or Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus' purse, or some goose with a golden egg, may glance into your speculations. The patronage extended, however, bears little resemblance to any of those cases, if we except its novelty and unprecedentedness; and to come to the point at once, or, you will say, at last, an individual of their own body is the Mæcenas. A brother academician steps forward, and out of his especial purse, dedicates little less than twenty thousand pounds to the erection of a fit home for the arts of his country. Mr. Francis Johnson is the name of this high-minded man; a name already belonging to posterity, as the specimens of his architectural power, among the beautiful public buildings of Dublin, abundantly testify. But the new glory which this act flings around him, must, while it renders Mr. Johnson the most endearing and interesting object the eye of his contemporaries can fix upon, ensure him an immortality beyond question and beyond praise.

And now I challenge your acquiescence to my assertion, that Irish art has chanced on a patronage, unprecedented as it is felicitously coincident. The patron, himself a brother, has experienced all the finer feelings and peculiar spirit of sturdy independence, which, perhaps, exist in no bosom so strongly as in the bosom of an artist; and he will respect and cherish in others what he has been able to appreciate in himself. He will neither seek for, nor receive, any undue requital. He will not meanly grasp at a dictatorship in more than self-recompense for acting right and doing good. He will impose no holiday restrictions; no rules and regulations applicable, nay applied alike to the subjects of a mendicity association and the professors of a high art. He will not *seem* to encourage the spirit and effort of genius, and, in a breath, wrench from it, in a kind of tribute, the very essence of that spirit and effort. He will insist on no knee-bending, no Mandarin expertness of neck, no willow-backed suppleness and readiness. He will not, in fact, require the arts to go on in his own way, but wisely and delightfully satisfied with just having led them to the starting-post, he will bid God bless them, and let them run their natural and irresistible career. And in the manly gratitude of his associate brethren; in what

he knows to be the real and hearty expression of it; and, above all, in the rapid advance of his loved profession, attributable, first, to his munificence, and secondly, to his policy, he will, every day and hour, receive and feel a gratification above all the flattering unction that, on a day of official reports and enactments, the hobbyhorsical connoisseur can pretend to lay to his heart. Can he walk amid the classic shadows of the temple he will have erected—can he pass its gate—can he meet a brother, by him made successful and happy, and not experience a luxury of self-approbation and self-thankfulness, that still must outdo all the rest?—of that temple, of which the very echoes will strive to syllable his name!—and is it not written, "no music is so pleasant to the ear as the voice of him who owns you for a benefactor?"

I think I understand the happiness of this good and accomplished man, on the very recent occasion I have alluded to; namely, the laying of the first stone of the promised edifice. It was laid by himself, accordant, in course, with the solicitation of his brethren. They all accompanied him in procession—academicians, associates, and all; white-headed old men, whose lives had passed in the almost hopeless dream of such a day, and younger members, who, with sparkling looks and improved importance of step, seemed to date, from that moment, a new professional and social existence. They presented him with a silver trowel, on which were devices executed by Mr. Mossop, the gentleman who has done the medallion of Grattan's head that you and I saw together, and I need say no more to apprise you of the superior eminence of the artist: he is also an esteemed academician. Another, at the vote of the Academy, is to paint, for a place in their council-room, Mr. Johnson's full-length portrait. Then, before this day of days, there were addresses, and answers, and every thing harmonious and happy: and with it there came a dinner, at which the patron was the honoured guest of his fellow academicians, and, we may surely add, happiness and harmony still the accompaniment. Yes! I am sure I understood his feelings: the full, deep content of heart; the conscious spirit, and pride, and virtue of soul; and the surpassing conviction that all he heard and saw around him was truth, fitness, congeniality.

A good cohort of workmen are now proceeding with all due and pleasant clamour and bustle, towards the completion of the good work Mr. Johnson has begun. The building is to be forty-two feet in front, and of unusual depth: it will afford two exhibition-rooms; one fifty-six feet by thirty-nine; the other, thirty-nine by twenty-two: the council-room will be thirty by twenty; and an ante-room, on the same floor, twenty by ten. The apartments for the accommodation of a keeper and servants, will also be numerous and commodious. The front is to be cut-stone, executed in the best style.

Should the wealthy and educated of Mr. Johnson's countrymen feel liberally disposed to imitate an example—they are now only too late to regret they had not anticipated; should they feel, what is the truth, that an individual, no matter how munificent and ardent, cannot possibly extend to Art *all* the salutary assistance of which she stands so much in need; this is the season to shew a sense of such considerations. They owe it to their rank, to their education, to themselves, to their country and posterity, not to neglect the present and passing opportunities for establishing native Art, as she ought to be established, and as

she only can be established, in their native land. They owe it to their descendants, to their children's children, not to have it said by a future people—"Are these the offspring of the great, the titled, and the affluent, among our forefathers, without whose assistance the arts of the country forced their way through disheartening neglect and accumulated difficulties?"

N. M.

TO NEWTON'S STUDY.*

Thou lonely relic of a name
Emblazon'd on the roll of fame
In an immortal line;
Wert thou the consecrated place
(Some ten feet square thy cabin'd space)
Of one almost divine?

Was it within thy narrow room
Where Newton's wisdom pierced the gloom
That Science had conceal'd?
Was it within thy narrow cell
He sat and broke the secret spell
That gravitation veil'd?—

Where, while corporeally at rest,
The labouring genius in his breast
Begat prophetic thought;
Or, leaving its cribb'd mansion here,
Sprang upward to some nobler sphere,
With inspiration fraught—

Or round the eternal heavens career'd,
Nor the sun's burning influence fear'd,
Nor bearded comets pale:
But o'er the orbits where they fly
On lightning pennons through the sky,
Steer'd his triumphant sail!

What stately halls can rival thee
In thy unobtrusive dignity,
Temple of thought sublime!
Thy inmate scann'd within thy wall
A thousand worlds, and there his call
Subdued both space and time.

The palace owns more glittering things,
Lords, courtiers, parasites, and kings,
The visible alone,
And not the best that earth can boast—
While thou hast held th' invisible host
Round a great spirit's throne.

Not Pharaoh's massy pyramid,
Not Angelo's dome in radiance hid
Of heaven's refulgence wide,
Can outshine thee in worth and note,
Where Newton reason'd, thought, and wrote,
Of vision, time, and tide.

Whate'er his name might consecrate,
Is safer from the rage of fate
Than pyramid or dome,

---

* Still to be seen on the roof of his house in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, nearly in the same state as he left it.

'Though one may shrine a monarch's clay,
In t'other popes and prelates sway,
The plagues of ruin'd Rome.

The humblest spot where science grew,
Whence knowledge, born of genius, threw
Its glory on the mind,
Like thine is e'er a sacred site,
Circled around with holy light,
A Pharos to mankind.

Yet still, what passengers gone by
Cast not on thee the uplifted eye,
Nor noted if they saw:
Of London's million souls but few
Mark thee as I for ever do,
With reverence and awe.

In Italy thou wouldst be known—
As Petrarch's house at Arqua shewn,
Or as Voltaire's in France:—
Here the 'Change walls move more than thine,
Where knavery, traffic, gold, combine
To lead the sordid dance.

Yet do these sober walls to me
For ever speak thy dignity,
Philosophy refined!
And tell me of what mighty worth
In intellect on this low earth
Was Newton's wondrous mind!

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

Does it not seem, at this moment, rather late in the day, when every whipster amongst us has contrived to run over the Continent,—is it not absurd now to attempt a description of the character or peculiarities of a nation? Every one knows France. I first beg leave to deny the fact, and out-top it by asserting, that we know really less of it than we did before *fourteen*. Prior to that epoch, we all had one fixed, certain opinion respecting French character, and that, upon the whole, a juster one, than the mangled, contradictory, and affectedly liberal reports brought home by the yearly ebb of travelled dandies. Surely there can be no better way of deciding this point than by examining the volumes of those writers, whose professed object is a true representation of characters and manners, according to the age, personage, nation, &c. of their ideal productions. The truth and justice of French character, valets, dandies, fine ladies, or *mousquetaires*, in our ancient comedy and novel, we may allow, seeing that such characters are but echoes of the same as represented by French writers and actors. But look at our novels (now our only drama) since the peace, and reflect or demand, according as it be in your power, if the representations of the French at all resemble the originals. Examine, first of all, the *Marquis de Hautlieu* of Quentin Durward: his bad French, his mild and uninfuriated mention of his losses and misfortunes, his high principles, no revenge or Machiavelism in them, his attempt, too, at taste and criticism —and ask, has this being the least resemblance to any one modern *emisse* or *ultra*? I am not deep in novel-reading, but there is "Percy Mallory" I have looked over, a clever-written *imbroglio*, that I defy

Œdipus himself to unravel or understand; but this is not to the purpose. There is a French lady therein introduced, Mademoiselle Somebody, who, according to the vulgar idea which Bulls have of French ladies, coquettes, faints, &c. I know that the untravelled amongst us, and the travelled indeed, think French misses complete Lydia Languishes, very heroines, full of romance, affectation, and sensibility—much given to hartshorn bottles, and cutting of stays. Alas! little do they know of that most masculine-minded, fair piece of creation—a French girl; whose very affectation—whose very ideal of heroinism, is independence, worldliness, and strength of nerves; who would endure compliments, courtship, or the boldest innuendo, with the same *sang-froid;* who would bargain for any thing in her marriage-contract; and who would set off to the mayoralty of her section to be married without the slightest particle of that emotion, which almost overwhelms an English bride at the altar. Frivolity, too, is another distinguishing characteristic of French damsels. Now, what may be the occupation of well-educated beings of that class, say Parisians, in the year 1824? We could ascertain. They have attempted "Les Eaux de St. Ronan" in vain—could not get through with it. "*Qu'est ce qu'il fait donc, Valter Scott, avec ces maiseries des Eaux?*" "And what, then, are you reading, Miss?" "Reading," says the young lady, taking up a new volume from her little marble work-table, "I have just finished the second livraison of Plato's works translated."—"Plato?"—"Oui, Monsieur, la traduction est magnifique!"—"But is there not something rather —ens for ladies?"—"Oui, sans doute, grossier quelquefois, il nous fait crier hélas; mais, je vous assure, que c'est superbe, et les introductions tout à fait dans le style de Rousseau—êtes vous Lockiste, Monsieur?"—"I really can't say that I ever read the works of Locke, Miss!"—"Mais, comme——nt, Monsieur," says the lady, with a long accent of surprise—"vous n'avez pas lu ni Platon, ni Locke, ni Kant, ni ——." And here is the frivolity of French ladies.

As to the male sex in France, I do believe we begin to be better instructed, to give up our old ideas of their coxcombry, gaiety, and *petit-maitreism.* The truth is, that the French nation, like every nation that has suffered a great moral convulsion, has become resolved into the primitive characters of simple manhood, at least of Europeanism. Whatever effect climate may have, must have remained; but as for the effect of habits, laws, government, &c. they are, with respect to such, quite uninfluenced, unprejudiced. They are men, nothing more—and except that love of the soil and of their past history, which even itself has been greatly shaken off, they are less national than any existing nation. You find no characteristics by which to designate the modern Frenchman—I mean the new race, who have mingled neither with the revolutionary, nor scarcely with the imperial deeds. A Frenchman is a man of the world—he has had enough of glory to make him respect himself, and enough of disaster to make him respect other nations. An Englishman, unfortunately, is either one thing or another—he is in general either nationally illiberal, or affectedly liberal; which latter state is the besetting sin of our travelled puppies. And I must own, that I think illiberal, honest John Bullism preferable to the baseless and sickening adulation with which young Englishmen are so willing to allow of foreign superiority on a great many points. But of these anon. Now, of all the nations in Europe, the French of the present day seem to hold the fittest medium

between nationality and its contrary; their territorial position affords them union and sympathy with almost all Europe—their youth, not troubled with classic or profound studies, are not infested with that ever-during atmosphere of prejudice that encircles our schools and universities—their classic studies are in foreign tongues, and they are familiar with Locke, and Leibnitz, and Rousseau, with Adam Smith and Montesquieu; while our youth are deep in Greek, in logic, and ethics. Their mode of education may not be the best to produce profound scholars; but it makes amiable, well-informed men of the world, unisolated in prejudices, and undivided in sects.

There is, moreover, one great difference between the English and French youth of the present day, and it is a difference likely to influence strongly the future fates of the two nations. It is this—that young Frenchmen, from their first consciousness, take a deep interest in the political affairs and progress of their country—whereas our young men can seldom arrive at a capacity of understanding the political march of English affairs until they have attained an age of mature, cold-blooded, and calculating experience; which makes of us, alike legislators and legislated, a people devoid of public enthusiasm, unless for talk or interest sake—a people to whom the useful, selfish, and social, is the only end; and to whom the steady principles of political honour, and the sanguine hopes of political perfection, pass as the creed and the visions of the enthusiast.

But a truce with politics. We have remarked how resolved into first principles the French character has been by the Revolution: it is neither grave nor gay, serious nor frivolous, it is in no extreme; and so our travellers are at fault—they find no defect to fasten on, no virtue to extol, and no prominence of any kind to flourish about, and build hypotheses upon. And, consequently, if a novelist or imaginary writer wish to produce a French personage upon his canvass, he must recur to the ante-revolutionary period, for he can make nothing but decent, unremarkable common-place of the Cosmopolitan French of the present day. The male inhabitants of a foreign land, however, being more visible to a stranger than the female, though his ancient prejudices respecting the former must come to the ground on comparison, yet, no comparison being feasible with respect to the latter, the old hypotheses hold good. Thus we are compelled to acknowledge the French as no longer a nation of barbers and *petit-maitres;* but the ladies we still uphold to be the French women of the last century, whose coquetry and licentiousness we learn from our readings. I believe most Englishmen come to France with the idea that the favours of French women are to be had for asking; for certain, none of them ever return with the same idea. Their opinion of French women's frivolity is much the same—of this I have given an example from the life. And the tone of ease and command which even the lower order of French women assume in conversation, ay, though it turned on Elections, must not a little astonish our stammering beaux, accustomed to discuss the weather, and flirt at arm's length with their town and country cousins. Not that I prefer the calculating, strong-nerved, ready brunette of France, to the timid, genuine English *blonde*. Defend me from the impiety! although the most ridiculous and odious of God's creatures is, in my mind, a Frenchified or Italianized Englishwoman—I am merely discussing mistakes and misstatements.

Let us pass to little peculiarities, or rather little prerogatives, which are allowed by every one, and see if they be more just. Taste in dress, for example. Can a French tailor, in the nineteenth century, make a coat? The thing has been tried an hundred thousand times—in vain;—Miers must export his *builds* to Paris. How different the day when Lauzun's coat despatched from Paris was lost, to the horrific disappointment of the French beau, in the sands of Calais! Can the French make a hat? Why, a troop of English hatters have utterly ruined their fellow tradesmen in Paris. French ladies, however, are allowed to bear the bell. Not so fast. The supremacy is daily disputed, nor will our fair countrywomen yield much longer their natural locks and shape to the frizzes and flat bosoms of th Parisians. *Sed majora sequor.* Personal beauty.—The ugliest race in the world, without exception, are French countrywomen; compare them with those of England, Spain, or Italy. Women are finely shaped at Paris—but we argue not on bone and stuffing.

But to escape from these petty details, let us stretch our view farther, and consider what, and how just are our ideas of *Italian* character. To this I may lead by quoting a friend:—"If John Bull wants to increase his natural antipathy to the French, he may take a trip to Paris; but if he wish to get rid of every dislike, he has but to cross the Alps. At home, where a person is independent of strange faces and new acquaintances, he has no opportunity of judging or experiencing the civility of his nation. The moment he goes abroad, and is really in want of a kind word or a countenancing look from those around, he begins to feel that politeness is not only a form, but a virtue and a benevolence. This politeness, this philanthropy on a minor scale, the French possess above all other nations; although the coldness of English demeanour, the proverbial pride and well-known prejudices of this nation, may prevent our countrymen from experiencing, at first, those kind feelings on the part of their rivals. As soon, however, as an Englishman has been some time in France, has grown at ease with himself, and has smoothed those porcupine prejudices which he always bristles up upon his first visit, he will find kindness and conciliation on all hands. But if this be not sufficient, let him, as we have said, cross the Alps; and he will learn from the first boor of a *camériere* he comes in contact with, that he is no longer in France."

Now, in contradiction to these just remarks, the two distinguishing qualities ascribed by general prejudice amongst us to Italians, are adulation and craft. Never was opinion more the reverse of truth. A poor sonneteer may, to be sure, string fourteen base lines in praise of my lord, and may confirm him in this idea; but generally the defect of Italians is altogether the contrary, and is remarkable in a want of politeness, of attention, of consideration. The tone, the look, the manner, is universally rude and boorish, and breathes all the independence that even an Englishman could wish. There are exceptions, to be sure; but where is the country, we should like to know, whose beggars are not servile? The other characteristic generally assigned to Italians, of superior craft and dissimulation, is as glaringly untrue. In support of which assertion, it is but necessary to mention the late revolutions in that country, which were overturned merely by the reliance of its people on the promises of their rulers, and the general philanthropy of mankind.

In truth, there is no country in Western Europe, to use the phraseo-

logy of the Holy Alliance, in which the system of lord-dom and servility is so manifestly supported as in England. There is no English society, of which the members consider themselves equals; the grades of distinction are more strongly marked than if our law parcelled us into *casts*. At school we are fags or tyrants—youths, we are either mere *umbras*, shades, or the casters of the shade—in fellowship, we either lead or are led;—inequality is stamped on every character, and, throughout the extensive net-work of English society, the links of bondage that the law and our own conceit declare for ever broken, are, in fact, more firmly riveted by habit and by prejudice. Now, in the countries we despise as enslaved, there is, in proportion with us, little or none of this: they have, to be sure, the *Casino dei Nobili*, and the *Casino de' Mercanti*; even this is only in Northern Italy. There there is but this one broad line of distinction, above and below all are equals; and even beneath the despotic governments which grind them, they are at least free from that system of social bondage, that fetters every step and every word of a Briton.

The lower order of Englishmen are rude and independent to the stranger; none are more slavishly submissive to the great folk of their town and vicinity, yet they have a reserve beyond which their humility will not consent to sink. The Italian is not without this reserve; law secures it to the Englishman,—the less fortunate Italian secures it by the dread which his character and poniard inspire. Beggars and domestics in Italy care not what terms or titles of adulation they lavish, but see what the coin passes for, and you will estimate from such specimens the national character. There are many reasons why divided Italy possesses not moral courage; and I should really think, that, notwithstanding habits of dissipation, the physical courage of the lower orders is superior to that either of French or Englishmen.

Thus standing up for the moral qualities of the Italians against the prejudices of my countrymen, I must add, still in opposition to those prejudices, that, in my conscience, I do not think Italy altogether a finer or more picturesque country than our three kingdoms. I know of no Italian scenes superior to Killarney, or Cumberland, or Devonshire;—the Alps are not Italian; but the bleak Apennines, not lofty enough to be sublime, nor wooded sufficiently to be beautiful, and without any of the shrouding of the mist or fairy associations of the Scotch and Welsh hills, are to me far inferior in interest and beauty to these our native mountains. I think our own climate, moreover, a healthier and more comfortable one than any Southern

> "Ne il ciel di nebbia e di carbone, intoppo
> Dammi a letizia; che se il fumo è molto,
> Tanto è l'arrosto che forse anche è troppo;"

which, to translate the grim Alfieri, who here for once ventured on a smile, that shone something like plating on a coffin:

> "Nor can its skies of cloud and coal,
> Bedim the gladness of my soul;
> What, if the smoke be over-much,
> Why there's the roast, &c."

But I must conclude this skirmish with our petty prejudices.

Y.

SECRETS OF THE MODERN SPANISH INQUISITION.

Though much has been said and written regarding the frightful tribunal of the Inquisition, little was correctly known respecting its mysterious proceedings until a very late period. All that related to it was enveloped in impenetrable mystery. Its regulations and proceedings were conducted so as to conceal the sufferings of its victims, and the cruelties of its executioners. The fanaticism of its agents, the oaths and menaces of its jailors, the eternal darkness of its dungeons, the thickness of its walls, and the fear of being again plunged into suffering, or perishing by the daggers of its familiars, for revealing what they had seen there, prevented the few who had the good fortune to escape from its horrors from opening them to the world. In every class of society its secret agents were constantly active, and perfect silence alone respecting the acts of the tribunal was the only guarantee for personal security. By the vulgar, the sufferings of the Inquisition were considered like those of Hell; none had witnessed them and told their tale; and this ignorance respecting them increased the terrible impression which they made, and contributed to prolong the existence of the tribunal itself.

In 1808, the French invasion of the Peninsula, as in many other instances in the countries which their armies entered, contributed in some way to the benefit of the people. It put an end to the uncertainty existing respecting this tribunal and its mysterious proceedings. It unmasked its crimes and exposed them to the day, and broke the fearful charm which environed it so long. The monsters who presided in it, ferocious as beasts of prey, fled on the approach of an enlightened enemy, and forgot, from their fears, the victims and written proceedings of their hellish court; these effectually revealed its horrible mysteries. Napoleon at Chamartin, and the Cortes subsequently at Cadiz, pronounced its sentence of destruction; and from that period, the Holy Office may be considered as losing its former power over the public mind for ever, though the hand of despotism might, in fact, re-establish it.

M. M—— whose name is identified with the revival of the Spanish drama, and with its reputation, was the first writer who corrected the opinions of his countrymen, in regard to the transactions of this tribunal. He published in 1809, accompanied with notes full of judgment and spirit, the account of an *Auto da fé*, which had been celebrated at Logrado two centuries before, and the particulars of which had been printed there at the time. This report, drawn up by the order and under the inspection of the *Holy Office* itself, forms the most complete accusation that could be exhibited against that body. It presents an abstract of all that human depravity and the accumulated ignorance of ages can engender. Unhappy women slowly consumed by fire, for having been *convicted* of *sorcery*—grave remarks on the Devil, and his adventures in gallantry with these poor tortured females—express details, as revolting to reason as to decency—things, in short, so horribly inconsistent as to render it incredible that they could have been written or uttered by any but madmen;—these, and such as these, are the contents of the work now alluded to. On this occasion, the king (Joseph Bonaparte) commissioned the Canon Llorente to examine into the archives of the Inquisition. M. Llorente, who had been during a long

time Secretary to the Holy Office at Toledo, and was, moreover, well acquainted with the history of his country, found himself admirably situated for the execution of such a task. His famous work, formed upon these records which he collected, deserves to be considered as an important service rendered to humanity, however destitute it may be of style or philosophical connexion. That hideous monster, the Inquisition, is there displayed in all its naked horror.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the Spanish Inquisition, as described in the writings of M. M—— and Llorente, and as constituted from the time of Ferdinand V., to the end of the reign of Charles II., is not exactly the same with that existing in 1808. Its name, indeed, remained to excite feelings of abhorrence; but the venom of its nature was, in effect, nearly exhausted. Feebleness is the necessary result of age; and the Inquisition had grown old by the lapse of three centuries. Charles III., moreover, the most truly religious monarch that Spain has ever known, had given a considerable check to its influence; and, from that period, the council of Castile, by continued opposition, had gradually wrested from it the chief portion of its privileges. As evil frequently operates to produce good, the *viziership* of the Prince of Peace, established upon the corruption of morals and the contempt of social observances, required an abridgment of the power of all judicial institutions; and the Holy Office, included in the number of these, suffered a further retrenchment of its sway.

In this state of things, while Godoy held unlimited authority, the successors of Saint Dominick might be seen in the courtly antichamber, forming a motley group with the vainest courtezans, and emulously watching for a look from the haughty favourite. Deprived of moral and political consideration, their functions were now confined to the prohibition of certain books, or the punishment, perchance, of some visionary old woman (*beata*).

Having seen what was the nature of the Inquisition at the period of its fall, we will now view it at that of its late revival. Ferdinand VII., in his re-appearance on the summit of the Pyrenees, after his exile, might well be compared to a disastrous comet, boding every species of plague to the unhappy Spaniards. He destroyed, in his ingratitude, the constitutional system, to which he was indebted for his personal liberty. Ignorance, superstition, and every kind of feudal abuse, were fostered by him into poisonous vigour. He re-established with alacrity the tribunal of the Holy Office, for no purpose of religion (his character is destitute of it), but as an instrument of terror and vengeance—as a means of subduing, by the horrors of incarceration, all that was virtuous, liberal, and enlightened. From that fatal moment, not a day passed but some unfortunates were torn from the bosom of their families, to be plunged into the vaults of the Inquisition; and, in some instances, to undergo every refinement in the art of torture. Such was the rage for the finding or making victims, that the dungeons were speedily crowded. A single accusation at Valencia sufficed for the committal to the Inquisition, of twenty-five individuals, together with the accusing party. At Murcia, the arrest of at least two hundred persons was occasioned by a single charge. At Madrid, at Granada, at St. Jacques, every where, in short, were victims seized upon, without regard to age, sex, condition, or services rendered. A Spanish noble-

man (the Count de Montigo) who was immured in the cells of the Holy Office, recovered his liberty only through the Revolution of 1820, the interests of which, however, he subsequently betrayed. Two generals, MM. Torrigo and Almedovar, who had received many wounds during the war for independence—various superior officers, persons belonging to the finance department, priests and monks, women and children, all were hurried away into the same dreadful confinement.

Out of a number of facts which we could cite, the following anecdote, to the authenticity of which we pledge ourselves, may suffice for an example:—Mr. E——, distinguished as a man of letters, and attached to an important branch of the state administration, was arrested and conducted to the Inquisition at Madrid, for having expressed, as was alleged, irreligious opinions; but, in reality, liberal opinions. Moreover, as it was expected to be shewn that these expressions had been uttered in presence of his wife, who had not denounced him to the Holy Office, she was likewise committed to the same dungeon. This unfortunate couple had a young and only child, whom Madame E—— brought with her, and who died in the Inquisition through cold and improper food. The king, who from a dearth of occupation, sometimes took a fancy to prison-sights, chanced to present himself at the door of the cell where the scarce cold corpse of the child was lying. Madame E—— threw herself at his feet, and with tears implored release from a place, where every thing would inflict on her memory the last agonies of her child. Her youth, beauty, and virtue, the eloquence of her grief, and the force of her despair, moved to pity all who heard her except Ferdinand, who brutally turned away!

We cannot refrain from noting down here the famous mandate of M. Mier y Campillo, the Inquisitor-general, which was read in every church in Spain on the first Sunday in Lent, 1815:—"*His Excellency, the Grand Inquisitor, enjoins all Confessors, under pain of excommunication, to denounce to the Holy Office such persons as may have confessed themselves to belong to the order of Freemasonry!*" Is it possible for baseness to proceed farther than this? Yes; several confessors were found to comply with the order of his Excellency!! The King took an undisguised part in all these infamies, and appointed Judges belonging to the criminal tribunals to aid in the inquisitorial examinations.

With regard to trials like these, it may easily be imagined that contradictions, absurdities, and falsehoods, were their customary foundation. Whether a prisoner denied the pretended crime, or in despair suffered himself to avow it, he was sure to be sent back to his confinement. The only indulgence shewn was to those who were base enough to denounce fresh victims.

Some account remains to be given of the inhuman conduct of the jailors towards the incarcerated on Ferdinand's revival of the Inquisition. What shall we say when we hear the case of an unhappy Chaplain, in the regiment of Lorena, whilst in Murcia, who, after a popular commotion had restored him to liberty, took the violent alternative of drowning himself in a well, rather than return to the Inquisition? What shall we say when informed, that a young officer of the same regiment was driven to madness and suicide at Valencia? The most complete information, however, with which we can supply our readers on this head, will be a condensed account of what has been communi-

cated to us by a patriotic magistrate, who was shut up during fifteen months in the Inquisition at Valencia, and is at this moment in London.

M. G—— was arrested the 27th January, 1819, whilst in bed, at two o'clock in the morning. His papers were sealed up, and all explanation was withheld. He was conducted to the Inquisition, distant only fifty paces from his house, by endless turnings and windings. When there, he was made to halt suddenly before a little private door. The chief of the escort, a judge of the criminal court, gave a mysterious and preconcerted kind of knock. A jailor presented himself, and demanded, with solemnity of utterance, which was the judge and which the accused. This point ascertained, he took the two in with him, leaving the others outside. The door closed on them, and all was involved in darkness and silence. The jailor, groping along, and without a syllable of speech, conducted his two companions through the intricate labyrinth of corridors, now ascending staircases, and now descending. This course of involutions occupied about twenty minutes. Their conductor suddenly stopped, and clapping thrice with his hands, was answered in like manner from above. Two folding-doors opened with a startling sound, and a wide well-lighted staircase was displayed to view. This brought them to a hall hung with black velvet, having a table in its centre covered with the like sable colour, a silver crucifix and two candles of green wax. At this table stood two inquisitors, habited in full ceremony—the square cap, the cross of honour, green neck-kerchiefs, and green sleeves. One of these personages was recognised by M. G—— as one of the friends of his boyhood, a fellow-collegian; the other was a man whom he was in the daily habit of seeing, and who had, indeed, discoursed with him but a few hours before in the most amicable way. Neither of them, however, gave him the least sign of recognition, or shewed, either then or in the sequel, the least disposition to soften his state of suffering. They began by gravely chanting forth some verses of the Psalm *Exsurge Dei, &c.* and then demanded of the *criminal* his name and profession. The jailor was thereupon told to *do his duty*. This consisted in conducting M. G—— to a dungeon, eight feet square, (having a grated skylight without glass), and in leaving him there without a candle, or even a pitcher of water. After remaining thus for three days, he was supplied with a wretched mattress and a chair. These formed, during fifteen months, the whole of his furniture. His sustenance was a dish of rice every twenty-four hours, with half-a-pound of brown bread, and, in the mornings, a cup of diluted stuff miscalled chocolate. His jailors, seen only at these periods, always maintained the silence of statues. The light of the day in this living tomb was but of five hours' duration.

On one occasion, the barber who was sent to shave the unfortunate prisoner, contrived to slip into his hands a letter from his wife, together with a pencil and a bit of paper to facilitate a reply. Delighted at this unexpected consolation M. G—— perused and kissed a thousand times the cherished lines. His reply was soon prepared—but alas! the Argus-eyed turnkeys had conceived suspicions, the result of which was a discovery, and the consignment of the poor barber to one of the prison-rooms, where he was kept until 1820. His successor in office shewed none of the zeal or pity. After three months' incarceration M. G—— underwent his first regular examination in the same hall, and with the

same ceremony. One of the inquisitors made a sort of opening oration on the justice and *benignity* of the Holy Office (these were wonderfully borne witness to by the livid and haggard countenance of their victim), and proceeded to tell him that the tribunal knew already *the whole*, even to the precise day, place, and hour, when M. G—— had been present, with other accomplices, at a masonic meeting; that it was, consequently, useless to deny it; and that the tribunal, in calling on him now for his confession, desired merely to find a pretext for extending towards him the indulgence allowed to penitents, &c. &c. M. G——, not to be duped by this mode of address, protested openly against it. The addition of menaces and insults could not shake his firmness; and he was taken back to his confinement. Some months afterwards he was again summoned into the same presence, but with the like result; and from that period he was no longer interrogated. Being seized with illness, through the various miseries and horrors of his situation, he several times implored the aid of a physician; but was answered that when his life should be in danger, that would be granted him! When reduced to the extreme of weakness, and no longer able to rise from his mattress, he requested the presence of the inquisitors, and besought them most touchingly for some nourishment of a more wholesome kind, adding that his family would remunerate such attention. "Your family has abandoned you, Sir," replied these impostors; "they will listen to no application on the part of a reprobate; and, as for the tribunal, it has no funds for the amelioration of your treatment!!"

Such a series of infamous usage must inevitably have proved fatal to M. G——, had not these dens of horror been thrown open by the effect of the King's oath to the Constitution on the 9th March, 1820. The following day brought the decree to Valencia, and the people went *en masse* to burst open the gates of the Inquisition. Half an hour previously, and when the news was already known every where, one of the jailors had the inhuman assurance to tell M. G—— that he, at least, should never escape from his place of lodging!

FROM THE GERMAN.

For a Catch.

PHILEMON to Miranda came
With tongue in wrath, and eyes of flame,
And loudly cried, "Restore
My lamb, my lute, my kerchief rare;
This hour we part—by Heaven I swear
I'll never see thee more!"

"'Tis well," she said—"but you forget
Some little gifts of yours, my pet:
To leave them out were sin;
I will restore you, one by one,
Ten thousand kisses—and that done,
You may walk off.—Begin."

EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

My Aunt Edwards is continually railing at Every-day People. She became acquainted with the Cooksons, last Autumn, at Ramsgate: the young folks used to walk together upon the Pier, from morning to night, and, when they arrived at the extremity of that noble buttress, old Cookson used to lodge his telescope upon the dwarf granite wall, and let all the young Edwardses, one after another, peep through it at the French coast. My Aunt Edwards and Mrs. Cookson rode over to Broadstairs three mornings in the same carriage: so that it seemed in a fair way of being a thick and thin business. But when the two families returned to London, affairs assumed a colder complexion. My Aunt Edwards lives in Fitzroy-square, and the Cooksons only in Gower-street. This is very much against them: indeed, it has induced my Aunt to denominate them "every-day people." They did well enough at Ramsgate: one must not be too particular, especially since the invention of steam-boats: but my Aunt Edwards must say, that, without meaning to detract from the merits of the man—what's his name (Watt is his name) who invented steam, he has much tag rag and bobtail to answer for at Ramsgate. The fare to Margate is such a trifle: the breakfasts on board are really so very respectable: and the eighteen-penny carriage overland to Ramsgate is so very moderate, that it is no wonder so many every-day people come smoking and dabbling down every Saturday. Knowing the Cooksons to be good sort of people, as well as every-day ones, I begged my Aunt Edwards to grant them a new trial in London: but no, she was inexorable: the residence in Gower-street operated as a bar: Bedford-square she would not have minded; even Russell-place might have been passed over with a suitable apology; but Gower-street *could* only be tenanted by every-day people. I took nothing by my motion.

Whilst on a visit to my Aunt in Albion-place, I became acquainted with Charles Cookson, the eldest son of the subsequently proscribed family. We rode together on horseback to Kingsgate, upon which occasion I obtained much information from him. I bear it, I hope, in grateful memory. He pointed out to me certain hills across the ocean, and told me that was the French coast. Horseback, he added, was a healthful exercise, much more so, indeed, than riding in a close carriage. When we arrived at Broadstairs, he said that Broadstairs was not nearly so large as Ramsgate, adding that the two Piers would not bear a moment's comparison. He, moreover, considered it as curious, that there should be an Albion Hotel at the one place, and an Albion Place at the other. The colour of the sea, too, according to him, was sometimes green and sometimes blue. It seemed to him, the fishing-boats ran some risk in a storm: he considered the company at Margate as too mixed: he only bathed every other day; and he thought that Bonaparte must have felt dull at Saint Helena. Upon our arrival at Kingsgate, he pointed up to the inscription over the archway, "Nunc regis jussu Regia Porta vocor," and said, "That's Latin." When I said that Lord Holland must have found it a salubrious spot, he answered with great quickness, "Yes, but not so convenient as Kensington for attending the House of Lords." When Mr. Charles Cookson complained of the dearness of every thing at Ramsgate, I answered "True, but their season is

a short one: they must make hay while the sun shines." To this he replied, "Certainly." Nothing important occurred beyond what I have mentioned. I hope to inherit my Aunt Edwards's Navy Fives, but not her hostility to every-day people. They are a race for whom I have an esteem. Sterne loved a jackass, and Talleyrand's wife took Volney for Robinson Crusoe. "All nature's difference makes all Nature's peace:" and, as I look upon myself as something out of the common way, I hope that I may stand excused for rather liking every-day people.

Hardly was I well settled in my chambers in Furnival's Inn, when I received a card from Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, requesting the honour of my company at dinner on the Friday following. The printer having intimated in a neat Italian hand, at the bottom corner on the right, that the favour of an early answer was desired, I lost no time in acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Cookson that I would do myself the honour of accepting their invitation. This affair of honour being thus settled, I waited in tolerable tranquillity the arrival of the day that was to usher me into Gower-street. It might be that my Aunt Edwards had put it into my head, but certain it is, that, on driving up to the place of invitation, it struck me that Gower-street had an every-day look. The footman who opened the door was arrayed in drab, faced with green; and on my commencing the ascent of the staircase, he offered to take my hat. None but the footmen of every-day people offer to take a visitor's hat as he ascends the stairs. They may be right in the abstract. A "greasy old tatter" of felt may be no pretty appendage to a drawing room, but I must be allowed to observe that when a servant thus attempts prematurely to purloin one's hat, one sets the family down for every-day people. As my hat happened to be a new one, I determined to get the credit of it: so, rejecting the importunities of the domestic, I carried it upstairs in my hand. Old Mr. Cookson, on my entrance to the drawing-room, offered to shake hands with me, but I was much too polite to do that: I treated his overture with disdain, until I had advanced up to the fire-place to make a bow to Mrs. Cookson, who sat upon the sofa with a fat middle-aged woman in pink crape. Of the two daughters, Lucy and Amelia, the latter was employed in looking over her own scrap-book, and the former, in folding up slips of paper, and giving them a spiral twist towards the base, without which, I presume, they could not fulfil their office of lighting wax-tapers.

The knocker now began to do its duty. Mr. and Mrs. Sparkes were introduced, arm-in-arm. The attitude was new last year, but it is now becoming an every-day one. Mr. and Mrs. and the two Miss Oliphants came next; the girls shook hands with the Miss Cooksons in great apparent glee, and immediately ran with them into the adjoining drawing room, to canvass matters unfit for the public ear. Mrs. Oliphant wore a red shawl, and Mr. Oliphant limped a little—I fear he is subject to the gout. We had likewise Sir John and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, and a young man in blue from Basingstoke. Mr. Charles Cookson, though at home, was the last person who entered the room. The consequence was, he had to shake hands with every body in the lump: a ceremony which brought the colour into his cheeks. While standing at the window, the master of the mansion told me, that he remembered when Baltimore-house stood in the fields, and

that duels used to be fought behind the mansion now appropriated to the British Museum. He also recollected Bedford-house, with the two sphinxes at either end of its front wall: indeed he ventured to predict, that upon the falling in of the present leases, the Bedford property would be considerably improved. I, on the other hand, was not idle: I said that there was quite a new town in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park: that Gower-street would be more gay when it should become a thoroughfare: and that the present was a very backward Spring. I believe too I observed, that, a twelvemonth ago, nobody could have predicted that the three per cents. would have reached ninety-seven—but of this I am not certain. Turning round towards the company, I now encountered little Crosby Cookson, (christened with a sirname after his maternal Uncle,) by no means an every-day child: quite the contrary, educated at home, and attended by the very first masters. I love to talk to home-educated children: they are the only wise people we have left. Our dialogue ran as follows:—"Well, Crosby, are you a good boy?"—"Yes, very." "What do you learn?"—"Every thing." "You must have a prodigious memory.—"Yes, I have." "Who gave it you?"—"Mr. *Fine Eagle!*" "Fine Eagle, indeed, the very Bird of Paradise." "Mamma says, as I shall be eight next August, it would be a great shame if I did not know all about every thing."—"Certainly, what else are the 'Rules for Memory' good for? Let me examine you: When did Cicero flourish?"—"In the great plague of 1666." "Who married Queen Anne?"—"The Black Prince." "Who strung Cleopatra's necklace?"—"The venerable Bede." "Who gained the Battle of Blenheim?"—"John Bunyan." "Who was the first Bishop of London?"—"Titus Oates." "Who invented gunpowder?"—"Bishop Blaise." "What's Latin for a carpet?"—"Homo." "There's a good boy, so it is!" The sound of "Dinner is ready" here caused my catechism to halt.

When one is asked to meet piquant company there is much hope and fear excited with regard to whom one is placed next to at table. One fidgets, and frisks, and manœuvres, after a pleasant partner: and, after all, 'tis ten to one that one gets planted with one's Aunt on one side, and a pale girl just out on the other. No such excited feelings arose in my bosom in Gower-street. I walked into the dining-room as philosophically as if I were entering St. Stephen's, Walbrook, on a wet Sunday afternoon. The dinner was in admirable keeping with the party. There was gravy soup at the bottom of the table, and at top a juvenile salmon with his tail in his mouth, like the snake grasped in the right hand of the grandfather of gods and men. On the removal of these preliminaries, the salmon was succeeded by a tongue supported by boiled fowls, and the soup by an edgebone of beef. Let no man turn up his nose at an edgebone of beef: it is by no means a bad thing: certain, however, it is, that when I beheld my plate laden with two slices of that article, interspersed with greens and carrots, not to mention a dab of mustard on the margin, the delf assumed as every-day an aspect as heart could wish. I fancied myself, for the moment, seated in the cook's-shop at the corner of St. Martin's-court, where a round of beef is carved by a round of woman. On my left, sat the fat middle-aged woman in pink crape, whom I had originally found seated on the sofa. I could not catch her name, but from circumstances I was led to believe that she had been to the French play

in Tottenham-street, inasmuch as she observed that Laporte reminded her of Harley. Amelia Cookson, who sat on my right hand, asked me if I had seen the Diorama; and told me, that she preferred it, upon the whole, to Mr. Irving. Amelia and I got rather intimate during dinner. There occurred two pauses from lack of conversation. This induced her to tell me in confidence, that her family were generally reckoned dull: her brother Charles, indeed, was less so than the rest: he once sent a letter to the British Press, signed "Truth," which was inserted; but still, upon the whole, he was dull. However, added she, we are reckoned very amiable. I now drank a glass of sherry with the young man in blue from Basingstoke, who informed me, that sherry was become a very fashionable wine. Mr. Oliphant said it was the best wine for gouty men, which confirmed me in my original suspicion of his being afflicted with that complaint. Mr. Cookson asked me if I had seen Zoroaster or the Exhibition; and Mrs. Cookson hoped I did not find the fire troublesome. Sir John Dawson, recently from Paris, said there was not a house in London fit to be seen. I modestly suggested Devonshire-house; but Lady Dawson assured me, that it would not be endured in the Rue St. Honoré. Amelia Cookson talked to me of her Scrap Book. It was enriched, she told me, with several manuscript pieces of rare value. Yesterday a friend in Devonshire sent her something beginning with "O Solitude, romantic Maid;" then there was "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," which had never been published. I told her that I could let her have something of my own. Amelia expressed her gratitude, and promised in return to write me out "Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," and something else very pretty, beginning "Pity the sorrows of a poor old Man." I have since kept my word by sending her "Hope, thou nurse of young Desire," and "As near Porto Bello lying." The poor girl received them with tears of gratitude. I believe I have stated every thing of moment that took place during dinner. On the summons to tea I rejoined the ladies with a benignant bow, which was meant to express a hope that they had not been very wretched during my unavoidable absence. Mrs. Oliphant supposed that we had been talking politics. There were two manuscript books lying upon the drawing-room table, viz. Amelia's Scrap Book and Lucy's Collection of Autographs. The latter had lately enriched her collection by Colonel Scrape's tailor's bill; a notice from a vestry clerk to attend a parish meeting; an original letter from a school-boy at Mortlake, hoping that his father would send John to meet him at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, on the Wednesday following, precisely at four; and a frank given by Alderman Wood. Upon casting my eye over the collection, I found that I too had my share of graphic immortality. A letter of mine had been sedulously preserved, in which I had confidentially expressed my opinion about Jack Average's acceptances; and had ventured to surmise that Sir Hyacinth O'Rourke only went to Cheltenham to pick up an heiress. The shewing about of this epistle has since involved me in a duel, and an action for defamation: but we great folks must pay a tax for our eminence.

Tea being dispatched, it was intimated to me that I could sing "Madamina" in Don Giovanni, and Mrs. Cookson assured me that her daughter Lucy should accompany me. I assured Mrs. Cookson that I had no voice; and Mrs. Cookson assured me that I was an excellent singer. These two lies being uttered, Lucy pulled off her gloves to

prepare for action; and Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, took that opportunity to inform me that Signor Rossini charged eighty guineas a night for attending concerts. I was startled at the magnitude of the sum, and hinted that if he were relieved of part of his burthen by the co-operation of marrow-bones and cleavers, and a comb and a piece of paper, he might possibly be induced to come for sixty. But no: I was assured by Lady Dawson, recently from Paris, that he would not fiddle to his own father for a farthing less. I now started "Madamina" to Miss Lucy Cookson's accompaniment. As the lady played in all sorts of time, I determined at last to sing to my own, so that by the period of my arrival at the slow movement, commencing "Nella bionda," my divine Saint Cecilia had arrived at "Voi sapete." We all agreed it was capital; and that the great beauty of Mozart's music was the accompaniment. Lucy Cookson now rose from her music-stool to reach "Nel cor non più mi sento," with variations by Mazzinghi. Upon these occasions every-day mothers make it a rule to play puss in a corner. Mrs. Oliphant seized her opportunity, pounced upon the circular red-morocco, and placed her daughter on the momentarily vacant seat. There was not a moment to be lost. Away she started with Rousseau's Dream, with variations by Cramer; and the Saxon air, with variations by ditto. "Now, my dear," said the mother, "sing 'We 're a' noddin;' and now sing 'Charley is my darling:' and when you 've got through 'Home, sweet home,' and 'Oh, softly sleep,' I 'm sure the company will be delighted to hear 'Betty, Betty Bell,'" (meaning, I presume, "Batti, batti, o bel.") The young lady was too dutiful to disobey, and we too civil to object. Lucy Cookson, who had been "pushed from her stool," bade me observe, that all the allegro movements were played in slow time; that the hands of the fair usurper were glued to the keys during every rest: and the Staccato was actually played Legato. I expressed a suitable horror at this; and assisted little Crosby (who ought to have been in his bed three hours before) in raising the lid of the piano, to give effect to "My pretty page," which was thundered forth like Beethoven's Battle Sinfonia. Crosby urged me to stand closer, to eye the movements of the little red men under the wires; but I doubted the stability of the slim mahogany prop that supported the cover of the instrument, and did not wish to have what little nose I possess knocked out of my head.

Upon a review of all that took place at Mr. Cookson's dinner in Gower-street, it seems to me that "more common matters" were never discussed in the Court of Exchequer: right glad am I that it is so, and I hope soon to dine there again. Nothing is so fatiguing as keeping one's faculties on the constant stretch. When I dine with Sir Peter Pallet, I am previously obliged to dive into Reynolds's Discourses, to qualify myself to talk about "the Art," the fact being that I don't know a Raphael from a red-herring. Jack Georgic puts my Latin to the proof; and at the Beef-steak Club I am momentarily obliged to belabour my imagination, in order to create a repartee that shall set the table in a roar, and blow my adversary to atoms. No violence like this takes place at the tables of every-day people. There my memory puts on its night-gown, and my judgment and imagination their red-morocco slippers. Let my Aunt Edwards take it as she likes, I will not sit down without proposing the following toast—"Health and prosperity to Every-day People!"

THE INDIAN WOMAN TO DIOGO ALVAREZ,*

On his departure from Bahia.

When thou stood'st amidst thy countrymen
  Our captive and our foe,
What voice of pity was it then
  That check'd the fatal blow?

When the name of the mighty "Man of Fire"
  Re-echoed to the sky,
And our chiefs forgot their deadly ire,—
  Who hail'd thy victory?

What voice, like the softest sweetest note,
That rings from the slender white-bird's † throat,
  Hath soothed thee oft to rest?—
And thou hast said—so tenderly!
That to sit among willow isles with me
  Was to be ever blest.

Oh! have we not wander'd in silent night,
  When the thick dews fell from the weeping bough; ‡
And then these eyes as the stars were bright,
  But are wet like those mournful branches now!

Like the leafless plant § that twines around
  The forest tree so fair and high,
And when in that withering clasp 'tis bound
  Leaves the blighted trunk to die;
Thy vows round my trusting heart have wound,
  And now thou leav'st me to misery!

Thou wilt not return—thy words are vain!
  Thou wilt cross the deep blue sea,
And some dark-eye'd maid of thy native Spain
  Will lure thee far from me.

The summer will come, and our willow shore
  Will hear the Merman ‖ sing;
But thou wilt list to his song no more,
  When the rocks with his music ring:
He will murmur thy falsehood to every cave,
Or will tell of thy death on the stormy wave!—

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* The first settler in Bahia was Diogo Alvarez, a native of Viana, young and of noble family. He was wrecked on the shoals N. of the bar of Bahia, and escaped the cruel death met by the other survivors of the crew from the Indians, by exerting himself to recover things from the wreck, and thus conciliating the favour of the natives. Among the rest some barrels of powder and a musket enabled him to astonish them by firing at a bird, which he brought down before them: he thus acquired the name of Caramuru—a man of fire. From a slave he became a sovereign, and the chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy if he would accept their daughters in marriage. At length a French vessel came within the bay, and Diogo embarked in it to revisit his native country. One of his wives, in despair at his departure, swam after the ship, and her strength failing her she sunk. He returned again to Brazil.—*See Southey's History of Brazil.*

† There is a little white bird called the Ringer, because its note resembles the sound of a bell.

‡ From the tree called Escapu there falls a copious dew, like a shower, at certain hours.

§ The leafless parasite plants destroy the trees round which they twine.

‖ The natives call the Mer-men, or sea-apes, Upupiara: they go up the rivers in summer.—*Ibid.*

—Ah no! ah no! 'tis of mine he'll tell—
I will weep no more—farewell! farewell!
Look from thy bark how I follow afar,
How I scorn the winds and the billows' war:
I sink;—the waves ring loudly my knell,
My sorrows are passing—farewell! farewell! M. E.

PHRENOLOGY.*

Gibbon, in pompous sentences, has described the progress of the hordes that issued from the North, and with barbarous hands rent from the civilised world all those embellishments which rendered it desirable. It was long after that dismal period before Literature ventured to reappear in Italy, and thence proceed to the adjoining countries of France and Spain. Freedom then commencing, the British Constitution invited her to this island, which has become her favourite abode. Lastly, she travelled towards the northern regions: and, forgetful of injuries, is now civilising her ancient enemies. Some of her attendants, however, the more sportive Muses, rarely cross the Rhine; yet those of a more staid character feel a deep interest in the grave philosophic demeanour of the Germans, and have favoured the abstruse labours of the most enlightened with frequent inspiration.

The imaginations of this people, having been more recently tutored, are less under control than those of the other countries of Europe which have been familiarised to the wonders of science: and many wild opinions and systems, exploded elsewhere, are still harboured in Germany. Astrologers, illuminati, and communicants with the invisible world, are credited in all the circles of the empire; even in Vienna fire-philosophers are striving to transmute lead into gold; and professors in all the Universities still inculcate Kant's metaphysics. These aberrations of the fancy are enhanced by the intense application and the recluse lives of the learned Germans; by which their peculiar speculations become riveted in their minds without being either modified, corrected, or contradicted by the discordant opinions of others; for they seldom mingle in ordinary society, and are far less men of the world than the literary class in Italy, France, or England? Hence it is, that some of the fantastic systems of the middle ages, tinged with modern discoveries, are occasionally revived in Germany, and published as new inventions.

About forty years ago Mismer flourished in Vienna, and, after acquiring an astonishing reputation there, went to Paris to promulgate his discovery to Frenchmen. This was nothing less than the grand arcanon, the universal remedy, which philosophers had so long searched for in vain: and superior to empirical secrecy, he openly avowed that his remedy was magnetism; a power which, he averred, when directed scientifically through the human frame, removed every obstruction, and restored all distempered parts to pristine health. He fitted up in a spacious apartment a mysterious machine to contain a potent magnet; from the centre of which a number of steel rods radiated. Multitudes

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* The Editor believes himself indebted for this article to the brother of the gallant and lamented general who fell at Corunna.

of the sick, with every variety of disease, assembled there daily, most anxious to be magnetised, and confident of being cured. Every evening lectures were given with the benevolent design of imparting all his knowledge to his pupils, and of instructing them in his infallible method of distributing health. But after this splendid beginning, and after many thousand patients had submitted to his treatment, as neither the maladies nor the mortality of Paris declined, physic, which for a little time, alas! had been loathed, again came into fashion.

On the declension of magnetism, revolutionary principles arose on the Continent, which gave full occupation to all speculators: but since the peace their old pursuits have been renewed, and the metaphysical mines which abound in Germany have been curiously explored. Out of these, and out of Lavater's work on physiognomy, a wondrous system has been wrought, which has excited conviction in Germany, admiration in France, and consideration in England.

It is well known that Lavater thought every man's character and capacity might be most accurately ascertained by the length, breadth, and incurvations of his nose, ears, chin, and brows: and as this position was illustrated by engraved portraits of many distinguished men, the work holds a conspicuous place in many libraries. Professor Gall, of Vienna, a learned anatomist, naturalist, and metaphysician, greatly improved upon the above hint. For Lavater could only measure and examine superficially the human features; but Gall could dissect with skill the brains of men and all animals. This he industriously performed, and, by a method invented by himself, which other anatomists acknowledge to be the best, he traced minutely the course of the nerves, and the structure of the medullary substance. In this study his curiosity rose to enthusiasm; he developed, and followed with his knife, the fibres of the brain, even to their source; until at length he fondly imagined that he had discovered the seat and substance of the intellectual powers of man. It had been conceived of old, that the residence of the immaterial soul was somewhere in the brain, probably in some central place, where it occupied an ideal mathematical point. But Gall's conception is of a much more terrestrial nature, and is thus explained by his disciple Spurzheim.

He divides the mental faculties into thirty-three organs, each of which is again split into two halves, corresponding with the division of the brain into two hemispheres. Every one of these half-organs, or half-mental faculties, is constituted by a portion of the brain, which is great or small according to the degree of that quality possessed by the individual: and his skull bulges out, or is depressed over every organ, in proportion as the intellectual portion of brain is exuberant, or defective. According to these notions, the physiognomists were in a gross delusion in believing that men's characters were depicted in their faces. For Gall asserts, that it is on the hind head, and under the hair chiefly, that we ought to look for the characteristic marks; which are stamped there unerringly, and may be both seen and felt by whoever has hands and eyes.

Never was there a more humiliating conception of man than this: by which love, reason, wit and all the nobler faculties of the human mind, are framed of a number of masses of flesh conglomerated together, which enlarge and diminish while we live, and rot when we die.

The ideas of the divine Plato, if not better founded, were at least more fascinating. His refined fancy imagined the soul to be an immaterial and immortal spirit, a pure ethereal essence emanating from and returning to God.

But let us, unseduced by the more flattering system, examine upon what arguments and facts Gall's system is founded. The brain of man being larger than that of animals, is brought forward to account for the superiority of human intelligence, and to identify our mental faculties with solid flesh. But this butcher-like argument is annihilated by the facts that the brains of elephants and whales are greater than those of men: and also by this common observation, that large men with large heads have not superior capacities to those of moderate dimensions. There is a physical cause, overlooked by naturalists, which will explain satisfactorily why men have a greater mass of brain, in proportion to their size, than all other animals. The brain is both the receptacle of sensations of every sort, and the machine which fabricates and dispenses to the whole body the nervous influence. Consequently, its size is proportioned to those functions. Many of the more perfect animals possess the senses of seeing, hearing, tasting, and smelling, as acutely as man. But none of the brute creation possess the sense of feeling, by far the principal one, to an extent, or to a degree comparable to man. Quadrupeds, birds, and fish, are covered with hairy hides, feathers and scales; which together with their hoofs and claws, render them little susceptible of impressions from the sense of touch. Whereas the whole body of man is covered with a delicate skin, overspread with innumerable nervous filaments, all endowed with great sensibility. The feet and hands, especially, possess the sense of touch in an exquisite degree: and the internal parts of the human body are far more sensible than those of brutes. It follows from this that the brain of man, the receptacle of these multiplied impressions on the nerves of feeling, must be proportionably larger.

Spurzheim, however, is persuaded that the human faculties are to be estimated by measurement; and his division of them, he says, into sixty-six medullary organs was discovered by a thousand observations. For example, Gall *, happening one day to see a beggar with a bump on the upper posterior part of his head, enquired of him the cause of his mendicity. The beggar replied, that "Pride was the cause: he considered himself too important to acquire any business, and therefore only spent money, and did not think of earning a livelihood." From this answer, Professor Gall was convinced that the organ of pride had elevated the beggar's skull, as well as all others who imagine themselves emperors, kings, and ministers. And to prevent any doubt of the facts, he adds, "It appears also that certain animals are endowed with this organ, as the turkey-cock, the peacock," &c.

Respecting the organ of love, this was first found out by Dr. Gall † in one of his patients who was a widow. He detected it on the lowest part of her hind-head; of course the hair which conceals it might with propriety be called love-locks. This organ, he says, is most prominent among men, but insidiously adds, there are ladies who are exceptions. Indeed he has an easy way of explaining all facts contradictory to his

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* The Physiognomical System, &c. by J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. page 404, 405.
† Ibid. page 344.

system: thus he found some infants, from three to four years old, with the organ of love of extraordinary growth; on which he accuses them directly of having manifested sexual passion.

Such an assertion as this may lead some to an unjust suspicion of these professors not believing themselves the doctrine they inculcate: but a perusal of their works will convince every candid mind of their unbounded belief. Their sincerity, indeed, is most clearly shewn in an answer to the following objection fairly stated by Spurzheim.

Since the organs of man are alleged to be double, how does it happen that each individual conceives his own conscience to be single? To this Spurzheim boldly replies, "It is not true that consciousness is always single." And to prove this, he quotes from Tudemann the case of a man whose brain on one side was mad, and on the other sane. And Gall himself has seen many persons who heard on one side of their brains angels singing and devils roaring, while the other side was very rational. Notwithstanding these assertions, and a multitude of others equally incomprehensible, as phrenology is a doctrine openly taught by men of learning and ingenuity, and is now spreading both at home and abroad, it merits a serious examination. Shall we begin with what ought to be apparent to all, those protuberances and depressions which are said to be on every head, and which are delineated on paper, and moulded in plaster-of-Paris, as if correct imitations of nature? Now although no two heads are precisely alike, and skulls vary in their shape and magnitude, yet no one will venture to say that he ever saw any thing resembling the sixty-six marks, designated as organs. It is with difficulty two or three impressions can be remarked on any skull;* all the rest are non-existent. Gall † meets this objection by saying, it is necessary to exercise the eyes long in order to perceive every difference of form and size. And he confesses, that he has placed busts of individuals together, and looked at them for several weeks, in vain. This acknowledgment does great honour to Professor Gall, and proves that he has not completely lost philosophic doubt. For most enthusiasts see at a glance whatever their favourite hypothesis requires, although invisible to others. Let it be admitted, however, that Gall and Spurzheim have, by long study, acquired this second sight; it is obvious that the marks must be extremely slight, and consequently the increase or decrease of the organs beneath must be as inconsiderable.

But how does this accord with the theory, and with human characters. The difference between one man and another is prodigious, and the pretended cause is evanescent. For when the head of a humane man is compared with that of a murderer, and even when their brains are dissected, no distinction can be perceived, except by the adept! and he owns that the difference is hardly discernible. Surely a cause so disproportioned to the effect must be rejected.

But neither Gall nor Spurzheim perceived the necessity of admitting the above tenuity: they, on the contrary, describe the increase and decrease of particular organs, and their developement, as manifest and palpable, bulging out the skull, and pushing the neighbouring organs out of their places.‡

* The Physiognomical System, &c. by J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. page 108.
† Ibid. page 284.
‡ Ibid. page 264.

The disorder produced in the brain by the augmentation of certain organs when childhood is past, would be still greater: for as the cranium is always full, and at that age completely ossified, no external yielding could ensue: consequently, the increase of one set of organs would compress, injure, or destroy the adjoining ones. Now, apply this to the organs delineated on the head by Spurzheim: look at the organ of conscientiousness, which is surrounded by those of hope, cautiousness, approbation, and firmness. Therefore if any man has great hopes, is very cautious, gains the approbation of the world, and is of a firm character, his conscience would be squeezed into a very narrow compass.

Observe next the organs of the reasoning and imitative faculties, which, together with those of poetry and music, hem in the organ of wit. The developement of the former would therefore annihilate the latter. Is this found true in man? Did not Shakspeare reason well? Did he not display in the highest perfection the power of imitation? Had he not poetic fire, and the love of harmony? And did not these various faculties, instead of choking, furnish abounding materials for his excelling wit? Indeed in no point of view does this new system present an agreeable aspect. The most celebrated of the ancient philosophers, in order to inspire virtuous deeds, were wont to extol the dignity of human nature: whereas some of the moderns strive to vilify it, by assimilating men to the nature of beasts. But this plan of self-degradation has been carried by Gall and Spurzheim to the utmost extreme, as they have classed mankind among the carnivorous animals, and given him an organ of destructiveness, which instils the propensity of killing animals, and of tormenting and murdering men. Spurzheim says *, "We are convinced, by a great number of observations, that the seat of this organ is on the side of the head immediately above the ears." He also notices † that "a difference in the skulls of carnivorous and herbivorous animals gave the first idea of the existence of this organ. If we place a skull of any carnivorous animal horizontally, and trace a vertical line through the openings of the ear, a great portion of the cerebral mass is situated behind the line. The more an animal is carnivorous, the more considerable is the portion of the cerebral mass situated there." This is certainly as inconclusive an argument as ever was framed. For if it had incidentally happened that the fact above stated was correct, no logician would thence conclude that men possessed the dispositions of tigers. But this rage for forming a system has so blinded these phrenologists, that they could not see numerous contradictory facts which natural history displays.

Let any one who is desirous of satisfying himself on this point, examine the numerous skulls of various animals which are preserved in the Hunterian Museum. ‡

There are skulls there of an ourang-outang from the island of Borneo, and of another from Africa, animals who never taste flesh, but live on fruit and vegetables: yet a larger proportion of their brain is situated posterior to their ears than in man. The same is the case with some other kinds of monkeys: and how came the elephant to be

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* The Physiognomical System, &c. by J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. page 390.
† Ibid. page 376.
‡ The Museum is in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

overlooked, who abhors flesh, and whose brain lies chiefly behind? But, on the other hand, the whole of the brain of the shark, an animal sufficiently voracious, is situated anterior to the ears. Consequently the organ of destructiveness is entirely wanting in this gentle fish: but, to compensate him, he has a prominent brow on which the organ of benevolence is most manifest.

It is unquestionable that the Professors Gall and Spurzheim are men of great knowledge, of profound research, and possessed of very considerable inventive powers; but they appear to have been too confident in their great capacities. The expectation of discovering men's characters by prominences on their heads, is too like that of discerning their fortunes by the lines on their hands. And an attempt to advance a single step across that gulph which separates mind from matter was too daring. Such paradoxical systems afford to the world transitory amusement, until by a cross wind they are whirled aloft to that limbo large and broad, to which all abortive and visionary schemes tend.

LUCERNA.

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

[Some of the Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.
Picart's Ceremonies and Religious Customs.]

THOU art come from the Spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the Spirits' land!
Through the dark pine-grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that distant shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,—
They are there—and they weep no more.

And we know they have quench'd their fever's thirst
From the Fountain of Youth ere now,
For *there* must the stream in its gladness burst,
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or dance, or song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours.

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our Fathers' days,
Which are told to others now!

Then tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
Can those who have loved forget?
We call, and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
And the father, of his child?
And the chief, of those that were wont to share
His wanderings o'er the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;—
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?

F. H.

THE SUFFOLK PAPERS.*

We have here another of those "Godsends," (thanks to our new Chancellor of the Exchequer, the word is likely to come in fashion again) by which the minor literature of the present day has been so much enriched, in the form of Collections of Letters passing between persons who have figured, more or less conspicuously, in the circles from which emanate those acts, and on which depend those events, that are to form the subject of our future historical annals. For this alone, and setting aside all considerations of general talent and information, these volumes can scarcely fail to excite the most active curiosity; and they are pretty sure to gratify that curiosity, of whatever nature it may be—whether of that desirable and estimable species which applies itself, in a kindly spirit, and with a wise end in view, to seek for knowledge of human nature and of society, wherever it is likely to be found —or that less praiseworthy but not less prevalent species which is not unmixed with a spice of malice, and the chief, if not sole aim of which is to obtain evidence in proof of the proposition, that the (so called) great, and wise, and good, are, if the truth were known, very little better, and—what is still more gratifying to such speculators—very little happier, than other people. But when it is added that these Letters are from and to the Countess of Suffolk, who was for many years prime favourite of George the Second, and who remained the favourite of courtiers till the day of her death in the early part of George the Third's reign, the interest and curiosity respecting them will be increased tenfold: for there is no relative period of time (not even the present) about the events of which mankind, in a highly civilized state, feel so much interest as that which is, to them, *the last age*, and no persons (not even living ones) into whose secret thoughts and sentiments they so much desire to penetrate, as those who formed the leading spirits of *that* particular age. We of the present day had rather peruse a private letter of Pope or of Prior, than even of ——— or of ———; and there are no "Confessions,"—not even those of the "great Unknown" himself—that could fix and repay our attention like those of Rousseau. The truth is, we have always a certain feeling of *equality* in regard to our contemporaries, even the most distinguished. *That*, to the possession of which all men, whatever they may say or think to the contrary, attach the highest value, and for which they would sacrifice any and all other things—namely, Life—we enjoy in common with them. And, to say nothing of a secret and unconscious feeling of envy being apt to intrude itself into our contemplations of living merit, we are disposed to feel that the conscious *possession* of intellectual or any other superiority is enough in itself, without the additional gratification of witnessing its effects on other people. But in regard to the distinguished dead, our feelings are very different. Nobody envies an abstraction,—which the reputation of a deceased person must always be, to the generality of mankind; in addition to which, when no feelings whatever interfere to disturb the natural bias of the human mind, it is always prone to award praise, or to hear it awarded, rather than blame. Perhaps the necessary consequences of the above truths (if such they

* "Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her second Husband, the Hon. George Berkeley: from 1712 to 1767. With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes." In two Volumes.

be) were never so conspicuously evident as in the general critical awards of the present most critical of all ages; for never before did our estimates of the claims of the distinguished dead take so exclusively the form of panegyric; and never before did the distinguished living meet with such unmerited condemnation as certain of ours have received at the hands of their examiners.

The letters before us, to which we now willingly turn our more immediate attention, are in fact fraught with interest on various accounts; chiefly, however, we must say, collateral and indirect: for as specimens of epistolary composition, they are, with a few individual exceptions, inferior to most collections of a similar kind that have preceded them. Though, for our own parts, being anxious to extract good out of every thing, we are disposed to prize them even for that reason; since they thus prove (what every lover of his country must be glad to learn) with how very mediocre a share of talent and acquirement the intrigues of a polished court, and even the affairs of a great nation, may be conducted. The principal of these letters, in point of number, are written by the Countess of Suffolk herself, partly while she was Mrs. Howard, and the chief favourite of the king; and partly after she had in a great measure retired from the court itself, and become the wife of the Hon. George Berkeley. But besides these, we have specimens from many, if not most of the distinguished literary and political characters of the day—from "Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Young; the Duchesses of Buckingham, Marlborough, and Queensbury; Ladies Orkney, Mohun, Hervey, Vere, and Temple; Misses Bellenden, Blount, Howe, and Pitt; Lords Peterborough, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Lansdowne, Mansfield, and Bathurst; Messrs. Fortescue, Pulteney, Pelham, Pitt, Grenville, and Horace Walpole!" The very mention of these names is sure to excite, in those who recollect the characters of their owners, and the circumstances in which they were placed, a curiosity which nothing but the perusal of the letters themselves can gratify: nor, indeed, can that—for, as we have hinted above, the letters are, generally speaking, and with reference to their own intrinsic merits, very far below what might have been expected from the reputations of the writers; and it is only those of Lady Suffolk herself, of Swift and Gay, of the Duchess of Queensbury and Lady Hervey, of Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole—it is these, and a few other individual letters only, that are at all worth preserving as sources of direct amusement, or as specimens of epistolary composition. There is not one, however, of these letters, that is not curious or valuable for some reason or other; and if for nothing else, for proving how dull or how silly an epistle may proceed from the pen of how distinguished a person. And there is one thing which they all conspire to prove most unequivocally, namely, that never, since the invention of favourites and of monarchs, was the favour of a monarch bestowed upon a more amiable and deserving person, or used to less selfish or mischievous ends, than in the instance before us. In short, whatever may have been the kind of *liaison* that subsisted between the Countess of Suffolk and George the Second (and that it was ever of a criminal nature there seems good reason to doubt), the results of it unquestionably evinced great prudence and penetration on the one hand, and unexampled modesty and moderation on the other.

Of the letters written by Lady Suffolk herself, we shall present our

readers with but one specimen; for that easy and unaffected good sense which is their chief and almost exclusive quality, and which seems to have been the characteristic of their amiable writer's mind, is not of a nature to furnish very brilliant results, or such as will *tell* as printed effusions. The following is in answer to one of a series of most stiff and laboured effusions, under the form of "love-letters," which Lady Suffolk (when Mrs. Howard) received from no less a person than the celebrated Lord Peterborough; he being at the time about sixty-five years of age, and she not less than forty:—

I have been extremely ill ever since I received your lordship's last letter, which has prevented me from answering it sooner.

Your lordship is at last in the right; for certainly the most agreeable compliment to a woman is to persuade her she is a very fine woman. No reasonable woman desires more, and we all know no reasonable man desires she should any thing else: and therefore let us leave the goddesses and angels to enjoy their heaven in quiet; for since none of our present lovers can bring creditable witnesses that they ever saw a goddess or an angel, how can they tell but the comparison may do their ladies an injustice?

Your song does the very thing which all along I have been endeavouring to expose—which is, the ridiculous cant of love. A person that is in real distress expresses his wants and desires naturally: similes and studied expressions savour more of affectation than of real passion.

I fancy the man who first treated the ladies with that celestial complaisance used it in contempt of their understandings. It pleases a little miss to be called a queen; and I think the woman must be still a little miss in her way of thinking, who can be taken with being called a goddess or an angel.

Your lordship going into warmer climates to pay adoration to the sun is something of the same strain. But I will make no more objections; for I would not endeavour to dissuade you from a sort of eloquence which you must have experienced to be the most powerful to engage the hearts of women.

In the preliminaries of our correspondence we were to declare our thoughts with freedom: but all this time I have forgot that I am labouring to advise a person in matters which he must know much better than myself; for I am very certain that no person whatever understands a woman so little as a woman.

We shall not treat the reader with any of the effusions to one of which the above is a reply: for it gives us no pleasure to see so deservedly distinguished a person as Lord Peterborough in a ridiculous point of view. But we shall not lose the opportunity which these volumes afford us of showing this person in a light more consistent with the extraordinary character which he, generally speaking, maintained. The following was written after he had desisted from his suit to Lady Suffolk, and married a public singer, Mrs. Anastasia Robinson; and at the time of its date he may be considered to have been in a dying state, and to have known that he was so. Parts of it are finely consistent with his truly romantic character:—

Madam, [*Bevis Mount, July* 1735.]

I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after my health. I struggle on with doubtful success: one of my strongest motives to do so is, the hopes of seeing you at my cottage before I die, when you either go to the Bath or to Mrs. Herbert's.

In my most uneasy moments, I find amusement in a book,* which I there

* No doubt the Life of Julian the Apostate, by the Abbé de la Bléterie, published in 1735.

fore send you; it is one of the most interesting I ever read. I had gathered to myself some notions of the character from pieces of history written in both extremes, but I never expected so agreeable and so fair an account from a priest. In one quarter of an hour we love and hate the same person without inconstancy. One moment the emperor is in possession of our whole heart, and the philosopher fully possessed of our soul; within four or five pages we blush for our hero, and are ashamed of our philosopher.

What courage, what presence of mind in danger! the first and bravest man in a Roman army; sharing with every soldier the fatigue and danger! The same animal hunting after fortune-tellers, gazing upon the flight of birds, looking into the entrails of beasts with vain curiosity; seeking for cunning women (as we call them) and silly men to give him an account of his destiny, and, if it can be believed, consenting to the highest inhumanities in pursuit of magical experiments.

Yet, when we come to the last scene, the most prejudiced heart must be softened. With what majesty does the emperor meet his fate! showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a friend of Lady Suffolk's ought (only with juster notions of the Deity) to die.

The lady, the book, or both together, have brought me almost into a raving way; I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis hill, and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap towards the clouds (as Julian expresses it), to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a very fine day, that you may see my last amusements to advantage.

Wherever be the place, or whenever the time, this I can assure you with great sincerity, I shall remain to the utmost possibility, &c.

PETERBOROUGH.

It is worth mentioning, that this singular person's behaviour during the fatal illness which was now acting upon him, was in every respect consistent with the above professions. It may be seen described by Pope, who was an eye-witness to it, in two of his letters (not in this collection) dated about this time (August 1735), one addressed to Swift and the other to Mrs. Blount. Of Gay's Letters we are not able to fix upon any extract that would prove particularly interesting; since they are most of them written in conjunction with the eccentric Duchess of Queensbury, in whose family he was domesticated. But many of them, written in this manner, offer an agreeable evidence of the delightfully easy and familiar terms on which he was living with the distinguished persons of that day. Lady Suffolk always calls him "John;" and he and the duchess write paragraphs of pleasant nonsense by turns, like two children at play. The greater part of Swift's letters have been printed before; so that, highly characteristic as some of them are, we pass them over without farther notice.

Perhaps the cleverest and certainly the most agreeable letters in this collection—not excepting those of Horace Walpole—are the celebrated Lord Chesterfield's. Most of these are easy, agreeable, and gentlemanly in a high degree; and many of them are very witty and amusing. The only example that we can afford is a kind of journal which he sends Lady Suffolk from Bath. In the way of tittle-tattle of this kind, nothing can be pleasanter:—

MADAM,

A GENERAL history of the Bath since you left it, together with the particular memoirs of Amoretto's* life and conversation, are matters of too great

* The Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert.

importance to want any introduction. Therefore, without further preamble, I send you the very minutes, just as I have them down to help my own memory; the variety of events and the time necessary to observe them, not having yet allowed me the leisure to put them in that style and order in which I propose they shall hereafter appear in public.

Oct. 27.—Little company appeared at the pump; those that were there drank the waters of affliction for the departure of Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Blount. What was said of them both I need not tell you; for it was so obvious to those that said it, that it cannot be less so to those that deserve it. Amoretto went upon Lansdowne to evaporate his grief for the loss of his Parthenissa,* in memory of whom (and the wind being very cold into the bargain) he tied his handkerchief over his hat, and looked very sadly.

In the evening the usual tea-table met at Lyndsey's, the two principal persons† excepted; who, it was hoped, were then got safe to Newberry. Amoretto's main action was at our table; but, episodically, he took pieces of bread and butter, and cups of tea, at about ten others. He laughed his way through the girls out of the long room into the little one, where he *tallied*‡ till he swore, and swore till he went home, and probably some time afterwards.

The Countess of Burlington,§ in the absence of her royal highness, held a circle at Hayes's, where she lost a favourite snuff-box, but unfortunately kept her temper.

Oct. 28.—Breakfast was at Lady Anne's, where Amoretto was with difficulty prevailed upon to eat and drink as much as he had a mind to. At night he was observed to be pleasant with the girls, and with less restraint than usual, which made some people surmise that he comforted himself for the loss of Lady Suffolk and Parthenissa, by the liberty and impunity their absence gave him.

Oct. 29.—Amoretto breakfasted incognito, but appeared at the ball in the evening, where he distinguished himself by his *bon-mots*. He was particularly pleased to compare the two Miss Towardins, who are very short and were a-dancing, to a couple of totums set a-spinning. The justness and liveliness of this image struck Mr. Marriott to such a degree, that he begged leave of the author to put it off for his own, which was granted him. He declared afterwards, to several people, that Mr. Herbert beat the whole world at similes.

Oct. 30.—Being his majesty's birthday, little company appeared in the morning, all being resolved to look well at night. Mr. Herbert dined at Mrs. Walters's with young Mr. Barnard,|| whom he rallied to death. Nash¶ gave a ball at Lyndsey's, where Mrs. Tate appeared for the first time, and was noticed by Mr. Herbert; he wore his gold-laced clothes on the occasion, and looked so fine, that, standing by chance in the middle of the dancers, he was taken by many at a distance for a gilt garland.** He concluded his evening as usual, with basset and blasphemy.

Oct. 31.—Amoretto breakfasted at Lady Anne's, where, being now more easy and familiar, he called for a half-peck loaf and a pound of butter—let off a great many ideas, and, had he had the same inclination to have let any thing else, would doubtless have done it.

Madam, yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

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* Patty Blount.

† Lady Suffolk and Patty Blount. ‡ Played at cards.

§ Lady Dorothy Saville, daughter and coheir of the last Marquis of Halifax, and wife of the last Lord Burlington. Lord Chesterfield hints at the ostentation of her ladyship.

|| This gentleman was, at this period, remarkable for some love affair, the particulars of which have not reached us.

¶ Beau Nash, master of the ceremonies at Bath.

** The dancing around a gilt garland would be utterly forgotten, if some remains of the custom were not preserved by the chimney-sweepers on May-day.

Next in epistolary merit to those of Lord Chesterfield, are the letters of Horace Walpole; and these are like the rest of his—light, lively, and *de bon air*, never serious, sometimes sarcastic, and occasionally silly. The following extracts are addressed to Lady Suffolk from Paris, where he had just arrived:

I OBEY your commands, madam, though it is to talk of myself. The journey has been of great service to me, and my strength returned sensibly in two days. Nay, though all my hours are turned topsy-turvy, I find no inconvenience, but dine at half an hour after two, and sup at ten, as easily as I did in England at my usual hours. Indeed, breakfast and dinner now and then jostle one another; but I have found an excellent preservative against sitting up late, which is by not playing at whist. They constantly tap* a rubber before supper, get up in the middle of a game, finish it after a meal of three courses and a dessert; add another rubber to it; then take their knotting-bags, draw together into a little circle, and start some topic of literature or irreligion, and chat till it is time to go to bed; that is, *till* you would think it time to get up again. The women are very good-humoured and easy; most of the men disagreeable enough. However, as every thing English is in fashion, our bad French is accepted into the bargain. Many of us are received every where. Mr. Hume† is fashion itself, though his French is almost as unintelligible as his English; Mr. Stanley‡ is extremely liked; and if liking them, good-humour and spirits can make any body please, Mr. Elliot§ will not fail. For my own part, I receive the greatest civilities, and in general am much amused. But I could wish there was less whist, and somewhat more cleanliness. My Lady Brown and I have diverted ourselves with the idea of Lady Blandford‖ here. I am convinced she would walk upon stilts for fear of coming near the floors, and that would rather be a droll sight.

The town is extremely empty at present, our manners having gained so much in that respect too, as to send them all into the country till winter. Their country-houses would appear to me no more rural than those in Paris. Their gardens are like deserts, with no more verdure or shade. What trees they have are stripped up, and cut straight at top; it is quite the massacre of the innocents. Their houses in town are all white and gold and looking-glass: I never knew one from another. ¶ Madame de Mirepoix's, though small, has the most variety, and a little leaven of English.

But we are paying less attention than they merit to the female pens that figure in this collection. Among the letters of Lady Hervey (the celebrated Mary Lepel—so distinguished and indeed immortalized by Pope, Lord Chesterfield, Voltaire, Walpole, &c. for her wit, beauty, and unblemished conduct and character) there are many that are witty, amusing, and characteristic; and few that do not exhibit a tinge of that coarseness, both of thought and expression, which marked the manners even of the most refined persons of that period. The following is an allegorical description of the six maids of honour of the court of George the Second in the year 1731.

"Pray give me leave to question your ladyship in my turn, and to inquire into your studies of all kinds; for I shall not, like you, bound my curiosity

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* Walpole was extremely fond of this metaphor, and uses it indiscriminately. Tapping a rubber of whist is not quite in such good taste as tapping a *shower* in a dry summer at Strawberry-hill.

† David Hume, who was secretary of embassy to Lord Hertford, who had lately been our ambassador at Paris.

‡ Right Honourable Hans Stanley, envoy to the court of Versailles.

§ Afterwards Sir Gilbert, and first Lord Minto.

‖ Lady Blandford, as our readers recollect, was a Dutch lady.

¶ The Mareschal, Duchesse de Mirepoix, sister of the Prince de Beauveau.

to the *dead*: there are living books which I am sure you sometimes peruse, and which I should be very glad to have an account of: and in so large a library as there is at Hampton Court, though the generality of books are dull and insipid, it is impossible but you must find something worth transcribing. There are six volumes which stand together that were published a good while ago, several of them bound in *calf*: if you will look into them, I cannot but think you will meet with things that may entertain, though not instruct. The first volume contains serious thoughts on the state of virginity, interspersed with occasional satires on several subjects. The second volume I have scarcely dipped into; but it seems to be a plain discourse on morality, and the unfitness of those things commonly called pleasures. The next, or at least that which I think follows, is a rhapsody; it is very verbose, and nothing in it: there is a very good print before it of the author's face. The fourth volume is neatly bound; the title of it, 'The Lady's Guide, or the Whole Art of Dress;' a book well worth perusing. The next is a miscellaneous work, in a pocket edition, printed on bad paper, in which are some essays on love and gallantry; a discourse on lying; tea-table chit-chat; an attempt on political subjects; the whole very prolix and unentertaining. The sixth volume is a folio; being a collection of the subjects, cause, and occasion, of all the late court ballads; also a key to them, and to the jokes and witticisms of the most fashionable conversations now in town. This book is very diverting, and may be read by those of the meanest, as well as by those of the best understanding, being writ in the vulgar tongue.

The following is the editor's conjecture as to who is pointed out respectively, in the above allegorical sketch: "The first and last were probably Miss Meadows and Miss Vane, whose characters are hardly to be mistaken. The fourth is likely to be Miss Fitzwilliam, afterwards Lady Pembroke; and the three others were probably Miss Carteret, Miss Mordaunt, and Miss Dives."

Of the gay, giddy, and afterwards unhappy Miss Sophia Howe—maid of honour to Queen Caroline when she was Princess of Wales—we present the reader with the following highly characteristic epistle. Shortly after the date of this, she was guilty of a fatal indiscretion, with Mr. A. Lowther, brother of Henry Viscount Lonsdale, and in 1726 died of a broken heart. The somewhat strict editor of these papers—(strict at least in his expressed opinions in regard to some portions of this correspondence—which portions, however, he does not object to *publish*)—seems to think that one could scarcely anticipate a better end than the abovenamed to the writer of so very light-hearted a letter as the following:—

You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since I am here; but you will be mistaken; for the moment I entered Farnham, a man, in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, stopped the coach to bid me welcome, in a very gallant way: and we had a visit, yesterday, from a country clown of this place, who did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the noise and fatigue of a court-life, and intimated, that a quiet country one would be very agreeable after it, and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own.

I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here; and, truly, since what this gentleman has said, I am half resolved not to return to you, but follow his advice in taking up with a harmless, innocent, and honest livelihood, in a warm cottage; but for fear I should be tempted too far, put my Lord Lumley in mind to send the coach for me on Tuesday se'nnight; for though it will be a sort of mortification for me to leave this place, I will not be so ill-natured as to let you all die for want of me.

I am just come from Farnham church, where I burst out in laughing* the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to;—* * *

My service to the Duke of Argyll, and tell him I brought down his play-things to divert myself here, I cannot say to put myself in mind of him; for *that* purpose it would have been a needless trouble to load the coach with them. Tell Stanhope I have lost the *Bath ring* he gave me, but I am going into one (a bath) to-night, where I will dive for the other (a ring) to give him when we meet. S. H.

We must now close our notice of these interesting papers; not without mentioning, however, that they are given to the public by the liberality of Emily, Marchioness of Londonderry; to whom they were bequeathed by her father, the second Earl of Buckinghamshire—who was a nephew of Lady Suffolk, and received them from herself. It should be added, also, that they are accompanied by many very valuable illustrative and explanatory notes, from the hand of the editor to whom the whole collection was submitted for selection,—who is evidently a person extremely well fitted, upon the whole, for the office he has undertaken. He possesses much taste, acuteness, and discrimination, added to a very extensive acquaintance with the affairs of the particular period to which the letters chiefly refer.

A HYMN TO APOLLO.

(By the Author of the "Poetical Scenes.")

"The last time that I can call to mind, wherein this false deitie (Apollo) was openly worshipped, was upon a certain occasion at Delphi. There being a small knot of Pagan people still lingering on the borders of that country, they took their way to the temple there, dedicate to the god Phœbus, and at the rising of the sun poured out a strange and curious hymn, so loudly, and accompanied with such marvellous gesture, that a peasant who beheld them was sorely affrighted. The leader was a young man, of pale and mournful aspect, clad in the robes of a priest, but very earnest withal; and the rest, who followed him, were elder; the first singing the hymn, and the latter elevating their voices in chorus. It was a singular spectacle; and the hymn itself was preserved, by some means, and indeed is still extant among us."—*Luc. Clodii Epistolæ, xlvii.*

HYMN.

Hail!—Hail!—Hail!
To our lord and our king, Apollo!
Whose bounty doth never fail,
Whose spirit doth always follow
The trembling steps of Grief,
A sunny and sure relief,—
A pity, of beauty born!—
Hail!—Hail!—Hail!
Hail, king of the morn!
Latonian twin,—Apollo!
Who cheereth the dawn so pale,
And over each dell and hollow

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* All the incidents of this letter are recorded in a ballad, written by Mr. Molyneux, found in another collection of MSS.; it is not without humour, but hardly fit for publication. On this irreverent laughing in church the Duchess of St. Albans chid Miss Howe, and told her that *she could not do a worse thing*; to which this giddy girl answered, "I beg your grace's pardon, *I can do a great many things worse.*"

Doth ride like a hunter bright,
Chasing the track of the fleet-wing'd Night!

CHORUS.

Behold!—How like a thought which fills the brain
With proud illumination, the bright God
Ariseth,—dawning on the sullen main,
And on the moist low dells all satyr-trod,
And on the mountains:—As a rainbow flings
Its prism athwart the sky through sparkling showers,
So smileth he over the weeping flowers,
Till the blue silence of the morning sings!

HYMN.

Yet, peerless Apollonian! thou didst come
Bearing that grave-eyed child who scaled the stars,
Strong Science, who awoke young Earth, then dumb,
And pierced her green heart through with cruel scars,
From which (as from a dungeon where men pile
Wealth which they need not) like a harlot's smile
Came Gold the mischief, and Iron the slave,
The pale queen Diamond, and the ruby brave,
And many a mineral thing that hates the light.—
These are amongst thy deeds, Apollo bright!

CHORUS.

Behold!—How with his bright and regal tread
He tramples upon the Heaven-aspiring mountains,
Spurning Aurora from the Titan's bed!
This—this is he, who with his arched bow
Did strike the fierce earth-dragon low
At Delphi; on which deed the poison'd fountains,
Rejoicing at the issue of that strife,
Awoke into poetic life,
And flung all far and high the deadly spume,
And once more did resume
Their strength, and sang as at Creation old!
This—this is he, whose hair of orient gold
Dazzles the day, and tempts all Heaven to arms!
This—this is he, before whom Pallas smiles,
And Aphroditè unlocks all her wiles,
And throned Juno doth unbare her eyes,
And sparkling Hebe laughs,—but Dian flies!

HYMN.

O wise and great Apollo, hear our song!
O king, to whom life and all hues belong
From wealthy crimson to the soft May green,
Whose glance, now fiery, is sometimes serene
As Quiet basking in her noontide cave,—
Laugh, bright Apollo, on the leaping wave!
Laugh on the soaring lark, and fluttering bird
On forest-branches wet now sweetly heard!
Laugh, till all hearts be glad and full,
From the wild horse to the bull
Bellowing his loud pleasures, till
All the shaken mead is still;—
From the ram whose joy is quiet,
To the plunging steeds that riot

In the freshness of the dawn;—
From the falcon kings that scorn
Rest, and ride on winged air,
To the dove so soft and fair,
From the eagle, prince of all,
To the smallest of the small,
Who from morning to dusk night
Drink thy flowing rivers bright!

Hail!—Hail!—Hail!
O prince of Music! whom the spheres obey,
From gloomy Saturn to that planet pale
Who tends the swift earth on her aery way,
Sweet silent servant, and doth shine and smile
Through many a mournful hour and weary mile:—
O great Apollo! from thine orb send down
Harmonious music, which doth crown
The banquet with its breath, as odours fall
Upon imperial heads, or as a pall
Of roses doth enwrap the brows of Spring,
The queen of beauty,—as *thou* art the king!

To thee, O Sun! belong
The shell, the lyre, the song:
Drum, and shriek, and soldier's groan
Mars and the flush'd Bacchus own;
And the pastoral flute,
Now, alas! so mute,
Sprang from the passionate wit of reeded Pan;
But still *thy* shell and lyre,
And thy song all fire
Survive, and still enchant both God and grateful man!

CHORUS.

Hark!—hark! from forest deeps,
Where the laurel sleeps,
A dreamy music like Love's murmur'd kiss
Comes haunting through the air! O, who would miss
The music of the morning! who would blind
Their eyes and let the roaming wind
Bear the fair beauty of the morn away!

HYMN.

We bless, and gaze upon thee, prince of Day,
With pulsing heart, rais'd eyes, and bended knee,
Earth's great peculiar deity!—
Before thy eternal glory Sorrow flieth,
And Hunger, who once pined, complains no more,
Want shrinks, and Death despairs, and Labour hieth
Singing to scythed Time, whose locks all hoar
Look glistening, as though youth, newborn, returned;
And Strength struck down and weak, and Love inurned
Arise, like angels, and proclaim the Day!
O beautiful Apollo!—far away
Into the dreaming west keep thou thy way;
For there, amongst the flush'd and amorous skies,
With white arms stretch'd the waveborn Thetis lies
Sighing, and by her side the Hours fair
Unbind their rainbow-colour'd hair,
And wait for thee upon the golden shore!
—Therefore we cease our praise, and sing no more.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM CAPTAIN COCHRANE, R N.

[Containing Arguments against the Opinions expressed in the Quarterly Review, in its notice of Captain Parry's last Voyage.]

Sir,—As you were good enough to give publicity to some remarks of mine respecting the practicability of a N.W. and the probability of a N.E. navigation round the continent of America, permit me to request the insertion of the following supplement to those remarks, principally arising out of the demi-official review which the Quarterly has given respecting Captain Parry's last Voyage. I call it demi-official, because there are parts of the article in question which prove beyond a doubt that it comes from some person connected with the naval branch of the government. Commodore Krusenstern's letter, the information respecting Baron Wrangel, and the knowledge that Captain Franklin had offered to go to the Polar Sea, with several other particular observations, could only have emanated from a direct official *employé*. I may call it also an exparte review, because the writer of it seems to consider the question not as to the best mode of circumnavigating America, but from what part of the *eastern* coast the pending expedition shall commence its operations. This is indeed putting the matter in a new light, and evincing a spirit of determination to continue opposing the stream, that it is more than probable would years ago have carried a ship from the Pacific to the Atlantic, had but one attempt been made. The space of six years' endeavour from the Atlantic side has but served to add a small increase to our geographical knowledge. And notwithstanding the sanguine expectations and promises which the Quarterly has made us, we have not approached one inch nearer the accomplishment of a N.W. navigation.

Previously to my going further into the subject, it is but justice to Captain Parry, and all those engaged with him, to premise that they deserve well of their country and merit every praise and reward they have received, and that, situated as they were, no human effort could have effected more, either as regarding their ability or their zeal and perseverance in the discharge of their laborious and perilous duties. After asserting this, I shall not be mistaken by the reader while discussing the propriety or impropriety of the present course of proceeding, as I refer only to the plan, and not to its execution.

Forty pages of the Quarterly Review are devoted to Captain Parry, and not one line tends to shake the opinion I ventured to give the world, namely, that a N. W. passage is nearly impracticable but that a N. E. passage is in all likelihood possible. The last expedition seems to have decided the exact situation and form of the N.E. termination of America, named Melville Peninsula, and that its latitude is 69° 41′ longitude 82° 35′ W. being nearly in the line of latitude with the N.W. Cape of America and the N.E. Cape of Asia, as well as of that which might be termed the N.W. Cape of Europe. Thus much Captain Parry's exertions have effected, having proved also that the statements of former navigators are not as unfounded as the Quarterly would have them to be. It is rather a singular circumstance that the N.E. Capes of Asia and America should be similarly formed, being each a bastion or peninsula running out in a due north line with a very narrow isthmus between it and the main land; both these peninsular terminations form

deep bays to the westward, one called Akkolee and the other Tchaon Bays. They differ however in this circumstance, that the N.E. termination of America forms the southern side of a strait which leads to the American, while the N.E. termination of Asia is in the Asiatic, frozen or Polar Sea: both are considered as impassable for ships: they differ also in the circumstance that the N. E. Cape of Asia is surrounded on three sides N. E. and W., a great part of the year, by mountain or polar ice, without the proximity of numerous islands; while the N. E. Cape of America has extensive lands North, East, and West, hemmed in only by low and impassable ice; the one has a periodical current going to it, while the other is said to have a perpetual current coming from it.

In speaking again of these Currents, it is acknowledged that Captain Parry in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla observed an easterly current of four miles per hour, while on the opposite side of America, and in the same month, the Russian expedition observed the same direction, though at a less rate. This then is a current from the Pacific to the Polar Sea, and from the Polar to the Atlantic. On one side of America a current runs *into* the Polar Basin, and on the other side *out* of it. To account for this, is generally considered a difficult task; but, as the question is put by the Quarterly and in part accounted for, I will offer a remark—premising first that I consider the autumnal current in Behring's Straits from the Pacific as only periodical, and that a portion of the water returns to the southward during the period of the greatest expansion of the ice.

To account then for this material difference of current as affecting the extreme points of America; I conceive that the autumnal northern and eastern current which runs from the Pacific to the Polar Sea by Behring's Straits is the direct cause of the autumnal outlet from the Polar to the Atlantic, *via* the Fury and Hecla Straits. It is the local situations of the two terminations of America, which cause a draught on one, and an ejection on the other side of the Polar Basin. The eastern half of America is composed of inlets, outlets, gulfs, sounds, straits, islands, &c. eternally ice-bound, while the western half of America, as far as we are able to judge, is not only free, but has a clear open navigable sea and easterly current running along its north shore. From the circumstantial statements of Captain Parry when at Melville Island, I do not think that any land will be found within a reasonable distance west of Melville Island or Bankes' Land; and this will account for the ice beyond those lands being extensive fields and hummocks, and consequently impassable from East to West, pressing continually as it does upon the weaker and more detached ice. The same fact, the same peculiarity of situation in which Captain Parry was placed at Melville Island, he found at the Straits of the Fury and Hecla. The Western side of the North-east termination of Asia will also most likely be found an almost endless extent of ice. Had Captain Parry not met with the North Georgian Islands, he would never have penetrated beyond the entrance of Lancaster Sound,—they protected him from the heavy Polar Ice: but the moment he got to the extremity of those isles, he was stopped.

In the wide and extensive but shallow sea north of Behring's Straits, there may be land—it is generally supposed there is—but it cannot join either Asia or America. Whether it be an extensive polar continent, or a large archipelago of isles, (along the sea of Kolyma such is the case,)

it is pretty certain there can be no land south of 72. or 72½. of latitude. The shallowness of the water is, however, no direct proof of land: it may be an extensive sand-bank; yet this shallowness over an extensive wide-spread sea will occasion a greater autumnal void by evaporation and melting of the ice, than would take place on the eastern and more confined side of America. The more free of land ice is, the more power the sun has over it; and as the ice melts, so must it be supplied; and the nearest supply is by Behring's Straits, to which there is a direct and uninterrupted route from the South to the North Pole. The more this sea in Behring's Straits expands during the severity of winter, the greater will be the autumnal demand; and greater still, the hotter the summer: and in the event of there being a periodical southerly current (a fact I doubt not) during the greatest severity of the winter by the increased expansion of the ice, still greater then will be the autumnal demand. A northerly current through Behring's Straits during the winter could never exist, as the expansion of the ice would prevent it; but although a northerly and easterly current on one side is not perpetual, yet a southern and eastern one on the other may be, and agreeably with my ideas of the subject *must be* the case. *Indirectly* speaking, this may be called a circumvolving current: for if the waters of the Pacific do not directly go to the Atlantic, they go there *via* the Polar Basin, by refunding to that place what the Atlantic had drained it of? in other words, the Pacific supplies the Polar necessity in Autumn, and the Polar surplus in winter finds an outlet at the nearest part, or at the Straits of the Fury and Hecla.

Having thus accounted for the periodical current from the Pacific, which takes place during the thawing, and consequently the navigating season, (a current favourable for a N. E. and therefore against a N. W. passage), I will now account for the perpetual easterly current found from the Polar to the Atlantic Ocean. On the east side of America a periodical thaw must take place, with perhaps an influx of water into the Polar Sea from the Continent: this thaw will principally be along the eastern edge of the ice, which being pressed upon by the heavy field-ice from the westward, gives way occasionally, and these discharges and meltings of the snow can only have an outlet by the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, because any other is too far off. The more the ice melts in the sea north of Behring's Straits, and along the west line of America, the more of it will be found on the eastern coast, as the prevailing westerly winds and constant autumnal current will keep it home at the mouth of the Straits of the Fury and Hecla. If, therefore, the same evaporation takes place on either side, of course the Atlantic must receive the whole of that which proceeds along the eastern coast of America; and the greater that evaporation is, the stronger will the current be. Any current found setting from the north coast of America to Regent's Inlet, would be accounted for in the same manner. All the evaporations and meltings, and consequently voids, which take place in the centre of America and to the North, are more likely to be supplied by the waters of the Pacific than by those of the Atlantic, because the former run by a direct and uninterrupted route, which is not the case with the latter, as being circuitous and obstructed.

Thus much for the autumnal eastern current, as observed in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla: the continuance of it during winter

arises from the severity of the cold, which expands the ice in such an amazing manner, that it must have an outlet; and it can hardly be supposed to find any other outlet against the extensive fields of Polar ice which are wedged upon it from the westward. This expansion of ice, I think it is clearly proved, will also cause a southerly current from the sea North of Behring's Straits; as by the last accounts Baron Wrangel, in the months of March and April, was driven upon a floe of ice, separated from the great field, during a gale of wind, and escaped upon it to the Asiatic shore near Behring's Straits: this circumstance would seem to prove that a periodical southerly, as well as a periodical northerly current attends the vicinity of Behring's Straits.

If I have succeeded, therefore, in accounting for the North and East currents during the navigating season, in the sea of Behring's Straits, I trust I have also accounted for the same sort of current from the Polar to the Atlantic, as well during the navigating as the icy season. Nor will my arguments be lessened in weight, if what I wrote to the Royal Society from the shores of the frozen sea be correct (a letter by the bye which has been so ill received, that I shall never trouble that learned body any more), viz. that the currents in Behring's Straits and the sea of Kolyma have *always attended the wind*, going in the same direction: then will it also make the present hypothesis good, inasmuch as the prevailing winds are Westerly, and therefore a stronger argument for a perpetual Easterly current, along the East side of America.

In reviewing the subject as connected with the results of the late Expedition under Captain Parry, as well as of that which enabled him to reach Melville Island, I can see nothing which tends to lessen the probability of a N. E., or the impracticability of a N. W. passage. Captain Parry's first opinion is, I think, correct; that opinion he has not only expressed but recorded, yet his opinion is not followed; it is set aside, in his own words, for an attempt by a *less practicable* route. But supposing that Captain Parry is enabled to clear Prince Regent's Inlet, will he not, in rounding it, again meet the same *peculiarity* in the state of the ice as he met with at Melville Island? if he does not in rounding Regent's Inlet, he will farther on, that is, he will the moment he arrives at the most Western land, whatever may be its latitude, for then he will immediately come against the heavy Polar ice. I do not, however, think he will penetrate beyond Regent's Inlet; he will most likely meet a current; and if otherwise, how is he to cross the field of ice which will lie between him and the North coast of America? Nay farther, suppose he does get through it, he will merely reach Akkolee at the back of Repulse Bay, because he will find a perpetual counter current, and a generally foul wind. Arriving in Akkolee Bay, he will either leave his vessels there, or run the chance of getting out by the Straits of the Fury and Hecla into the Atlantic, thence to England, and so perhaps will terminate the fourth Expedition.

Supposing, however, Captain Parry does not push beyond Regent's Inlet, across the field of ice, or that he again meets the peculiar ice which was observed at Melville Island, what is he to do,—where is he next to grope for a passage? Surely he will not again attempt the course by Melville Island; because he has recorded an opinion unfavourable to such an attempt. Will he attempt to push to the North of the North Georgian

Islands, or will he not return to England?—If the latter, then I hope this determination of opposing the stream will be set aside, and those dreadful situations, threatening instant destruction, to which he has so often and so unnecessarily been exposed, will be for the future avoided.

To get upon the American coast, that is, close to it, appears to be the grand and primary desideratum—once there, it is confidently *hoped*, I do not say *expected*, that the voyage is accomplished; I think such would be the case, provided the ships got upon the coast *via* Behring's Straits; they would then find neither difficulty, danger, nor labour in getting along. Wind and current in their favour, they may, once round Icy Cape (which is proved easy of accomplishment), reach Akkolee in *twenty* or *thirty* days, or Regent's Inlet, if it be possible to get from North to South across the same field of ice. The one feat is more likely than the other; both are not only difficult and laborious, but highly perilous. A ship to start from Icy Cape to the East, in the fall of this year, would by the 1st of October reach the back of Repulse Bay; and if Captain Kotzebue should attempt it (though I fear he is not sufficiently provided, or free to act on an Arctic voyage), then Captain Lyon will bring home the particulars and report, and probably also bring him and his crew;—this is the year he will act, if at all. I agree, that were once the vessels on the American Northern coast, they would, near the shore, be free from heavy ice, because it will take the ground at some distance from the shore, and thus leave the ships at liberty to move. I do not, however, think it so easy or certain a thing to round Icy Cape from the Eastward. With respect to the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, a passage through them from the Westward may not be impracticable, or very dangerous: it would indeed be a tedious operation, but it is perhaps to be accomplished. Once arriving at Akkolee Bay, and coasting Melville Peninsula, a canal might be cut and the ships would move forward at the same rate as the Eastern bank of the ice should waste away. If Captain Parry was enabled to gain forty or fifty miles in advance towards the passage of the Straits, in the face of a perpetual current, surely he would have passed through the Strait in the same time, going with the stream. Patience alone, independent of nautical skill, would ultimately get the ship through. A ship in approaching the great body of ice would be in danger of being hemmed in, but not very liable to destruction; because the moment it had got on the Western side of the ice, which seals, as it were, the Straits of the Fury and Hecla, a harbour might be cut for its reception, to be had recourse to in case of necessity, when any extensive floe from the Westward should threaten it.

It would be supposed that the ocular evidences of Captains Franklin, Vasillieff, and Kotzebue, upon the West and centre of America, with those of Captains Parry and Lyon upon the Eastern coast, would in the succeeding and pending voyage have been more appreciated than they have been. The little hope or expectation of a successful N. W. attempt which we had prior to the late Expedition is weakened, if not destroyed by its results, while it has tended to increase the expectation of a successful termination to the labours of a N. E. Expedition.

In my last letter I stated what I considered Captain Parry's only material objection to a N. E. attempt, viz. the health of the crews.

But I have satisfactorily proved that the conclusion of a N. W. voyage has a tendency more to injure the health, if not to endanger the lives of the crews, than the commencement of a N. E. passage. In addition, however, I find an objection made to the length of the voyage to the point where the work is to be begun:—this then makes good my former assertion in my last letter, that it is only a spirit of impatience to get at the scene of action by the shortest route and in the least time. It is said too, that the voyage is *impracticable altogether* for British ships. Is then the navy of England so humbled that another can do that in Behring's Straits which she can not? What ships would have an advantage over the British? Not even the Russian; for they also must first go from Europe, and from a more distant port, and in a less effective state than our own. As to the *length* of the voyage before the ships began their hard work, I presume it is not longer than will be necessary if they ever reach Behring's Straits from the Eastward.

The wear and tear is also another objection made against a N. E. passage: surely this wear and tear can be as well remedied going to, as coming from Behring's Straits. The ships carry extra stores and spars, and may be so found in every thing, that every casualty may be guarded against. The ships, too, might refit at Rio Janeiro, or the Cape of Good Hope, at Macao, the Sandwich Islands, or St. Peter and St. Paul's, Kamtchatka. At the latter place every thing can be procured in the naval department: there is a dock-yard, and careenage, and every facility would be given to supply the wants of a maritime expedition. An extra transport might be sent with the Expedition even to Behring's Straits. It was projected to send a ship to Behring's Straits to look out for Captain Parry, had he not so opportunely made his appearance, and why not now?

It is also asserted, that the *provisions* and *fuel* will be much reduced *without* the *possibility* of renewing them to the extent necessary for such a service:—this is merely assertion, which I do not comprehend. Will more fuel or provisions be necessary to go to Behring's Straits hence, than from Behring's Straits home? A N. E. passage will enable the ships to have *greater* resources of fuel and provisions than a N. W. attempt. Under the head of fuel, I take the word coals to be *meant;* and under the head of provisions, I suppose preserved meats, antiscorbutics, &c. Surely the reviewer does not mean to assert, that wood cannot be got between this and Behring's Straits! Every species of fuel and wholesome food and vegetables may be got at Madeira, Rio Janeiro, the Cape, Macao, Sandwich Isles, and Kamtchatka, &c. &c. Could not the crews be supplied, in case of necessity, with those articles from the Canada and Hudson's Bay Companies upon a N. E. voyage, which neither Icy Cape, nor Kotzebue's Sound, could supply them with in similar distress in a N.W. one? Or at the worst, would not the most dangerous part of the voyage be *passed*, when assistance could not be required, either as to fuel, provisions, or stores? And lastly, would not a crew feel more contented to pass from a dreary and uninhabited, at least unfriendly spot, towards *home* and towards resources, than it could feel at quitting home, or the colonies, for a dreary, unfriended, uninhabited spot? A N. W. voyage quits the British shores, and possesses no resource till it reaches England again; while a N. E. voyage from Behring's Straits has *two* homes in advance, and hardly a probability of dangerous exposure.

I now come to the Quarterly, page 231, upon the subject of the late Voyage of Captain Parry: it is there said, "We can *see* clearly, not only the route by which a *North-West* passage *cannot*, but also to fix upon that by which it *can*, and in all human *probability will*, be *ultimately effected*." The language of this paragraph, to me, denotes the *expectation* of a *fourth failure*: else why these salvos, of *will*, and *human probability*, where the *can* is asserted? Is not Captain Parry human? or *will* he not do what he *can*? If a N. W. passage is fixed and decided upon, why the doubtful *will*? Surely this is not doing justice to the ability, activity, and zeal displayed in its cause by Captain Parry. It is, however, done; this salvo for failure the fourth has passed the seal of the Quarterly, and time alone will prove whether the Review be right or wrong: not that such a fact will prevent a continuation of those changes of opinion and hypothesis, which have marked the career of the writer upon this subject for the last seven years, whose language it is not easy to mistake. When, however, the passage, or circumnavigation, shall have actually been performed, we shall find that such has all along been the opinion of the Reviewer, even if accomplished from West to East.

The next two remarks reflect indirectly upon the conduct of Captain Ross, in his Expedition; *vide* last line of page 232, and the first of page 234. I never could discover what conduct of this officer warranted such indiscriminate censure as has been bestowed upon him by the Quarterly. Certainly the Admiralty thought otherwise, or he would not have been immediately promoted subsequently to his alleged misconduct. If Captain Ross was honest enough openly to avow his opinion, and too conscious of his own ability as a commander to seek advice, he did that which became a British officer. Councils on board a man of war never did good: Capt. Ross gave up the chace which Captain Parry continued, because he thought it a useless one. It was a difference of opinion, or at most an error in judgment, and as such ought long since to have been forgotten as well as forgiven. The talent displayed by Captain Ross in that voyage must convince the impartial, that he is an able and zealous officer, although he certainly did form a wrong estimate of Lancaster Sound.

At page 264 is a return of old arguments, formerly doubted, but now again admitted by the Quarterly. If we *knew* that our old navigators invariably *found* a strong current setting down the Welcome, carrying with it fields of ice as well as ice bergs, and which our old navigators *concluded* came from the Westward round the North East of America: if all these facts were so known, and the difficulties so well understood, why was Captain Parry sent to cope with them? He was not alone sent to discover the N. E. Cape of America: his grand and primary object was to circumnavigate America;—but, as the discovery of the N. E. Cape of America or Melville Peninsula, is the only geographical improvement resulting from the laborious and tedious exertions of the late Expedition, so the reviewer would fain make us believe, or flatter ourselves, that no failure has taken place, while, in fact, nothing could have been a more complete or unnecessary failure.

At page 265, the important question, which I have endeavoured to solve satisfactorily, is put, why the melting of ice produced a current *out* of the Polar Sea on one side of America, and *into* it on the *other*?

As to the drift-wood alluded to by the Reviewer, it will be found of no use, except to the Esquimaux or a N. E. Expedition. No wood seen near Cape Turnagain or Akkolee, ever went from the Pacific, but was the produce of North America, washed down by the rivers. When the camphor-wood shall be found there, or any wood not the produce of America, then I will believe it has gone *via* Icy Cape. Speaking of this drift-wood, the Reviewer says, it also makes its way into the Atlantic; if, therefore, pieces of timber, unassisted by nautical skill, can find their way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, why could not a vessel? I doubt, however, this easy mode of forming ice-arches for trees to go under; it reads very well, but, if true, could not a boat be sent in the same manner? The Cul de sac alluded to, is, however, likely to remain in a frozen state from being land-locked, like Tchaon Bay. Why might not the ice in the Straits of the Fury and Hecla be allowed to melt before that which is more distant, and thus the drift-wood reach the Atlantic without the aid of ice-arches for it to pass under?

Page 267 says, "Is then any farther attempt to be abandoned as hopeless?" I say with the Reviewer, "No."—I say also, that a liberal and enlightened government like ours, ought never to abandon it, until the circumnavigation be either accomplished or proved impracticable. Will five hundred failures on this side of America prove the one or the other, or even weigh down the scale of probability? In saying this much, I do not wish to be misunderstood; convinced as I am, that even N. W. attempts carry with them much that is praiseworthy, as enlarging the sphere of geographical science. If the Reviewer of Captain Parry's work be really sincere in his desire that a navigation round the Continent of America should be performed, and if he really have influence, directly or indirectly, I hope he will take in good part, what I in a few words recommend, a recommendation which, I believe, proceeds from nine out of ten individuals who can form an opinion on the subject. My advice is, *try Behring's Straits:* sooner or later it *must be done*—that is, unless the subject be *in toto* relinquished, from the breaking out of a war, or some such unforeseen event.

Had the projectors of Maritime Expeditions paid as much attention to the probability of success *via* Behring's Straits, as has been paid to the chance by those of the Hecla and Fury, we should, ere this, have either succeeded or relinquished the task, and have long since directed our exclusive attention to ascertaining the Northern boundaries of America by means of land expeditions; and if the "youths of ages yet to come" are to be stimulated by the bright examples of Captains Parry and Franklin, why not stimulate the youths of the present day also, by fitting out more maritime expeditions, in a different direction? Pounds, shillings, and pence, are nothing when compared with the interest or importance of the subject. I do think the remark addressed to the "youths of ages yet to come," is a slur upon those of the present day; to say the least, it was ill-timed and misplaced.

Neither can I agree with the Reviewer, that either the Russians or our North American trade will derive great advantages, even *if* Captain Franklin does find an easy passage from Mackenzie's River to Icy Cape; for I presume a great deal of difference will be found by a commercial party, in expense, trouble, and risk, from the case of an expedition which has nothing at stake but the honour or credit of accomplishing its task. I may promise that no very *easy* passage will be found from Macken-

zie's River to Icy Cape, even if there were such considerable advantages at issue. But what commercial advantages are to be derived from coasting the American icy sea coast, where there are few beasts and fewer inhabitants? Had these advantages been so numerous or so important, as they would have us think, no doubt the Quarterly would have given a list of them, which will, however, be retained until the *easy* passage is discovered. Arctic America, like Arctic Asia, will become less productive and less valuable in furs, as it becomes more visited by civilized people. The system hitherto pursued in both hemispheres has tended rather to the extermination than the preservation of the animals whose skins are so much sought after. On this head, the expeditions are only valuable in a scientific light.

At page 268, we are told by the Reviewer, that "we entirely concur with the commander of the expedition, as to the projected route, &c." This is new language: the time was, when the *onus probandi* lay with Captain Parry: the time was, when the credit of the success or failure of the expedition depended upon him alone, even as to the project; he cannot, therefore, but rejoice, that he is now in partnership with the Quarterly, that has forgotten, however, to tell us, what is the plan, and what the advantages to be so divided in case of success. What the intended route is, I cannot understand; but I suppose it is left discretionary with Captain Parry, further than that he must go from East to West, and enter Lancaster Sound. Once upon the continent of America, appears to be the watch-word, vide page 269, "a tract of open sea will be found to *conduct* the ships to Icy Cape." Nay, more does the Reviewer tell us; he says "The report of the Russian ships that lately visited Icy Cape, is as favourable as the most sanguine mind could wish." I thought differently, I heard the report of the Russian Captain, who said, so strong was the current from *West* to *East*, that he was fearful lest he should not have been able to get back, nor do I think he would have been able, had not a very favourable wind assisted his fast-sailing sloop.

We are told at page 269, that "to enter a body of heavy ice, of great and uncertain extent, without any known land stretching in the desired direction, is an enterprise differing in character from almost any other hitherto attended with success." Captain Parry, however, "thinks it not improbable that some intervening land *may be* discovered to assist his progress to the S. W." or, "should it form one vast expanse of sea, channels of open water may occur to assist the ships' progress to the Westward." All these hopeful may-be's are against wind and current, as well as a heavy body of ice, which *must* be passed to enable the ships to reach Behring's Straits, or the Continent of America. The Reviewer also says, "*less difficulty* will be found in a wide sea with floating ice, than among an Archipelago of islands, and yet was it an Archipelago of isles that enabled Captain Parry to reach Melville Island; and so is it an Archipelago of isles that he would be glad of to the longitude of Icy Cape; falling short of which and meeting field ice, will still make him unsuccessful.

Page 270.—"Once upon the American coast, we consider the object in a great degree accomplished:" if so, why not get upon the American coast *via* Behring's Straits? if such be really the opinion of the Reviewer, and that it be not obstinately persevering in going from East to West; giving Behring's Straits a chance cannot do harm, and may

do good,—it may save much money, time, vexation, and probably lives. Moreover, *any accident befalling Captain Parry, north of the heavy ice, will be found an irreparable one.*

I fully coincide with the concluding paragraph of Captain Parry's work; it is such as becomes an able and zealous officer; no one can doubt his merit. But, whatever may be his theoretic, as well as his practical knowledge, and he has much more than an ordinary share of the latter, still I cannot but think, that his reasons for not undertaking a N. E., and, as he admits, a more *practicable passage*, are founded, as I have endeavoured to establish, in error.

P. S. From what is stated in page 246 of the Quarterly, it appears to me highly inconsiderate to fit out maritime expeditions at all. The paragraph I allude to says, "The Esquimaux have no domestic animals but dogs: *six of these useful creatures will draw half a ton, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and proceed with ease fifty or sixty miles a day; yet they appear to get little food, and are only suffered to eat at the conclusion of their journey.*" With such a set of powerful and active dogs, has it not appeared to the Reviewer that maritime expeditions are useless, dangerous, and expensive, when we have the means of making a certain, rapid, and economical journey of it? In an article in the New Monthly last month, I proposed an expedition with the aid of dogs from Repulse Bay: I stated also their powers of action. The dogs about Akkolee Bay ought to enable Captain Lyon to proceed easily from Repulse Bay, with half a ton of provisions, and six dogs to each narte, as far as Kotzebue's Sound and back again. If the plan I proposed were acted upon, the result would stand thus:—If ten dogs with 1000 lbs. weight of provisions, can go 500 miles out and 500 home, at the rate of 20 miles per day, consuming 4lbs. of fish a day; six dogs, with 1000 lbs. weight of provisions, can go 800 miles out and 800 home, at the same rate; and at 50 miles a day, they can go 2000 miles out and 2000 home. Thus, the whole might be accomplished, out and home, in 80 days, from Repulse Bay to Icy Cape. I have travelled some thousands of miles with dogs, and have seen them perform long journeys, especially over good roads such as are found in Kamtchatka, which I had till now considered as possessing the finest dogs for the purpose.

The power of these dogs is so extraordinary that it may be useful to state it. Six dogs, *in harness*, can draw half a ton weight seven or eight miles an hour; that is, 186⅔lbs. each, at seven miles an hour, equal to 220 yards a *minute*, or *eleven feet a second.*

In Siberia a narte and a half is considered equal to one horse, and is paid for accordingly after that ratio. The mongrel animals which I have seen at the Admiralty, to make up for their unbeauteous half-starved appearance, which is precisely that of the dogs of Siberia, (half wolf half dog, or half fox half dog,) possess qualifications which much more than compensate for appearances. I hope Captain Lyon has been instructed to make trial of them. But if so, the expeditions of Captains Parry and Franklin are useless, as regards a knowledge of the boundaries of North America. Singular as this statement may appear, yet the truth of it no one has ground to question. The Quarterly discredits it, (vide page 250, 9th line),—"The Esquimaux, after this, in stating the distance, called it *three sleeps*; but their sleeps are measured by time, and not by distance, and the longest of them is generally short."—The party that left Winter Island on a journey to the Northward were overtaken by the ships in one day's sailing, at a spot on the coast which had cost them forty sleeps to reach. What distance is to be understood by a sleep? I suppose a mile, because I doubt not but the Esquimaux term their sleeps, the halts which their dogs are compelled to make to gain wind; the same as the Siberians denote distance by the time that a kettle can be boiled: therefore these forty sleeps are forty miles, which, if I understand rightly, the ships did make one morning, by an extraordinary piece of good fortune. (Vide page 255.)

We are told (vide page 271 note,) that Captain Franklin is going, or has offered to go, to the Pole. This, with the Reviewer, is also so easy a job, that a person can go, in an hermaphrodite boat and sledge, from Hackluyt's Head to the Pole, leave his mark, I suppose, and come back again in three months. It is true the distance is only 1200 geographical miles, or 1500 in a straight line; but I presume it cannot so easily be made, to say nothing of the labour, the peril, the chance of delays, &c. The Reviewer would hardly undertake such a journey, because he has not seen, nor does he know what the nature of the icy climes is. I refer him to the "youths of ages to come," to perform this journey in the way he lays down for it; for I doubt whether the youths of the present age are capable of undertaking, in summer too, what would be at best most perilous and uncertain if attempted in winter, which is the only time to try it.

J. D. C.

A DREAM, BY T. CAMPBELL.

Well may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream.—
Half our daylight faith's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we wake to view.
Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
Give my thoughts a clearer print
Of assured reality,
Than was left by Phantasy
Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite
In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
I was cast on Ocean's strife,
This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
Meant the sea of life.
Sad regrets from past existence
Came, like gales of chilling breath;
Shadow'd in the forward distance
Lay the land of death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steer'd my bark.
Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair Spirit!
That my death-hour is not come?
Say, what days shall I inherit?—
Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me, would appal thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That 's now revolving in thy breast.

"'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by fate together spun?
Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of chance.

"Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize?
Say thy life's new-guided action
Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
—I caught the moral, and cried, Hail,
Spirit! let us onward sail
Envying, fearing, hating none,
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. V.

Grand Cairo.

Not far from the city, on the way to the Desert, is the burial-place of the Mamelukes, the most splendid cemetery in Egypt. Here repose the Beys, with their followers, for many generations. The forms of the tombs are various and fantastic, and often magnificent; over the sepulchres rise domes which are supported by slender marble columns, and some of these are finely carved. The tombs of the Caliphs are a mile and a half in another direction from the city, amidst the sand; they are beautiful monuments in the elegant and fantastic style of the Arabian architecture, and are in a very perfect state of preservation. They are built of fine lime-stone, and are lofty square buildings,

with domes and minarets; some of the latter are of exquisite workmanship.

One day I met a marriage-procession in the streets, conducting a young Egyptian bride to her husband. A square canopy of silk was borne along, preceded by several friends and slaves, all women, and three men followed with the tambourines and pipe. Two female relatives, who walked beside the bride, held the canopy over her; she was shrouded from head to foot, so closely and ungracefully, that not the least beauty of figure was discernible, and a thick white veil concealed her features, two holes only being left for her dark eyes to look through. Beneath this coarse exterior the richest dresses are often worn; but all is sacred, both form and feature, and splendid attire, till arrived in the harem of the bridegroom, when the disguise is suddenly thrown off, and his impatient looks are bent painfully or delightfully on his dear unknown. This procession moved at a very slow pace to the sounds of the music, and the lively cries of joy of the women.

Grand Cairo is encompassed by a wall, which is about ten miles in circumference, and of great antiquity. Mount Mokatam stands near the city, of which, and the whole country, it commands a most extensive prospect. This mountain is of a yellow colour, and perfectly barren. Beneath, and in a very elevated position, is the citadel, which is of great extent, and in many parts very ruinous. This fortress is now more famous for the massacre of the Mameluke Beys, than for any other event. The Mameluke force in Cairo consisted of from five to ten thousand choice troops, commanded by their various beys. It was a novel and splendid spectacle to a stranger to view the exercises, the rich accoutrements, and capital horsemanship of the Mamelukes, which were exhibited every day in the great square of the city. The chiefs and Mahmoud were constantly jealous of each other: he longed to curtail or destroy their power, and they dreaded his unprincipled ambition. After this state of affairs had lasted a good while, sometimes in open hostility, or maintaining a hollow friendship, the Pacha professed the most entire and cordial reconciliation; terms of amity were agreed on, and he invited the beys to a splendid banquet in the citadel. The infatuation of these unfortunate men was singular, in trusting to the protestations of a man whose faithless character they knew so well. It was a beautiful day, and the three hundred chiefs, on their most superb coursers and in their costliest robes, entered the long and winding pass that conducts to the citadel. This pass was so narrow, as to oblige each horseman to proceed singly, and broken and precipitous rocks rose on each side. The massy gate of entrance of the pass was closed on the last Mameluke, and the long file of chiefs, in their pride and splendour, yet broken by the windings of the defile, proceeded slowly to the gate of the citadel, which was fast shut. From behind the rocks above opened at once a fire of musketry so close and murderous, that the unhappy chiefs gazed around in despair; they drew their sabres, and as their coursers pranced wildly beneath their wounds, each bey was heard to utter a wild shriek as he sank on the ground, and in a short time all was hushed. Mahmoud heard from his apartment in the citadel the tumult and outcries; and never were sounds more welcome to his ear. This massacre completely broke the power of the Mamelukes; on the loss of their chiefs the troops fled from

Cairo. A second piece of treachery of the same kind was afterwards executed by Ibrahim, the Pacha's eldest son: by the most solemn promises he prevailed on these fugitives to descend from a mountain where they had taken refuge in Upper Egypt, and meet him on the plain. One of the Mamelukes, an uncommonly handsome young man, afterwards governor of Ramla in Palestine, told us the tale, during our audience of him, of that scene of murder and treachery, when, hemmed in on all sides by Ibrahim's numerous forces, after most of his comrades had fallen, he with a few more cut his way through the Turks, and escaped. The death of the beys at Cairo, however cruelly achieved, was the only means of confirming the power of Mahmoud, which was continually disturbed by their plots and jealousies.

In one of the streets of this city daily stand a large number of asses for hire: immediately on entering it, you are assailed and hemmed in by the keepers on every side, each recommending his own animal. They are handsome little creatures, of a quite different breed from those of Europe, with elegant saddles and bridles; some are of a pure white or black colour, and they are used by all ranks, and go at a rapid rate. You pay so much by the hour, and the Arab master, with a long stick in his hand, runs behind or beside you. It is amusing enough to gallop in this way through the crowded streets of Cairo, at one time avoiding, by the dexterity of the Arab, a tall camel, or a soldier mounted on a fine charger, at another jostling foot-passengers, or encountering numbers alike mounted with yourselves, while the Arab attendant shews infinite dexterity in warding off obstacles, calling out loudly all the time to clear the way.

In the citadel is a celebrated well, which goes by the name of Joseph's Well; it is near three hundred feet deep, and thirty or forty in circumference. The descent to it is by a long winding gallery, and you meet at every turning with men and cattle conveying the water above. The water is raised by means of large wheels, which are worked by buffaloes; it must have been a work of prodigious labour to execute, being all cut out, both gallery and well, of the solid rock. The hall of Joseph is also shewn in the citadel, but the pillars which support it are evidently of Arabian architecture; the granaries of the patriarch, where he deposited the Egyptians' corn, we could not see, as the pacha had made a storehouse of them.

The consul-general gave me a letter to M. Caviglia, a Frenchman, who had resided some time at the Pyramids, where he was most ardently engaged in prosecuting discoveries. M. C. came to Cairo one day from his desert abode, and invited me warmly to return with him. We set out soon after two o'clock, the heat being intense. We crossed the Nile to the village of Gizeh: the direct route to the Pyramids is only ten miles; but the inundation made it near twenty, and obliged us to take a very circuitous course; yet it was a most agreeable one, leading at times through woods of palm and date-trees, or over barren and sandy tracts, without a vestige of population. Fatigued with heat and thirst, we came to a few cottages in a palm-wood, and stopped to drink of a fountain of delicious water. In this northern climate no idea can be formed of the exquisite luxury of drinking in Egypt: little appetite for food is felt, but when, after crossing the burning sands, you reach the rich line of woods on the brink of the Nile, and pluck the fresh limes, and,

mixing their juice with Egyptian sugar and the soft river water, drink repeated bowls of lemonade, you feel that every other pleasure of the senses must yield to this. One then perceives the beauty and force of those similes in Scripture, where the sweetest emotions of the heart are compared to the assuaging of thirst in a sultry land.

The Nile, in its overflow, had encompassed many villages and their groups of trees, and was slowly gathering round cottage and grove and lonely palm. Its fantastic course was beautiful, for its bosom was covered with many green isles of every possible form; here a hamlet seemed floating on the wave, above which hung the foliage and fruit of various trees, the stems being shrouded beneath; there it warred with the Desert, whose hills of sand, rocks, and ruins of temples, looked like so many mournful beacons in the watery waste. We passed several very long causeways, erected over the flat land to preserve a passage amidst the inundation; and the sun set as we entered on the long expanse of soft sand, in the midst of which the Pyramids are built. The red light resting for some time on their enormous sides, produced a fine effect; for a long while we seemed at no great distance from them, but the deception of their size on the flat expanse of the Desert long misled us, and it was dark before we arrived. As we drew near, we heard the loud voice of welcome from the Arabs, who came out of the apartments of the rock on which the Pyramids stand, and surrounded us. We ascended a narrow winding path to a long and low chamber in the rock, that had formerly been a tomb. Here M. Caviglia, his assistant M. Spinette, a German, and myself, sat down on the floor, and supped on some boiled fowl and Nile water; and, being very much fatigued, they soon left me to my repose. One of the Arabs placed a small light in the wall of this antique abode, and, throwing myself on my hard bed of reeds, I tried to obtain some sleep; yet the novelty of my situation, the thought of being at last on the spot around which imagination had so long been passionately wandering, made it long a stranger to my eyes.

The next morning, at sunrise, we took our coffee at one of the natural windows of this cavern, that looked over the plain. My servant, who had followed the day before with the tent, lost his way, and did not arrive till midnight; and being unable to find either dwelling or inhabitant, he wandered about the Pyramids, shouting and firing his pistols, till at last he lay down in one of the deep holes in the sand, and sheltered himself till sunrise. In the course of the day we visited several of M. C.'s excavations; one was a small and beautiful gateway of fine white stone, covered with hieroglyphics, and of so fresh a colour, that it seemed but lately erected. Descending about sixty feet, we entered three subterraneous apartments, one of which contained two large coffins, side by side, cut out of the rock; some little idols only were found in them: there was also a very curious square room, or place of tombs, the walls covered with figures, discovered by Mr. Salt. M. Caviglia is at present engaged in what would be generally considered an almost hopeless undertaking; he believes there is a subterraneous communication between the Pyramids of Gizeh and those of Saccara and the remains of Memphis, the former fifteen miles off, the latter a few miles nearer. He is sanguine of success in his attempts to discover this passage, and has proceeded some hundred yards in his excavation of the

sand: there is the work of years before him ere he can effect his object, though it is probable he will make some valuable discoveries by the way. A man must be animated by no slight enthusiasm to live in this place of desolation, deprived of all the joys of civilized life, toiling like a slave with forty or fifty Arabs from daybreak to sunset amidst rocks, sands, and beneath burning heats. About two or three hundred yards from the great Pyramid is the Sphinx, with the features and breasts of a woman, and the body of an animal; between the paws an altar was formerly held; but the face is much mutilated—its expression is evidently Nubian. This enormous figure is cut out of the solid rock, and is twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and about sixteen from the ear to the chin. The dimensions of the body cannot be ascertained, it being almost entirely covered with sand. The highest praise is due to M. Caviglia's indefatigable exertions to clear the sand from the breast and body of the Sphinx. This work employed him and his Arabs during six weeks: the labour was extreme, for the wind, which had set in that direction, blew the sand back again nearly as fast as they removed it: and he is now proceeding to uncover the whole of the figure. Evening now drew on, and the labour of the day being finished, we seated ourselves at a humble repast at the door of the place of tombs. The solitude that spread around was vast, and the stillness unbroken: the Arabs had all retired to their homes in the distant villages: the Santon, who lived in a lofty tomb near by, was the only tenant of the Desert save ourselves, and his orisons were always silent—in such a situation one hour of life is worth an age at home, it leaves recollections which no change or distance can impair or efface. The next morning I ascended the great Pyramid. The outside is formed of rough stones of a light yellow colour, which form unequal steps all round from the bottom to the summit: these stones or steps are two, three, or four feet high, and the ascent is rather laborious, but perfectly free from danger, or any serious difficulty. What a boundless and extraordinary prospect opened from the summit! On one side a fearful and melancholy Desert, either level or broken into wild and fantastic hills of sand and rocks; on the other, scenes of the utmost fertility and beauty marked the course of the Nile, that wound its way as far as the eye could reach into Upper Egypt; beneath, amidst the overflow of waters, appeared the numerous hamlets and groves, encircled like so many beautiful islets; and far in the distance was seen the smoke of Cairo, and its lofty minarets, with the dreary Mount Mokattam rising above. Who but would linger over such a scene, and, however wide he roamed, would not feel hopeless of ever seeing it equalled!

The height of the great Pyramid is five hundred feet; its base seven hundred and seventy-eight feet long at each square, making a circumference of more than three thousand feet; and its summit is twenty-eight feet square. It is perfectly true, as a celebrated traveller has observed, that you feel much disappointed at the first view of the Pyramids, as they stand in the midst of a flat and boundless Desert, and there is no elevation near with which to contrast them; it is not easy to be aware of their real magnitude, until after repeated visits and observations—their vast size fills the mind with astonishment. On the third night, carrying lights with us, we entered the large Pyramid by a

long gradual descent of near a hundred feet long: and next ascended the long gallery of marble, a hundred and fifty feet in length, and excessively steep, which conducted us to the great chamber. In the roof of this lofty room are stones of granite eighteen feet long: in what manner these masses were conveyed to such a situation is not easy to conceive; still less for what purpose these immense structures were formed, filled up as the greater part of the interior is with masses of stones and marble. The few chambers hitherto discovered bear no proportion whatever to the vast extent of the interior. So immensely strong is their fabric, and so little do they appear injured by the lapse of more than three thousand years, that one cannot help believing, when gazing at them, their duration can end only with that of the world.

The celebrated sarcophagus which Dr. C. fancifully supposed to have contained the bones of Joseph, stands in the great chamber; it has been much injured by the various pieces struck off. The pyramid of Cephrenes, the passage into which Mr. Belzoni has opened, stands near that of Cheops, but cannot be ascended. The pyramids stand on a bed of rock a hundred and fifty feet above the Desert, and this elevation contributes to their being seen from so great a distance. On one of the days of my stay here the wind blew so violently from morning to night, that the sand was raised, though not in clouds, yet in sufficient quantities to penetrate every thing, and render it difficult to stand against it: my tent, which was pitched in the plain below, was blown down, and I was obliged to take up my abode in the place of tombs. The large chamber excavated in the rock, and inhabited by Belzoni during his residence of six months here, is close to the pyramid of Cephrenes; it is very commodious and lofty, though excessively warm. On entering the door, the only place through which the light is admitted, an immense number of bats rushed out against us. All the ruinous apartments and temples in this country are peopled with these animals, which Belzoni contrived to get rid of by lighting large fires, the smoke of which soon expelled them. We paid a visit one evening to the Arab Santon, or Dervise, who lived in a handsome and spacious chamber, that was formerly perhaps a tomb, excavated out of the rock, not far from the great pyramid; he was an elderly man, of a mild and handsome countenance, and black beard. His wild and singular retreat was divided into two rooms; he was seated cross-legged in the outer one, and appeared engaged in meditation: but he instantly rose, and requested us to allow him to make some coffee for us. Coffee made by a holy Santon, in a tomb that might have held the remains of kings, and close to the Pyramids! I shall never be offered such a privilege again in this state of mortality. What a pity that the Prophet never tasted coffee: a Turk may well regret this, as it undoubtedly would have had a place among the enjoyments in paradise for the faithful; for on earth, in sorrow and in joy, alone or in society, it appears their enduring luxury and consolation. The holy man seemed to have few enjoyments for the senses about him, yet he looked any thing but emaciated, and his dark eye was very expressive; and as we did not give him credit for being much of an antiquary, it was difficult to conceive why he should have wandered to this solitude. He must have been sincere in his religion, as there was no population among which he could practise the arts and

hypocrisy of the dervish tribe. The Arabs of the distant villages visited him occasionally, and brought some bread and vegetables for his subsistence.

Near the Pyramids is a small and singular group of trees, called the Sacred Trees by the Arabs, not one of whom will ever dare to pluck a leaf of them: they consist of two sycamore and two or three palms, and stand alone in the waste of sand; the leaves are not withered, but have a vivid green colour, and afford a most agreeable relief to the eye.

The last evening passed here was a very lovely one: I was seated with Caviglia near the door of his rocky abode, as the sun was going slowly down over the extensive scene before us, its red rays lingering on the Pyramids, the Desert, and its dreary precipices and wastes. Of all the sunsets I ever beheld, none are so beautiful as those of Egypt: the fierce redness, almost the colour of blood, that is thrown over the horizon, and then fades into the most delicate hues of yellow, green, and azure, make them often a singular spectacle. About a mile on the right, a small tribe of wandering Bedouins, who had just arrived, had pitched their tents; the camels were standing beside, the fires were lighted, and the Arab masters moving about in their wild and picturesque drapery—the only scene of life in that vast solitude. We were to set out at daybreak next morning on our return to Cairo; and, having taken leave of the Frenchman and his companion, I lay down for the last time on my bed of reeds in the tomb; but every effort to compose myself to sleep was useless:—a thousand agitating thoughts crowded into my mind, scenes of past life returned again, but clothed in dark and distorted colours, and my future journey seemed full of appalling difficulties and perils: the intense heat, and fatigue of the day, with the loneliness of my wild resting-place, and the warm exhalations the walls sent forth, might have caused this. I quitted my gloomy abode, and went into the open air: the desert plains and the wide and gathering waters of the inundation were bright with the most vivid moonlight. How deeply interesting was that walk! The vast forms of the Pyramids rose clear and distinct, and, viewed from the plain of sand as they seemed to rest against the blue midnight sky, their appearance was, in truth, magnificent—those of Saccara might be seen twelve miles distant in the splendid light—and the silence around was so hushed and deep! Memory will never forsake those Egyptian scenes, but on this it will linger, should all others fade. Pursuing my way over the soft sand, I reached the nearest branch of the overflow; and, the night being excessively warm, I bathed once more in the Nile, a luxury that well supplied the want of sleep. The next morning we set out for Cairo. After quitting the barren tracts, the ride became very agreeable; the palm-trees were loaded with large clusters of dates. This fruit is manna to the people of Egypt, with whom it is an universal article of food; when ripe, it has a sweet and insipid taste; but when dried and preserved in lumps, after the stones are extracted, it is extremely good.

It is interesting to observe the different ways these people have of irrigating the land. Sometimes a buffalo is made to turn a large wheel which is covered all round with a number of pitchers, into which the water being drawn up from beneath, is poured out again, as the wheel turns round, into a small channel cut in the earth, and this channel conveys it into various others through the fields. Or an Egyptian, half

naked, stands all day long in the burning sun on the river's bank at a simple machine of wood, to the ends of which a couple of buckets are suspended; these he incessantly lowers into the stream, and then pours the water into the small canals cut in his ground. The inundation does not extend over the whole of the flat cultivated land, so that it is necessary, by these sluices and irrigations, to distribute the water every where. When the inundation has subsided and been absorbed in the earth, a rich black mould is left, which requires little labour. No plough is known here; but, a small furrow being made in the earth by a stick, the grain is dropped in, and the most abundant crop soon starts up, as if by magic. There are two harvests, one in March, the other in October. In the way we met an Arab funeral: about twenty men, friends of the deceased, advanced under a row of palm trees, singing in a mournful tone, and bearing the body: they walked two or three abreast, with the priest at their head, and, having forded a stream in front, passed close to us. The corpse was that of a woman, neatly dressed in white, and borne on an open bier, with a small awning of red silk over it.

The market at Cairo, or place where the Circassian women may be purchased, cannot fail to be interesting, though at the same time repulsive to a stranger's feelings. These unfortunate women, as we term them, though it is a doubt if they think themselves so, are bought originally of their parents, who are generally peasants, by the Armenian and other merchants who travel through Georgia and Circassia. Their masters procure them an education, as far as music and singing go, give them handsome clothes, and then sell them in private to the rich Turks, or bring them to the market at Cairo, where, however, the business is conducted with tolerable decorum. The lady, habited handsomely, and as best becomes her figure, and veiled, is attended by the merchant whose property she is, and may be seen by the person who wishes to become a purchaser. The veil is lifted, and the beauty stands exposed. This is better, however, than a Turkish wife, who, on the bridal evening, for the first time perhaps, draws aside the shroud of her charms, and throws herself into her husband's arms, when he may recoil with horror from his own property, at finding the dazzling loveliness he had anticipated changed into a plain, yellow, and faded aspect. But the Georgian style of beauty is rich and joyous, and their dark eyes!—there are no eyes like them in the world. The stranger then casts his sight over the figure, the hand and foot:—a small and delicate hand is, with the Orientals, much valued—even the men are proud of possessing it. He demands the lady's accomplishments; if she sings or is skilled in music, in this case the price is greatly enhanced: a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds are sometimes given for a very lovely woman so highly gifted.

One day, in company with another traveller, I paid a visit to a rich Jew, one of the first merchants in Cairo. He received us in a handsome apartment, to which a flight of steps ascended. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, and the divan, elevated a couple of feet higher, was lined with soft cushions, and laid out for luxurious enjoyment. A lofty dome of glass lighted the chamber. We reclined on the divan with the master of the house; and a few yards from us was another and more interesting party: six Oriental ladies, all unveiled

and richly dressed, were at dinner, and seated in a circle on soft cushions on the floor round a low table about a foot high. The lady of the house, a handsome young woman, was just recovered from her confinement, and this was the first day of her receiving her friends. They ate and conversed much at their ease, and sent us some sweetmeats, and a pleasant drink like sherbet. The husband told us he and his bride were married at the age of fourteen, and they were then six-and-twenty, and had a houseful of children. Bismillah! blessings to the Prophet! a Turk would have added, with a devout look; but, being a Jew, he invoked nobody, but looked very resigned about it. The ladies having finished their repast, each of them had a Turkish pipe, about five feet long, brought: and putting themselves into an easy posture, with the amber mouth-piece between their lips, and the ball of the pipe resting on the carpet, began to smoke, sip coffee, and chat at intervals. The custom of smoking in the East is very different from that in our country: the tobacco is so very mild and sweet, that it does no injury to the teeth or breath, and it is often used as a luxury by the women; and the tube of fine amber would not disfigure any lips; and the attitude, when holding the long chibouque, or flexible argillée, displays to advantage a beautiful arm.

The cruel punishment inflicted on the Eastern ladies for infidelity with a Christian is sometimes resorted to on the Bosphorus: the latter may escape by turning a Mahometan, but the lady is tied, clad in her usual dress, in a sack, and either carried out in a boat, or thrown from the lattice-window of the lofty walls into the river beneath, and a sullen plunge, amidst the silence of the night, announces that all her miseries are over.

SPURZHEIM *versus* LAVATER.

Lavater was once quite "the go,"
  And Noses and Eyes were the plan,
By which all the wise ones would know
  The talents and thoughts of a man:
As for Noses, I know not, I vow,
  What they really mean or import,
But all who read Sterne must allow
  That a long one's preferr'd to a short.

But oh! 'tis the glance of the Eye—
  'Tis the radiance its flashes impart,
Gives the light that I love to read by,
  When I study the Head or the Heart;
And who is so sightless or dull
  But could learn much more by one look
Of what passes within heart or skull,
  Than by studying Spurzheim's whole book?

There are eyes of all colours and hues
  In the gentlest gradation, quite down
From the brightest of blacks and of blues,
  To the softest of hazel and brown:
And still as they vary in hue,
  Expression or lustre, you'll find
Each a vista of light to look through,
  And study each thought of the mind.

The black eye, all sparkling and bright,
  Shows a soul full of genius and fire;
Melting softly in Love's tender light,
  But flashing resplendent in ire.
The brown eye, bewitching and mild,
  Speaks a heart that is gentle and true,
Than the black eye less fiery and wild,
  More tender and fond than the blue.

Yet blue's a sweet colour, I own,
  The bright laughing hue of high Heaven,
Which to light and to gay hearts alone
  By the young God of Love has been given.
Thus wicked blue eyes! to be sure,
  What havock they'd make in the heart,
Were they not much more given to cure
  Than to lengthen the pang of Love's smart.

But Lavater's no longer "the go,"
  Now Spurzheim and Gall are the fashion—
By the shape of the Skull you're to know,
  For the future, each talent and passion.
Your grandfather look'd for a wife
  With a face that was fair and purse-full;
But you, as you value your life,
  Must look to the shape of her skull.

Her forehead, like Jove's, must be large,
  Expansive, full, prominent too,
As if, proud of the brains in its charge,
  It exultingly swell'd into view.
But shun a too prominent eye,
  For the organ of language is there,—
An organ which all men decry,
  When developed too much in the fair.

There are some pleasant organs behind,
  Seated just at the top of the neck:—
But if too large, 'twere hard, you would find,
  To keep such a lady in check:—
For Love, who was once so sublime,
  Has quitted his seat in the soul,
Where he lived, in the good "olden time,"
  For a snug little spot in the poll.

But no longer on organs to dwell,—
  What need I of organs now speak,
Which it is to be hoped you'll know well
  Before you are married a week?
Only this you will still bear in mind,
  Unless you're confoundedly dull,
No beauty in shape you're to find,
  Except in the shape of the Skull.

R. E.

GODWIN'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.*

A GENERAL history of the period which Mr. Godwin has made his subject was very much wanted. It is not that there were no previous accounts of the English Commonwealth on record. On the contrary, there were many in the shape of Lives, Memoirs, &c. which may be considered as standing in the place of history. But there was no one production, professing, with any appearance of good faith, to take a comprehensive and impartial survey of those eventful times: none in which the King or the Commonwealth's-men (most frequently the latter) were not either traduced, or the actions and events of the period canvassed with a notorious spirit of partiality. On this ground we are disposed to meet Mr. Godwin, in the consideration of his work, with our most unqualified and sincere congratulation, how great soever may be our objections to it in other respects.

He has well chosen his time. He is neither too near nor too distant from the republican era, incomparably the brightest and fullest of event and character of any in the history of this country. Upwards of a century and a half has elapsed since the commencement of those struggles, which, for a time, disturbed the tranquillity of the land, and shook royalty to its roots; and indeed ended in driving to a scaffold a member of the House of Stuart, and abolishing for a while the kingly name and influence in England. We look upon the feverish times which preceded the Commonwealth, as on the tempest of yesterday, which has passed away, and left—may we say it?—calm and sunshine behind. The descendants both of Charles and Oliver are gone. Our veneration for royalty has somewhat abated, and we can endure to hear a republican spoken of as a man of talent, and even of virtue. Indeed we must shut our eyes and our hearts altogether, to be insensible to the worth and great qualities of many of our ancestors who took part in the disputes which occurred between Charles and his people. There has never been seen, in the modern world, a brighter constellation of gifted men. They shone above the troubles of their time, above the smoke and noise of that important conflict, like stars, in whose aspects the fates of inferior thousands might be read: a few were illustrious, and many had some portion of reputation, till, at last, all seemed eclipsed and overborne by the then lord of the ascendant; and the splendour even of the most brilliant warriors and statesmen became merged in, or derived from, the more dazzling renown of Cromwell. There were as brave, as intellectual, and better men than he; but none so ambitious or fortunate. Nor was merit confined to the good cause or to the bad. Each had its array of bold, disinterested, and conscientious men. First, on the side of Charles (whom we shall speak of presently) were his nephews, Maurice, and the fiery Rupert, young, proud, brave, indiscreet, and ambitious, till his spirit was tamed down by the stern warriors who conquered him—Lord Falkland, and Hyde (Lord Clarendon) a shrewd but partial writer, both of whom went over from

* History of the Commonwealth of England, from its commencement to the Restoration of Charles II. By William Godwin. Vol. I. 8vo. containing the Civil War.

the side of the Commonwealth to the King—Strafford, a formidable man, and an able minister for a despotic prince—Hamilton—the elegant courtier Holland (we regret that a peer of *this* name should have been blown from side to side, like a weathercock)—and Montrose, the "*Anderson*" of Sir Walter Scott's "Legend," one of the bloodiest minions that ever forsook the cause of his country, and trampled upon the rights of a brave people. On the other side, we wish we could reckon Sir Edward Coke, who stood up against arbitrary imprisonment, and underwent himself imprisonment and penalty, and gained for us the famous "Petition of Right," (which forbade the imposition of any tax, &c. by the King, without the authority of Parliament; the imprisonment of any subject without his being able to deliver himself by course of law; the arbitrary billeting of soldiers; and the proceeding against any subject by martial law in a time of peace); but *he* was rather the herald than the participator of liberty. But there were still on the side of the Commonwealth, Selden—"learned Selden!"—Hampden, brave, intelligent, politic, and honest; a man whose name is echoed by patriots, and is the rallying point for all who suffer by oppression—the acute and industrious Pym—Saint John, the lawyer—and the younger Vane, a subtle, disinterested, and altogether extraordinary man—

> "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
> Than whom a better senator ne'er held
> The helm of Rome"—

Essex, a brave and honourable man perhaps, but undecided and perpetually swayed by his humours, and oscillating between king and people—Waller, a quick and well-educated general—and that gallant, accomplished warrior, Sir Thomas Fairfax—the high-bred and noble Manchester—Skippon, a stern good soldier—and Massey, worthy to side with him—Argyle, a subtle politician—and others of the same order of men—And last, but not least, over all reigned the glory of Cromwell, who hung like a grand and sullen meteor in the English air, shooting out his fiery darts upon the bands of wandering royalists opposed to him, and cheering with his gloomy rays the hordes of bold men and desperate fanatics which clustered around and hailed him at once as their saint and leader!

We forbear to enter much into the questions which were at issue between Charles I. and his people; but we cannot altogether avoid an opinion on the subject. We mean no disrespect to the kingly character, when we say that he deserved to lose at least his crown: and we think that the fact of his still being held up as a martyr (!) in our churches, tends not only to degrade the character of martyrdom (by shewing that the road to it may lie through juggling and chicanery, and that the *only requisite is suffering*), but also most unjustly to cast a stain upon the many brave and *better* men who opposed themselves to his indiscreet encroachments upon the liberties of the country. We hear, indeed, occasionally of the reputation of Hampden, at public meetings and constitutional dinners; but we read of him, in the pages of Hume and Clarendon, as a sour discontented fanatic and a cunning demagogue. He was neither; but was a disinterested and intelligent politician, an undaunted lover of his country: and the writers who have dared to cast their

coloured and imperfect glass over the face of truth, in order to degrade his character, deserve the eternal reprobation of their countrymen.

On the death of Elizabeth, James I. was welcomed to London from Scotland with masques and triumphs. Allegory was strained, and fable ransacked for stories and allusions, tending almost to his deification; and the sorrow which overflowed all eyes on the death of the "Virgin Queen," was changed to smiles of welcome on the arrival of the good-natured pedagogue who succeeded her. James came to London, steeped in Latin and prejudice up to the lips; and, above all impressed with a profound belief in the "divine rights" of kings. It has been said of him, somewhere, that "he mistook the weight for the strength of a sceptre." He certainly felt his elevation, but he does not appear to have seen the base on which the pyramid of royalty was founded. He did not comprehend the moral strength and value of a great nation. Neither did he make many attempts to conciliate the affections of his more powerful subjects, and none to render himself agreeable to the people in general. It is true that his conduct did not give rise to any great disturbance; but he sowed and nourished the seeds of rebellion in the land, which in the tyranny of his unfortunate son ripened and burst. Charles I. was bred up in the principles of his father; but he was a bolder and prouder man, and pushed the system of misgoverning to such an extent, that the spring which he pressed so violently, recoiled, and brought ruin upon his family, and death to himself.

Some excuses may be urged, perhaps, on behalf of Charles; as that he was educated from his very cradle to believe in the divinity of kings, and that none of the noblemen of England had courage or candour enough (until too late) to advise him how to reign over a free people; so that, after all, he may have commenced his rule under an idea that he was only maintaining the kingly rights when he opposed his "privileges" to the demands and necessities of his subjects. But—however he might deceive himself for a short time in this manner—his character forbids us to suppose that the delusion could have lasted long. Besides, it argues but little in favour of *any* king, that he should prefer what are called his "rights" to the solid benefits which he can bestow upon a large population. Charles professed to regard the people as his children; but he exercised more of the rigour than the affection of a parent. He was a high-born, sensible, proud, and obstinate personage; ready enough to grasp at power, but evincing few qualifications for a throne beyond what arose from a certain degree of talent and courage. His pride was the pride of place, but not (if we may so speak) of spirit. He disdained to give up an inch of prerogative, but stooped at the same time to trickery and falsehood, and sacrificed his character to preserve his station. He had a "stiff-necked" dogged inveteracy of purpose, which has been called resolution by his admirers, and obstinacy by his foes. It has been well said, in reference to such characters, that "a stiff neck is a diseased neck." In such cases, the best plan is to effect a cure, if possible; but if not, the majority will be apt, on most occasions, we fear, if their welfare be affected, to seek some other and more violent remedies. As to the course of proceeding adopted towards Charles, we are certainly inclined to regret that matters should have been carried to such extremities: but, the event *having* happened, it is

to be regarded as a salutary lesson, which despotic princes should never forget.

We shall abstain from farther dissertation, and introduce Mr. Godwin's work to the reader's acquaintance by a few quotations.

The first chapter of the work is introductory, and glances generally at the characters of the republicans or commonwealthsmen, who were engaged in the war against the king:—

"They were," he says, "a set of men new in this country; and they may be considered as having become extinct at the Revolution in 1688. It will not be the object of these pages to treat them, as has so often been done, with indiscriminate contumely. They were, many of them, men of liberal minds, and bountifully endowed with the treasures of intellect. That their enterprise terminated in miscarriage is certain; and a falling party is seldom spoken of with sobriety or moderation by the party that is victorious. Their enterprise might be injudicious; the English intellect and moral feeling were probably not sufficiently ripe for a republican government; it may be, that a republican government would at no time be a desirable acquisition for the people of this country. But the men may be worthy of our admiration, whose cause has not prospered; and the tragic termination of a tale will often not on that account render the tale less instructive, or less interesting to a sound and judicious observer."

He then proceeds to discuss the characters of the individuals whose exertions led the way to the resistance made to the encroachments of Charles, or who themselves commenced the struggle against tyranny. These are, Sir Edward Coke, Selden, Hampden, and Pym. Hampden, he says truly, "was one of the most extraordinary men in the records of mankind." He then details the circumstances of the ship-money, and afterwards proceeds:—

"'He was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of ship-money: but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man enquiring who and what he was, that durst,' at the risque of the vengeance of a court, distinguished for its unrelenting and vindictive character, 'support the liberty and property of the kingdom.'

"Yet all this was nothing, if he had not possessed qualities, the most singularly adapted to the arduous situation in which he stood. He possessed judgment; all men came to learn from him, and it could not be discerned that he learned from any one. He was modest; he was free from the least taint of overbearing and arrogance; he commonly spoke last, and what he said was of such a nature that it could not be mended. He won the confidence of all; and every man trusted him. His courage was of the firmest sort, equally consummate in council and the field. All men's eyes were fixed upon him; he was popular and agreeable in all the intercourses of life; he was endowed with a most discerning spirit, and the greatest insinuation and address to bring about whatever he desired. What crowned the rest, was the prevailing opinion of him as a just man, and that 'his affections seemed to be so publicly guided, that no corrupt and private ends could bias them.' He was, as Clarendon observes, 'possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, of any man I ever knew.' Indeed all the above features of character are extracted from the noble historian, being only separated from the tinge of party, and the personal animosity, which misguided his pen."

Of these men, two perished early in the dispute, namely, Pym and

Hampden; and Coke died before the contentions began; yet the justice of the cause prevailed! Their immediate successors in the conduct of affairs were Vane, St. John, and Cromwell. Of Vane, who has been misrepresented and not well understood, Mr. Godwin speaks in the following terms:—"The man," he says, "principally confided in was Vane," and

"He indeed was the individual best qualified to succeed Hampden as a counsellor, in the arduous struggle in which the nation was at this time engaged. In subtlety of intellect and dexterity of negotiation he was inferior to none, and the known disinterestedness of his character, and his superiority to the vulgar temptations of gain, gave him the greatest authority. When he obtained under the new government the appointment of treasurer of the navy, he found that the fees of his office amounted to little less than thirty thousand pounds per annum; but he liberally surrendered his patent, which he had for life from Charles the First, to the Parliament, stipulating only for a salary of two thousand pounds to the deputy who executed the ordinary routine of the business. He was no less superior to the allurements of ambition; and it may perhaps be ascribed to the entire absence of such views, that another person in the sequel, fitted better for the rude intercourse, and the sordid dispositions of the mass of mankind, got the start of him in the political race."

One of the persons next mentioned (Montrose) acquired a considerable share of reputation for his proceedings in the North. He was a shrewd, bloody, uncompromising soldier; a brave partisan; and for a time did Charles great service by his activity and successes in Scotland. As a patriot, as a generous victor, or as a man of principle, he has left himself without a character:—

"The most considerable public characters at this time in Scotland were the Marquis of Hamilton, and the Earls of Argyle and Montrose. Hamilton was a professed courtier, and in peaceable times would have made a brilliant figure in the train of his sovereign. But he was subtle by nature, and timid in his disposition. He appears to have been infected with the spirit at that time prevalent in his country, and devoted in his heart to the presbyterian system: at the same time that he endeavoured to reconcile this predilection with a sincere attachment to the king. This gave to his conduct a fluctuating and enigmatical appearance; and, if his own countrymen understood him, the king at least was deceived. Argyle, on the other hand, was a man of fixed temper, and steady to his principles: the presbyterians relied on him, and placed their hopes to a great degree in his conduct and resolution. Montrose had commenced his course in the same career as Argyle; but he was of a turbulent temper and unbounded ambition. He saw that, in the party in which he had first engaged, he had no chance of outstripping his rival; and therefore, about two years before the period we are treating, made clandestine overtures to the court, which were accepted. His secret correspondences and intrigues were however detected; and, when Charles arrived in Scotland, he had already been thrown into prison by the prevailing party."

Of this celebrated personage, Cromwell, the "immortal rebel" as he has been called, we have this further account in connexion with Sir Thomas Fairfax.

"Fairfax was an admirable officer: but it will be decided by all posterity, as it was decided by their contemporaries, that it was impossible to name a man in the island, of so consummate a military genius, so thoroughly qualified to conduct the war with a victorious event, as Cromwell. He was also,

whatever some historians have said on the subject, of scarcely less weight in the senate than in the field. Cromwell was besides an accomplished statesman. There was in this respect a striking contrast between him and Fairfax. Fairfax, richly endowed with those qualities which make a successful commander, was in council as innocent and unsuspecting as a child. He had great coolness of temper, an eye to take in the whole disposition of a field, and to remark all the advantages which its positions afforded, and a temper happily poised between the yielding and severe, so as to command the most ready obedience, and to preserve a perfect discipline. Fairfax was formed for the executive branch of the art military in the largest sense of that term. But in all that related to government and a state, he seemed intuitively to feel the desire to be guided. He was not acquainted with the innermost folds of the human character, and was therefore perpetually liable to the chance of being led and misled. He was guided by Cromwell; he was guided by his wife; and, if he had fallen into hands less qualified for the office, he would have been guided by them. But Cromwell saw into the hearts of men. He could adapt himself, in a degree at least exceeding every character of modern times, to the persons with whom he had dealings. He was most at home perhaps with the soldiers of his army: he could pray with them; he could jest with them: in every thing by which the heart of a man could in a manner be drawn out of his bosom to devote itself to the service of another, he was a consummate master. It was not because he was susceptible only of the rugged and the coarse, that he was so eminently a favourite with the private soldier. He was the friend of the mercurial and light-hearted Henry Marten. He gained for a time the entire ascendency over the gentle, the courteous, the well-bred, and the manly earl of Manchester. He was the sworn brother of Sir Henry Vane. He deceived Fairfax; he deceived Milton."

We conclude by recommending the following extract relative to Laud, to the attention of the reader:—

"Laud certainly speaks of himself, and probably with much sincerity, as a good man and a martyr. Such he thought himself. He was a patron of the most minute and imposing formalities and processions: and we should shew ourselves very slender observers of human nature, if we supposed that the most mortified and saintly character did not feel some flutterings and swellings of the heart, when he himself formed the central figure of such a scene. He was a man of narrow prejudices and great bigotry. He had certainly no sympathies for those, who for alleged offences against God or the king fell under his animadversion. The spectacle of his pulling off his cap in open court, and giving God thanks, when sentence was pronounced in the star-chamber against Leighton, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, for a libel, that he should be publicly whipped, stand in the pillory, and there be branded, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit, and afterwards be imprisoned for life [Leighton was at this time between fifty and sixty years of age, and was father of the archbishop of that name], is an instructive example of what horrible perversity may be committed by one who holds himself to be a good man. Laud was now, as we have said, sunk into utter insignificance; but, in the period of his prosperity, he was a formidable instrument and adviser for a prince aspiring to be a tyrant."

FORGET ME NOT.

Addressed to a young Lady, who, on the Author handing her into a carriage, held out at the window a Nosegay which he had presented to her, in which Myosotis Scorpioides, or Forget me Not, made a principal figure.

I cull'd each floweret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell,
And round them twined a tendril rare :—
She said the posy pleased her well.
But of the flowers that deck the field
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield,
The sweetest is "Forget me not."

We roam'd the mead, we climb'd the hill,
We rambled o'er the breckan brae;
The trees that crown'd the mossy rill,
They screen'd us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charm'd with every rural spot;
And, when arrived the parting hour,
Her last words were, "Forget me not."

H. P.

STANZAS

Composed by the late ROBERT RAMSEY, in the year 1820, in the prospect of a visit to Italy.

YES, I will tread that hallow'd scene
Where Tiber winds through Latium's plains;
And mark the world's departed Queen
Enthroned amid her mouldering fanes.

Here many a column weed-o'ergrown,
And many a fountain's ceaseless noise,
And many a form of breathing stone,
And many a Muse with heavenly voice—

And many a recollection grand,
And many a virtue's record sweet,
Invite the wise of every land,
Hither to turn their pilgrim feet.

Yes! there shall Memory cease to dwell
On vanish'd joy and Hope's decay,
Where all around the tale shall tell
Of might and glory pass'd away.

For who, howe'er oppress'd by fate,
Would mourn his individual doom,
While, midst the wreck of all that 's great,
He gazes on a Nation's tomb.

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END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

ERRATUM.

Page 174, line 34, for "will *not* overpower," *read* "will overpower."

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